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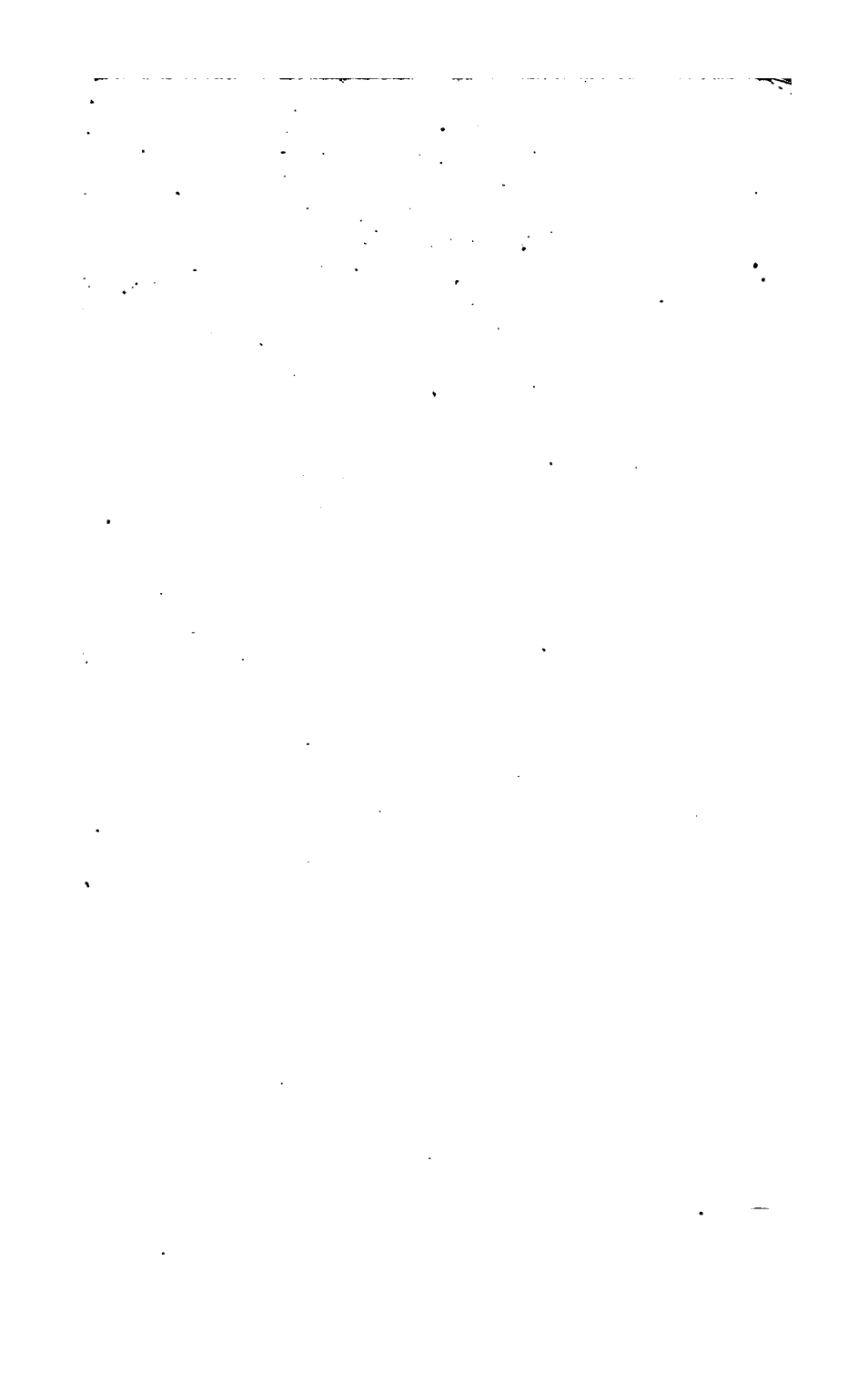


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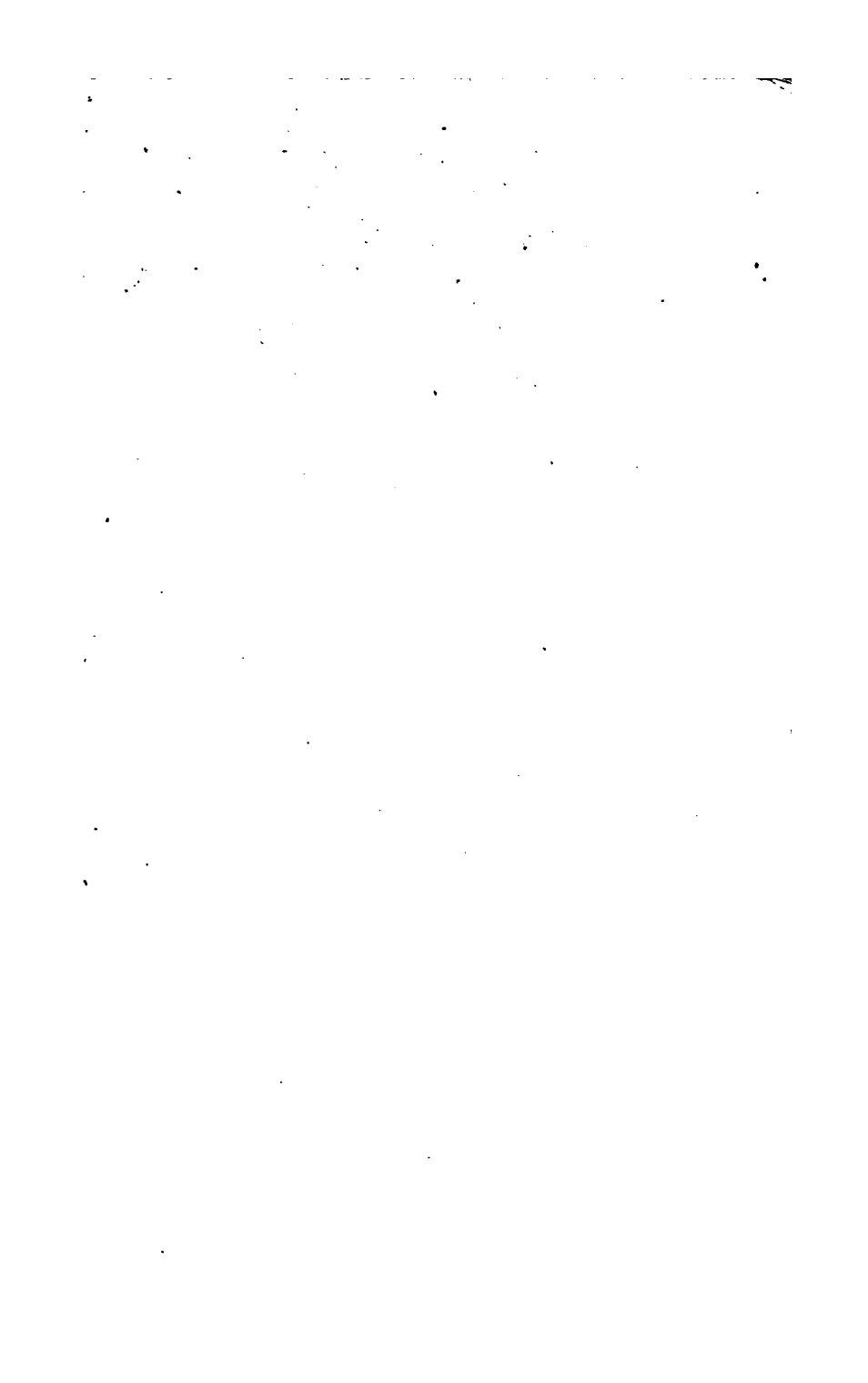


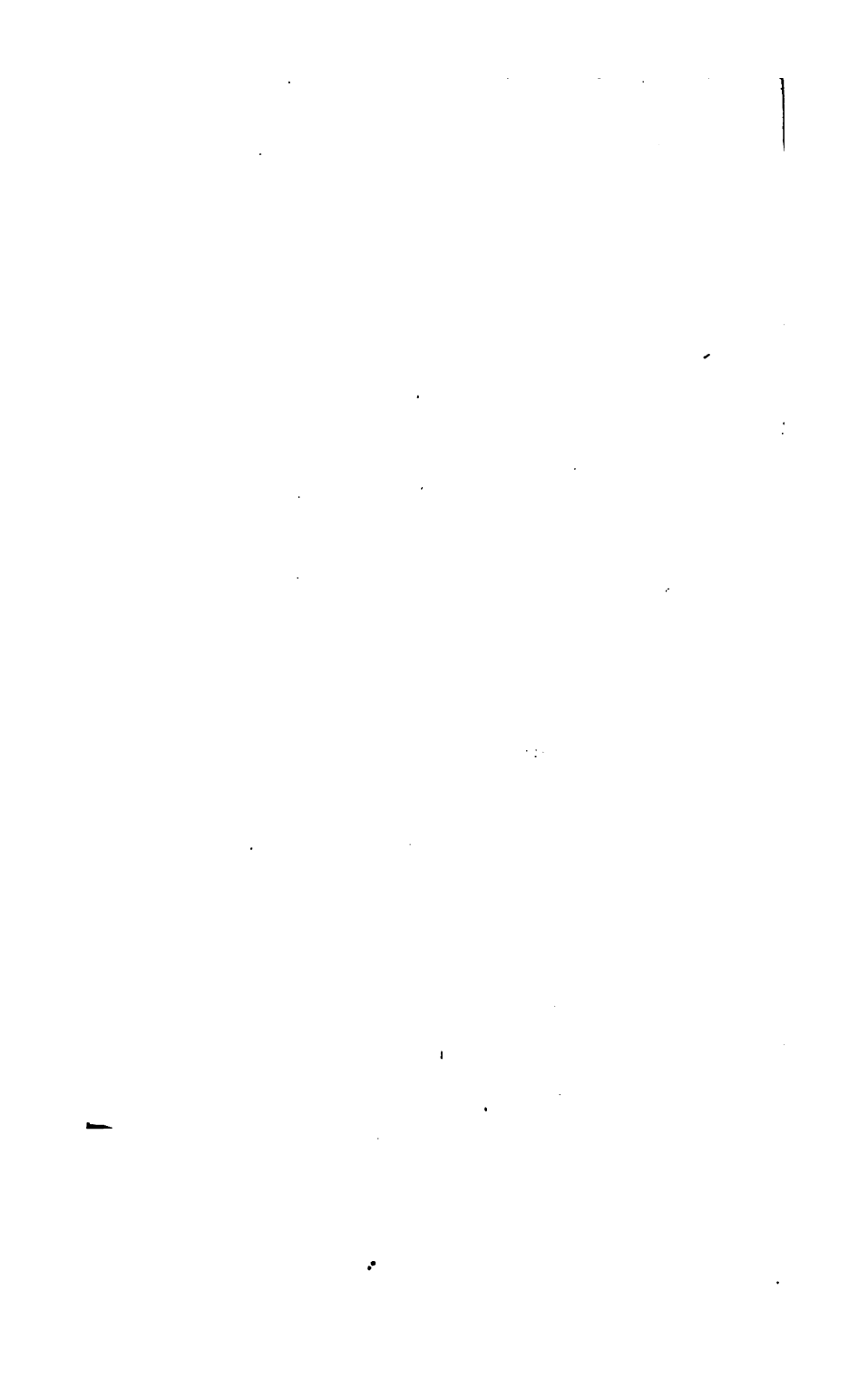




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THE WARRIORS
OF OUR
WOODEN WALLS
AND THEIR
VICTORIES ;

TOGETHER WITH A
SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE MOST REMARKABLE
IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

BY J. BRADSHAW WALKER.

Second Edition.

WITH ADDITIONS AND EMENDATIONS BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE HISTORICAL FINGER-POST."

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this sketch of the lives and times of England's ocean warriors, we may briefly inform the Reader that our materials are compiled from the best sources. The biographical and historical features of such a work, when twined together with accuracy, may be said to possess the wild grandeur of romance, and the startling assurance of reality. In fact, our small volume is the text-book of many ponderous folios, not always within the reach of the curious reader. In our researches we have been careful concerning the dates of particular occurrences and periods; and considering that such a publication needs not the timid resource of apology, we cordially invite the public to accept this effort as a national gift, that may find for itself no inappropriate place on the wave of time.

We are indebted to the writings of Mr. JAMES, and to one or two celebrated naval biographers; but more especially to the Greenwich historian, Mr. ALLEN, whose authority on naval matters stands pre-eminent, and will be a proud memorial to his naval skill and peaceful genius in ages yet to come. But, from whatever source we have extracted important passages, we have duly acknowledged it. Having no feeling in common with those

pseudo-utilitarians and narrow-visioned individuals who have no appreciation of naval defences, we sing, with DIBDEN,—

“ Thine oaks descending to the main,
Like floating forts shall stem the tide;
Asserting Britain's ocean reign,
Where'er her thundering navies ride.
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd
Where Commerce opens all her stores;
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread thy white sails where naval glory calls,—
Britain's best bulwarks are her WOODEN WALLS! ”

Before entering upon the interesting path, made historically valuable by the actions of our brave seamen, we have ventured briefly to advert to a few material matters of an early date; and which will also be found not altogether devoid of interest in tracing the upward progress of our far-famed British Navy.

J. B. W.

LONDON, 1853.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE rapid sale of the first edition of this work, and the numerous applications that have been made for it since it has been out of print, have induced the publishers to venture upon its re-issue.

In presenting the volume a second time to the public, considerable pains have been taken to render it, if possible, worthier of acceptance and favour. The Biographical Sketches have been added to; those already existing have been amplified (that of Lord Nelson particularly); Deeds of Daring performed by subordinate officers have been allowed a place; a Collection of Naval Anecdotes from authentic sources have been gathered together; and a statistical account of the present strength of the British Navy closes the work.

Meanwhile, the pages as they originally stood are, with a few trifling exceptions, left intact; so that, while adding narrative and incident, historic fact and useful information have not been sacrificed.

The term "Wooden Walls" may, in this IRON age, sound somewhat obsolete. But we beg to remind the Reader that our little volume deals not with the present or with the future, but with the past. Fenced about by wooden walls, our "sea-girt isle" has been enabled to emerge

from an obscure and sterile patch of land, to be the richest and most powerful territory in the whole world. Defended by Wooden Walls, our forefathers slept in safety, well knowing that no enemy, however bold, could succeed in scaling or undermining those walls, and invading their homesteads. And, lightly as we, in our generation, may esteem these old-fashioned defences, it needs but a glance at England's naval history to prove that it would have been impossible for our battles to be better fought, or our shores more securely protected.

The naval engagements of the future will be between ships rather than men. In the nature of things, there will be but few opportunities for the display of that personal courage and daring which distinguished our naval heroes of a bygone time, the records of which fire our blood as we read, and make us feel proud of being able to claim these gallant sea-kings as our countrymen.

This change, therefore, in our naval organization must tend to enhance, rather than detract from, the interest of the past; and as we peruse with avidity the doings of the Knights of Old, albeit the Days of Chivalry no longer exist, so with a kindred gratification may we linger over the pages which record the heroic achievements of THE WARRIORS OF OUR WOODEN WALLS.

LONDON, AUGUST, 1864.

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THE WARRIORS
OF OUR
WOODEN WALLS,
AND THEIR
VICTORIES.

THE first naval action after the Norman Conquest comes chronicled to us as "a large fleet," that was fitted out by Richard the First. So dim, however, are the records of it, that we cannot find any historian so perfected on the subject as to know where the expedition sailed from. We are, however, informed, that on the 9th or 10th day of April, 1191, a fleet, consisting of 150 sail, together with 52 galleys, 10 large vessels filled with provisions, and the necessary complement of smaller vessels carrying ammunition, sailed from England, under the command of Richard, for Syria.

A writer of celebrity, speaking of the magnitude of this fleet of the early times, says: "As a rapid current carried it through the straits of Messina, it presented a beautiful and imposing appearance, that called forth the involuntary admiration of the people of either shore; the Sicilians saying that so gallant an armament had never before been seen there, and never would be seen again." The size and beauty of the ships seem to have excited this admiration not less than their number: and we have a lively description of the same by the late John Sterling; he says:—

"The morn was fair, and bright the summer sky,
When the tall grandson of Plantagenet,
Bold heir of prudent Henry, coasting by
Sicilia's hills, with all his canvas set,
Before his fleet, in his great argosy,
Sailed towards Messina; triumph such as yet—
Though Rome and Carthage there had urged their galleys—
Ne'er blazed on those old shores, and vine-clad valleys.

" A hundred banner'd vessels built for fight,
 And dromonds huge, deep weigh'd with plenteousness,
 With their broad shadows buffet ocean's light,
 And with high prows the roaring flood oppress.
 Grey rocks and ruins brown and cities white,
 And snow cap't Etna far from man's access,
 Behold them pass ! till that Armada sweeping,
 Breaks into where Messina's waves lie sleeping.

" Here came the fleet to take in flesh and water,
 To rest their steeds, and give their sick repose ;
 And Richard hop'd his bride, Navarra's daughter,
 Would come to end their love protracted woes.
 At sight of fleet so gaily dight for slaughter,
 Messina's faces in vast swarms arose !
 And fair King Tancred, in luxurious glory,
 Welcom'd the royal knight of warlike story."

Disaster, however, marked the royal progress ; for the fleet being overtaken by a storm, three of the first-rate ships were driven ashore near Limisso, in the Isle of Cyprus ; and it was the more distressing as they contained many valuables, and that several of the royal household were on board. The governor of the island denied them a landing : some of them, who were thrown on shore by the violence of the storm, were plundered and made captives, and all chance of harbouring was refused by the tyrant ruler. Richard, feeling the insult, and at the same time urged on to revenge by the inhospitable governor, attacked the island, and soon obliged him to surrender. The conquered chief was bound hand and foot, and safely lodged as a prisoner in Tripoli, while all the petty officers on the island were compelled to swear allegiance to England ; at the same time delivering into the hands of Richard much valuable treasure.

In following him to the Siege of Acre, we find that he was joined by the French ; and anchoring off the port, the combined fleet would not allow provisions to reach the besieged ; and notwithstanding the enemy had a powerful and heavy fleet for that purpose hovering near, they were not only defeated in that important object, but were utterly dispersed by the skill and bravery of the besiegers. " In this action," says one of our naval historians,* " the Saracens were provided with fire-ships, containing *ignis græcus*—a composition of sulphur, pitch, and other com-

* Allen.

bustible matter which water could not extinguish, but they wanted time or firmness to make use of them. Acre surrendered on the 12th July, 1191. History has not handed down the exact description of ships engaged in the above battle, but it is generally conjectured that a sort of vessel mostly resembling the galleys of the eastern nations was that used by both parties."

It is not, however, our province to follow the fortunes or misfortunes of the monarch of the Crusades; our path is on "the mountain wave," and we next show upon the moving panorama of our seaward glance, a victory, recorded as having taken place in 1213, during King John's reign. Commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, a fleet of 500 sail was sent out to resent an insult offered by Philip of France to a British naval officer; and though a great portion of the fleet could not be said to be abler than fishing craft, they took captive 300 sail of the French, and, in a comparatively small space of time, burned, destroyed, and utterly routed the enemy.

In lifting the veil of so remote a period in naval history, it is necessary that we remind the reader of the weak and ill-provided condition of war vessels in those early times; for we find it recorded, that "the guns were not then, as now, pointed through embrasures or port holes, but mounted *en barbette*, or so as to fire over the top side or gunwale of the vessel;" so that the ships had but one deck and one mast, and would be considered as mere playthings at this day, insignificantly lower in naval importance than the Chinese junks. A ship called the Great Harry, built in the third year of the reign of Henry VII. had three masts, and was for many years a naval wonder. She is said to have been accidentally burnt at Woolwich in 1553; and we are assured by undoubted authority, that as late as 1545, (Henry VIIIth's time), she was the only ship of that description in the fleet. Richard III. had a few vessels of war; these probably were the sole property of the Crown; but it was customary to hire them of merchants, or to be supplied by a certain number of seaport towns, when the sovereign purposed a naval engagement. There is not an existing contrary opinion to the fact, that Henry VIII. originated, and indeed expended large sums from his own private purse in forming the constituted body of seamen now known

as the Royal Navy. "He instituted an Admiralty and a Navy Office; appointed commissioners, and fixed regular salaries, as well for them as for his admirals, officers, and sailors: and the sea service thenceforward became a distinct profession."*

"Cannons or great guns, (says James in his *Naval History*,) were used as early as the thirteenth century, in a sea-engagement between the King of Tunis and the Moorish King of Seville. They were also used by the English on the land at the Battle of Cressy, fought in 1346, and by the Venetians at sea, in or about the year 1380. The first appearance of port-holes occurs in the representation of the *Henri Grace de Dieu*, built at Erith in 1515. The invention gave the power of adding a second tier of guns; and accordingly this ship appears with two whole battery-decks, besides additional short decks or platforms, both ahead and astern. The nature or calibre of great guns was not, as at present, designated by the weight of shot they discharged: one reason for which may have been that the balls were not all made of the same materials; some being of iron, some of stone, and some of lead—three substances very different in point of gravity. It appears also that hollow iron shot, filled with combustible matter, were very early brought into use. Hence, the weight of the shot was of too fluctuating a nature to serve for the classification of the gun that discharged it."

And now, following the footsteps of history, after this short digression, we must return to the general tenor of our discourse.

Henry III. had reigned about a year, when an alarm was spread that the French had landed at Sandwich, led on by Louis, son of the King of France. At that time Hubert de Burgh was captain of Dover Castle, and summoning necessary aid, that gallant seaman speedily arranged a fleet to meet the invaders, who had brought out about eighty war ships; and the contending warriors met in the straits of Dover on the 24th of August, 1217. The English fought with great spirit and native bravery; the power was nearly equal; but the British arrows fell thickly, raining destruction. They had also a novel mode of dealing with the

* *Archæologia*, Vol. VI. and XI.

invaders : indignant that a foreign power should even dare to look upon the shores of Albion with a view to enchain her they had vessels filled with quick lime, and being placed in a certain position for the favouring breeze, this was thrown, by dint of herculean strength, into the air, and had the effect of blinding the enemy. Nearly the whole French fleet suffered from this manœuvre, and the English destroyed them, or swept them from the ocean like chaff before the wind.

We may here inform the reader that it was during this reign that Richard de Lucy was made Admiral of England, in the year 1223. Before this time the king was styled in naval affairs, the Lord High Admiral. From this period, naval engagements make no prominent figure in our annals until the third year of Henry VIII., when that monarch declared war against France, and gave the command of a fleet to Sir Edward Howard. The records of which run as follows : " One design of this armament was to harass the sea coasts of France ; and accordingly it departed in May ; and having conveyed a land expedition to Spain as far as Passages, Howard effected a landing at Conquet and Brest, where he burnt the towns and laid the country waste. The French nation having determined on driving the English fleets, from their shores, also fitted out a fleet ; but Henry having reinforced the English squadron with twenty-five large ships of war, Sir Edward Howard was enabled to offer battle to the French. Sir Thomas Knivett, commander of the *Regent*, a ship of 1000 tons, (and the first ship built in Woolwich Dockyard), and Sir Charles Brandon, who, in addition to the crew, was accompanied by Sir Henry Guildford, and sixty of the tallest yeoman of the guard, commanded the *Sovereign*, the next ship in size to the *Regent*. On the 10th of August the English fleet, which in all amounted to 45 large ships, arrived off Brest, just as the French fleet, consisting of 39 sail, was coming out of harbour, and Sir Edward Howard made the signal for an immediate engagement. At the commencement the *Regent* and *Cordelier*, the largest ship in the French fleet, attacked each other as if by mutual consent ; both grappled, and a close and well-contested battle ensued. In the course of the action, the *Cordelier* unfortunately took fire, and

both that ship and her antagonist were blown up. On board the Regent, Sir William Knivett and 700 men were lost; and in the French Cordelier, Sir Pierce Morgan, her captain, and a crew of 900 are supposed to have also perished. We are not, perhaps, far wrong in believing this to have been the first sea action in which cannons or great guns were generally employed. The Cordelier carried 1200 soldiers. After the destruction of these two ships the fleets separated; the French making their escape into Brest, but the ships of both had sustained considerable damage."*

In the two following years, a French naval commander, one M. Pregent, made himself especially busy with the defenceless state of the Sussex coast; and landing at Brighton, then a mere fishing village, he burnt it down, and then retreated. To avenge this outrage, a British naval officer, Sir John Wallop, sailed across to Normandy, and inflicted a similar attack upon a small place there, as an act of retaliation. After this by-play on both sides, peace was enjoyed for about eight years; when Charles V., Emperor of Germany, joined Henry VIII. in declaring war.

This was in the year 1544. The French aimed chiefly at Portsmouth, and thither was despatched a formidable fleet, under the command of the gallant D'Annebault, Admiral of France. This fleet consisted of 150 large ships, 25 galleys, and 50 small vessels and transports, which having made the English Channel in safety took up its position at the back of the Isle of Wight.

Meanwhile, the English fleet lay at Portsmouth, under the command of Lord Lisle. In numbers it was inferior to the French force, but had the superiority in vessels of larger build, and a better class of seamen. Fourteen of these ships were despatched by Lord Lisle to reconnoitre the French fleet, but D'Annebault bringing up his galleys to meet them, after a few dropping shot, they retired, and were hidden by the darkness of night.

The morning which followed was breathlessly calm. Lisle's fleet lay all inside the Spit (a large sand-bank, whence the name of Spit-head), the heavy sails hanging

* Allen's " Battles of the British Navy."

motionless on the yards, the smoke from the chimneys of the cottages on shore rising in blue columns straight up into the air. It was a morning beautiful with the beauty of an English summer and an English sea; but, for the work before him, Lord Lisle would have gladly heard the west wind among his shrouds. At this time he had not a galley to oppose to the five-and-twenty which D'Annebault had brought with him; and in such weather the galleys had all the advantages of the modern gunboats. From the single long-gun which each of them carried in the bow, they poured shot for an hour into the tall, stationary hulls of the line of battle-ships, and keeping a constant motion, they were themselves in perfect security. According to the French account of the action, the Great Harry suffered so severely as almost to be sunk at her anchorage; and had the calm continued, they believed that they could have destroyed the entire fleet. As the morning drew on, however, the off-shore breeze sprang up suddenly, the large ships began to glide through the water, a number of frigates—long narrow vessels—so swift, the French said, they could outsail their fastest shallows—came out “with incredible swiftness”; and the fortune of the day was changed. The enemy were afraid to turn lest they should be run over; and if they attempted to escape into the wind, they would be cut off from their own fleet. The main line advanced barely in time to save them, and the English, whose object was to draw the enemy into action under the guns of their own fortresses and among the shoals of the Spit, retired to the old ground. The loss on both sides had been insignificant; but the occasion was rendered memorable by a misfortune.

This misfortune was the total loss of the *Mary Rose*; a catastrophe the more remarkable that it occurred nearly in the same spot, and through a very similar cause as the *Royal George*. It appears that her ports were open for action; her guns were run out; but, misled by the calm which prevailed, the crew had insufficiently secured them. The wind came up with a sudden sweep, and as the *Mary Rose* was slightly heeled on one side, her windward tier of guns broke loose, rolled across the deck, and with their weight and momentum, so depressed her leeward side, that

the water rushed in at the open ports, filled the ship, and sunk her, with every soul on board!

Such was the fate of the *Mary Rose*, on the very first occasion that she bore the red cross of England in sight of an enemy. Her loss was probably owing to the unweildiness of her construction as much as to the inefficiency and inexperience of her crew. To the heart of her royal master, who may be said to have been an eye-witness of the catastrophe, her loss was a grievous blow. It may have proved some consolation to him, however, that the French experienced a similar misfortune. The French treasure-ship, *La Maitresse*, had suffered severe straining on her passage across the Channel, and the recoil of her own guns augmented and completed the mischief. The crew were saved, and they succeeded in bringing off the money-chest; but they were compelled to tow their vessel into Brading Haven, and run her ashore.

The action, however, was not terminated by these casualties. The first result of the meeting of the two largest navies which had encountered each other for centuries. The day had as yet lost but few hours, and D'Annebault, hearing that the king was a spectator of the scene, believed that he might taunt him out of his caution by landing troops in the Isle of Wight. The sight of the enemy taking possession of English territory, and the blaze of English villages, scarcely two cannon-shots distance from him, would provoke his patience, and the fleet would again advance. Detachments were set on shore at three different points. Pierre Strozzi, an Italian, attacked a fort near Sea View, which had annoyed the galleys in the morning. The garrison abandoned it as he approached, and it was destroyed. M. de Thais, landing without resistance, advanced into the island to reconnoitre. He went forward till he had entangled his party in a glen surrounded by thickets; and here he was checked by a shower of arrows from invisible hands. The English, few in number, but on their own ground, hovered about him, giving way when attacked, but hanging on his skirts, and pouring death into his ranks from their silent bows, till prudence warned him to withdraw to the open sands. The third detachment was the most considerable; it was composed of picked men, and was led by two of the most

distinguished commanders of the galleys. These must have landed close to Bembridge (probably at Sandown Bay). They were no sooner on shore than they were charged by a body of cavalry. There was close fighting, and the soldiers in the nearest ships, excited at the spectacle of the skirmish, and the rattle of the carbines, became unmanageable, seized the boats, and went off without waiting for their officers. The English being outnumbered, withdrew; the French straggled after them in disorder, till they came out upon the downs leading towards the Culver Cliffs; and here, being scattered in twos and threes, they were again charged with fatal effect. Many were cut in pieces, the rest fled, the English pursuing, and sabreing them down to the shore; and but few would have escaped but that the disaster was perceived from the fleet, large masses of men were sent in, under shelter of the guns, to relieve the fugitives; and the English being hotly pressed in return, drew off, still fighting as they retreated, till they reached a stream, which they crossed, and broke down the bridge behind them.

Evening had now come on, and D'Annebault held a council of war to decide whether an attack should be made upon Portsmouth, or a formidable force landed in the Isle of Wight to hold it permanently. On board his transports were 7,000 pioneers and soldiers, whose labours might be employed in the construction of fortresses at Newport, Cowes, St. Helen's, and other suitable points. For unknown reasons, D'Annebault decided upon carrying fire and sword to some other part of the English coast; and after three days fruitless parade, weighed anchor, and sailed for the Sussex shore.

But his misfortunes in the Isle of Wight were not yet over. The ships were in want of fresh water, and leaving St. Helen's, he went round into Shanklin Bay, where he sent his boats to fill their casks at the rivulet which ran down the Chine. The stream was small, the task was tedious, and the Chevalier d'Eulx, who, with a few companies, was appointed to guard the watering parties, seeing no signs of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of the high down adjoining. The English, who had been engaged with the other detachments two days before, had kept on the hills, watching the

movements of the fleet. The Chevalier was caught in an ambuscade, and, after defending himself like a hero, he was slain, with most of his followers.*

D'Annebault's next attempt was made upon Brighton—at that time a little fishing village—and at one or two other points he succeeded in doing mischief. The French Armada then returned to its own coast, covered with ridicule for the little it had performed in comparison with the great achievements it had promised.

In the foregoing account, Portsmouth has been more than once alluded to, and it is curious to note what a very different aspect this great maritime town presented then to what it does now. The celebrated historian Leland visited it in 1548, and thus records his observations:—

“The land here,” he writes, “on the east side of Portsmouth Haven, runs further by a great way straight into the sea, by the south east from the haven mouth, than it does on the west point. There is, at the point of the haven, Portsmouth town, and the great round tower, almost double in quantity and strength to that on the west side of the haven right against it, and here is a mighty chain of iron to draw from tower to tower. About a quarter of a mile from the tower, there is a great dock for ships. There are above this dock, creeks in this part of the haven. The town of Portsmouth is walled from the east tower a furlong's length, with a mud wall armed with brass ordnance, and this piece of the wall having a ditch outside of it, runs so far flat south-east, and is the place most apt to defend the town, there open on the haven. There runs a ditch almost flat east for a space, and within it is a wall of mud like to the other, and then goes on round about the town for the circuit of a mile. There is a gate of timber at the north-east end of the town, and by it there is cast up a hill of earth ditched, whereon be guns to defend the entry into the town by land. There is much vacant ground within the town wall, and there is one fair street in the town, west to north-east.”

We now pass over a period of uninteresting events in connexion with naval affairs, until we find ourselves among the lights and shadows of the commencement of Elizabeth's

* Froude.

famous reign. And now we have Hawkins, Howard, Drake, and other men of note rising up like a splendid galaxy of dazzling power, astonishing the world by their prowess, and shielding their native coast from the audacious invader.

Sir John Hawkins was born at Plymouth about the year 1520. His father, William Hawkins, was a seaman of some note, and celebrated as the first seaman who completed a voyage to Brazil. In 1588, he acted as Rear-Admiral on board the Queen's ship, *Victory*, and it was for his services at that period that he received the honor of knighthood. In 1590, he was sent with Sir Martin Forbisher, having each a squadron of five war vessels, to cruise off the coast of Spain, however, having received information of their design, he arranged for his fleet to winter in America, instead of returning to Europe. In 1594, the queen commissioned Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake on an expedition to the West Indies to harass the King of Spain, and divert him from another attempt at invasion.

In this expedition, Sir John, in his own ship, the *Jesus*, accompanied by the *Minion*, and a little bark, the *Judith* of 50 tons, having experienced some very bad weather, was compelled to run into the port of San Juan D'Ulloa, which she entered without molestation, his ship having been mistaken by the authorities of the port, for the Spanish fleet which they were daily expecting, nor were they undeceived until they had actually gone on board. No doubt Sir John seized the advantage afforded by this unintentional confidence, for the narrative tells us that he was allowed to take possession of an island in the harbour and fortify it during his stay. On the following day when the expected fleet appeared off the port—thirteen large vessels—such was the confident boldness of the English Admiral, and such the opinion entertained by Spaniards of their prowess, that Hawkins was only prevented by questions of state policy from resisting the entry of a fleet so superior, and belonging to a friendly power, into one of their own ports; while the Spaniards, on their parts, consented to give hostages for the security of English ships, as the condition of their being allowed to go in. Complimentary salutes were exchanged, and vast professions of friendship were made, but no real confidence was created. Spanish

treachery was but too well known, and after a few days certain suspicious movements, made Hawkins send his master to the Viceroy to demand an explanation. This proceeding seems to have brought matters to an issue; for the master was immediately seized, and the alarm trumpets were sounded; the English on the fortified island completely taken by surprise by the Spaniards, who, on one excuse or the other had mixed among them in superior numbers, fled to their ships at the first onset, but with few exceptions were intercepted and slain. When the trumpet first gave the alarm, a Spaniard who was in the cabin of the *Jesus* with the Admiral made an attempt to poignard him, but unsuccessfully, and was secured and placed in irons; and at the same moment, 300 Spaniards, who had been concealed in one of their ships, which, during the previous show of amity had been moored close alongside, entered on board the *Minion*, "whereat the General, who was on board the flag-ship, lying on the other side, with a loud and fierce voice, called out God and St. George! upon these traitorous villains, and rescue the *Minion*," and with that the marines and the soldiers leapt out of the *Jesus* into the *Minion*, and beat out the Spaniards. The cables were now cut, and the ships moved to a little distance from the shore, but the swarm of hostile vessels impeded their further progress, and the fight, which commenced at 10 a.m., lasted till night; the Spaniards losing 6 ships, and 540 men. During the heat of the action, Hawkins courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and called to Samuel his page for a cup of beer, who brought it to him in a silver cup, and he, drinking to all men, willed the gunners to stand by their ordnance lustily like men. He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand, but a demi-culverin shot struck away the cup and a cooper's plane that stood by the mainmast, and rolled out on the other side of the ship, which nothing dismayed the General, for he ceased not to encourage saying "Fear not, for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains." Night at last brought some relief, when Hawkins, finding his flag-ship so crippled by shot that it would be impossible to bring her away, determined to abandon her, and placing all her remaining crew on board the *Minion* and *Judith*, took advantage of the

wind coming off-shore to get out of the reach of the enemy's shot and put to sea.

This expedition was ill starred: for the commanders differed on material points respecting their undertaking; and finally, at Porto Rico, the Spaniards having mustered in numbers sufficiently strong, they captured an English vessel that had strayed from the line marked out by Sir John; and this had such an effect upon the spirit of the old sailor, that he was seized with sudden illness and died there, off Porto Rico, on the 12th of November, 1595, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a naval commander forty-eight years, and for the space of more than twenty years he was England's naval treasurer. He was the originator of the voluntary-fund chest at Chatham, for the relief of disabled seamen, and he very benevolently endowed a hospital at the same place. There is one thing that should be mentioned in connexion with Sir John's history—the early slave trading. We read, that in or about the year 1564, he made very successful voyages, more especially to the island of Cuba, buying and selling slaves; and further, that on his return home such matters won him the great esteem of Queen Elizabeth, and she granted him, by patent, for his crest, a *demi moor* in his proper colour, bound with a cord. Respecting this affair, perhaps, we could not better serve the reader's thought of passing painfulness than by quoting from a very eminent author. He says, "It is now fortunately no honour to have been the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade; but it must be borne in mind that this iniquitous trade grew up without being regarded as in the slightest degree repugnant, either to natural justice, or to the principles of Christianity. Modern slavery had its rise in a mitigation of that unrelenting butchery which characterized the early wars between the Christians and the Mahometans; and in Spain and Portugal, it came to be tacitly acted upon, that the Moors or Christians who submitted in war should be reduced to slavery. After the Portuguese had succeeded in clearing their country of the Moors, they invaded them in Barbary, and carried the captive Moors into their own country; and to so great an extent did this prevail, that negro slavery was almost as common in Portugal in the early part of the sixteenth century, as it afterwards became

in the sugar islands. It was then the vice of the age, and therefore Hawkins cannot be individually condemned, if he looked upon dealing in negroes, and the seizing of them in their own country, as a lawful branch of trade. Even in the nineteenth century it was an outrage to the civilization of the world, that there were to be found men of great consideration, who *defended* the same system."

In this view of the subject, earnestly taken by Southey, we shall find many concurrent opinions, doubtless; it is our duty, however, at present, to carry the reader along with us, unveiling at every step the records of British heroism, as bound up with the annals of sea warfare.

Perhaps of all the individual instances where we find in history that a young princess ascends the throne of a great nation, we shall be unable to trace a more complex part to be played in the great national drama by an unmarried female of royal lineage, than fell to the lot of Queen Elizabeth. Whatever may be said respecting her in other matters, we have a reverence for her memory, inasmuch as it was her great pride to defend with HEROIC spirit the people over whom she was called to rule; and that in dark days when royal rule and life peril were synonymous terms. Whether we may be allowed to say that she was or was not, a great queen; we do know, that a great poet, who lived at the same period (and who has never been charged with court pandering), he who wrote "for all time," our own immortal Shakspeare, says—

"Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me, and the words I utter
Let none think flattery; for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her),
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness; she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be; all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;

*Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood!"*

These words were written after Elizabeth ascended the throne: therefore, Shakspeare's estimation of her nobleness is undoubted.

It has been remarked by several writers that Elizabeth was fortunate in the choice of her statesmen; and to the wise councils of Cecil and Walsingham is attributed the prosperity of her long reign; but certainly with these may be classed the names of Howard, Drake, and others.

Charles Howard, eldest son of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and grandson of Thomas, second, Duke of Norfolk, was born in 1536. He led the fleet to the destruction of the Invincible Armada: he had under him Sir Francis Drake as Vice-Admiral, and Sir John Hawkins as Rear-Admiral, with Forbisher, and many other officers of great experience and bravery. In 1613, he had the honour to convey the Elector Palatine and his bride, the Princess Elizabeth, with the Royal Navy, to Flushing, which was the last public service he performed for his country. Having become old and infirm, he resigned the post of Lord High Admiral in 1616, which he had held with great honour for thirty-two years. He died on the 14th December, 1624, when he was in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was succeeded in his high office by the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., and is said to have been induced to resign in his favour, from a desire to secure a maintenance for his young countess, the daughter of the Earl of Murray, and her children. He had a retiring pension of £1,000 a year; and it was ordered that as Earl of Nottingham, he should take precedence according to his ancestors, as created by Richard II., and not, as a newly made peer. He was also further favoured by the royal smile, in having his friend, Sir Robert Mansel, confirmed in his office of Vice-Admiral for life; and after the arrangements were completed, the Duke of Buckingham made his

countess a present of £3000 (a considerable gift in those days), and ever after styled his predecessor "father," and even bent his knee when he approached him. By the writers of that day we learn, that he was graceful in his appearance, just and honourable in his disposition, incapable of doing wrong himself, or of seeing it done by others without correction. His unwavering loyalty kept his reputation spotless in the esteem of the crown, and his fortune secure when the rest of the family were in the utmost danger. His qualifications for filling the distinguished post of Commander, were of the first order; he was in possession of indomitable courage which no danger could daunt. He never lacked perseverance when difficulties stared him in the face, and his admirable quickness in the heat and bustle of action, gained him great praise from those who knew ultimately the great worth of his talents; and he was equally the glory of the crown and the nation. The defeat of the Spanish Armada has hung the undying laurels of British fame around his memory; and there need be little doubt that he set a glorious example to those noble heroes of whom we shall speak as they rise in the changeful glass of time. They each had a place according to the period in which they lived.

William, Lord Howard of Effingham, father to the celebrated man we have just introduced to the reader, was somewhat distinguished for his bravery as a naval commander. It is related of him, that when the Spanish fleet of 160 sail met him in the English Channel, bringing the royal Philip to our English coast, on a marriage expedition, finding the Spaniards passing without paying the customary ocean honours, he fired at their ships, and compelled them to strike their colours, and lower their topsails "in reverence to the English squadron," as he said, before he would permit his ships to salute the prince. That his son was much benefitted by serving under him for several years, may, perhaps, be reasonably inferred: for instance, when in the year 1569, he commanded a fleet of ships which were sent as "a special testimony of the queen's respect for the house of Austria," to escort the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, Anne, from Zealand to Spain, on her marriage with her uncle, Philip II., he obliged the Spanish fleet of one hundred and thirty sail to

strike their flags as an acknowledgment that Elizabeth, his royal mistress, held the sovereignty of the seas. His fellow worker and sharer of peril on the ocean was Sir Francis Drake. When the expedition was fitting out at Plymouth to face the Invincible Armada, Lord Howard said, "With you as Vice-Admiral, Frank Drake, and Charlie Howard, will chase the Spanish lumber for very sport;" and Sir Francis accepted the appointment on the 23rd of May, 1588.

The early life of Drake stands as one of the beacon lights of English naval biography. On the banks of the Tavy, near Tavistock, stood the humble cottage of Edmund Drake, a common sailor, who had twelve sons, of whom our hero was the eldest. Francis Drake went to sea at an early age, and was so well beloved for his good conduct, that his master, who did a large business in the coasting trade, at his death, bequeathed the vessel to him. With this, young Drake, by dint of great perseverance, contrived to amass money, and he was about the age of 21 when he learnt that Captain Hawkins was about to fit out a small party for the American service; and selling his property to the best advantage, he repaired to Plymouth and embarked at once. He now found himself Commander of the *Judith*, a barque of fifty tons, and won early fame by his gallant conduct in attacking some Spanish vessels.

In 1572, Drake again set sail for America. The enterprise upon which Drake thus embarked was secretly favoured by Queen Elizabeth, and excited a lively interest in the breast of every English adventurer.

The expedition was undertaken upon a sort of roving commission, one of its objects being to attack, wherever they could be met with, the Spaniards, those detested enemies of England. This employment was exactly in keeping with Drake's views and desires. He regarded the navigation of the seas as his every-day employment, the ocean as his home, and a ship his dwelling-place. His vessel, the *Pelican*, of 100 tons, was a good, stout ship, fitted up with all the conveniences and comforts which those early times were capable of affording. Provision was also made in her for "ornament and delight," for Drake carried with him "expert musicians, rich furniture

(all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging to the cook-room, being of pure silver), with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civility and magnificence of his native country might, among all nations whither he should come, be the more admired."

The squadron left Plymouth in December, 1577. On the way out they met with three Spanish caravels, two of which Drake restored to their owners. The Cape de Verde Islands were next visited, and off St. Jago two Portuguese vessels were seized: one he detained, and placed on board of her a crew of twenty-five men, under the command of a friend.

On the 20th June, they touched at Port St. Julian, and here an incident occurred which, told in the quaint and simple language of the period is extremely affecting. It seems that one Thomas Doughty, a gentleman-volunteer and an intimate friend of Drake's, had appropriated certain articles to his own use, and was otherwise guilty of dishonest and mutinous conduct,—it was essential that every person belonging to the expedition should be loyal and true, lest discredit should be brought upon the whole venture. It was deemed imperative, therefore, to bring this offender to trial; and for this purpose a jury of twelve of the voyagers was empanelled, and all the formalities of an ordinary trial gone through.

The narrator says: "Our General" (naval commanders were then so called) "now thought it necessary to enquire diligently into the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughty; whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then, in presence of all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, than the private respect of one man: so that the cause being heard, and all things done in good order, as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the degree of his offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for him-

self, desired before his death to receive the Communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action; which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced the General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayer for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life." The narrator further states that, after taking the communion with Drake, both judge and prisoner sat down together, "as cheerfully in sobriety, as ever in their lives as they had done aforetime, each cheering up the other, and taking their leave, by drinking to each other, as if some journey only had been in hand."

On the 20th of August, Drake reached the Straits of Magellan. Here the vessel's name of Pelican was changed for that of Golden Hind. After being tossed about for many days in the Pacific, Drake was driven to the South of Cape Horn, of which he thus became the discoverer. After this he sailed to the island of Macho hoping to obtain here a supply of fresh water. While making their search a body of Indians set upon the watering-party, wounding every man of them, Drake himself amongst the number. Shortly afterwards they had the good fortune to reach the Spanish port of Valparaizo, where they not only obtained a supply of water and provisions but captured a Spanish ship heavily laden with valuable stores.

From this moment, fortune seemed to favour the intrepid voyager. On the 15th of February 1579, he arrived at the harbour of Callao, where the Spanish paralyzed with fear at the appearance of Drake and his ship, permitted him unresistingly to plunder seventeen richly laden vessels.

Soon after he had got clear with this booty, Drake received intelligence of a famous treasure-ship bound for Panama. She was named the Cacafuego and was three times the size of the Golden Hind, with a crew of proportionate strength. But notwithstanding this disparity, Drake determined to secure her, crowded all sail, and overtook her within 500 miles of her destination. The resistance offered was but feeble, she was speedily boarded and taken possession of, and was found to contain treasures

of the then value of £90,000, these were removed to the Golden Hind, and the Cacafuego was suffered to go on its way.

During the following four or five months, some thousands of miles were traversed, and the crews were made to endure the sufferings and privations incidental to variable climates. When in 42° of north latitude, Fletcher, the chaplain, says: "our meat as soon as it was removed from the fire, would presently in a manner be frozen up; and our ropes and tacklings in a few days were grown to that stiffness, that what three men before were able with ease to perform, now six men, with their best strength and utmost endeavours were hardly able to accomplish; whereby a sudden and great discouragement seized upon the minds of our men, and they were possessed with a great dislike and doubting of any good to be done that way; yet would not our General be discouraged; but as well by comfortable speeches of the divine Providence and of God's loving care over his children, out of the Scriptures, as also by other good and profitable persuasions, adding thereto his own cheerful example, he so stirred them up to put on a good courage, and to acquit themselves like men, to endure some short extremity to have speedier comfort, and a little trouble to have greater glory, that every man was perfectly armed with willingness, and resolved to see the uttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to done that way.

"The land on that part of America bearing farther out into the west than we had before imagined, we were nearer on it than we were aware, and yet the nearer still we came unto it, the greater extremity of cold did seize upon us. The 5th day of June we were forced by contrary winds to run in with the shore which we then for the first time described, and to cast anchor in a bad bay, the best road we could at present meet with, where were not without some danger by reason of the many extreme gusts and flaws that beat upon us; which, if they ceased and were still at any time, immediately upon their intermission, there followed most vile and thick fogs against which the sea prevailed nothing, till the gusts of wind again removed them, which brought with them such extremity and violence when they came that there was no dealing with or resisting against them."

This untoward state of things compelled Drake to steer

in a southerly direction, and he succeeded in finding a hospitable shore inhabited by Indians, who received him cordially, and with whom Drake and his companions took up their abode for six weeks.

The Golden Hind now set out upon a voyage across the Pacific, and on the 30th of September, after having been denied the sight of land for seventy days, a cluster of islands was fallen in with. But here the inhabitants refused to have any intercourse or dealings with Drake, by way of contempt therefore, Drake gave them a discharge of small shot, and proceeded on his voyage.

Drake visited by turns the Philippine Islands and the Moluccas, at both of which places he received kind treatment and succeeded in trading with the natives. The voyage now became a homeward one, and after visiting numerous places, the Golden Hind arrived at Plymouth, on the 26th September, 1580, "after we had spent," says the historian, "two years, ten months, and some odd days in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discerning so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties, in our encompassing of this nether globe, and passing round about the world."

In the month of April in the following year, the queen appeared on the deck of his vessel as it lay out at Deptford; a royal banquet was held there, and then it was in testimony of his perseverance and courage that Drake was knighted. The queen was also pleased to direct, as a mark of royal favour, that the ship which he had brought home after so many difficulties and dangers, should be preserved as a memorial, and as an incentive to naval enterprise. After many years it was broken up, but a chair, made of the planks, may yet be found among other antique relics in the University of Oxford. Drake knew he served under a queen, who, though severe, was secure, in the love of her people. Let us hear what the great essayist and statesman, Thomas Babington Macaulay, says of Elizabeth's reign: "Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the great Turk would use to his divan. Such was her government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it, We know that during the fierce con-

tests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age. That great queen has now been lying 260 years in Henry the Seventh's chapel; yet her memory is still dear to the hearts of a free people."

There was a singular fate attending the joint expeditions of Sir J. Hawkins and the gallant Drake. As we have already informed the reader, the death of Admiral Hawkins was accelerated by what might have been considered of small importance to the old hero; but the least consideration we can bestow upon the subject warrants us in saying, that it was "the appointed time." And looking a little longer at the picture, we gradually lose Drake in the same shadow. We find that on the same day that Sir John Hawkins died, a shot from Porto Rico disabled the mizen of Drake's ship; and that while he was at supper, a shot entered the steerage and struck the stool from under him. Sir Nicholas Clifford and the master mate were killed on the spot, and several wounded. Still he remained for a space of several months near the place harrassing the enemy. It was little more than a year from the death of Sir John Hawkins, when the gallant Drake despatched Sir Thomas Baskerville with a force of 750 men in the direction of Panama, with an intention of seizing it in the name of the British sovereign. However, on the 2nd of January, 1596, the Captain returned and gave a very disheartening account of the projected siege and storming of Panama. And now comes the point where the reader will trace a painful coincidence in the last days of Hawkins and Drake. When the officer was brought into the presence of his commander, his intelligence seemed to fall like untimely blight on the spirits of the Admiral; and on the 28th of January, of putrid fever, and in a state of madness, died the great Sir F. Drake, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Notwithstanding his humble origin, few men of his day were held in higher estimation among court nobles: and he was twice returned to Parliament, once for Tregony in Cornwall, and for some years he represented Plymouth. A nephew of his, and to whom he bequeathed the greater portion of his property, was afterwards created a baronet by James I. and was also for several years a member for Devon. Sir Francis

Drake had made navigation his whole study. We are told that he was low in stature, but well proportioned, with a very round head; his hair of a fine brown; his beard full and comely; his eyes large and clear; of a fair complexion, with a fresh, open, and very engaging countenance; that he was perfect master of every branch of his profession, particularly of astronomy, and the application thereof to the art of navigation. That he was an especial favourite with Elizabeth, we may learn from the following anecdote:—Sir Francis had a quarrel with his countryman, Sir Bernard Drake, whose arms Sir Francis had assumed; which so provoked the other, that he gave him a blow. The queen espoused the part of Sir Francis, and gave him a new coat, which was thus blazoned: *Sable a Fess wavy, between two pole stars argent*, and for his crest, a *ship on a globe under Ruff*, held by a cable, with a hand out of the clouds, and over it this motto, *Auxilio divino*; underneath, *Sic Parvis Magna*; (and mark this, attentive reader), in the rigging whereof, was hung by the heels, a *Wivern gull*, which was the arms of Sir Bernard Drake, his opponent. The close of this last expedition has been noticed by the historian Southey, in a strain that is worthy of his celebrated powers. He says,—“Some have asserted that Drake was poisoned, but of this, there is neither proof nor probability; the climate was poisonous enough, and a wounded spirit may perhaps have predisposed the body to imbibe it. The fleet anchored the same day at Porto Bello; and it was in sight of that place whence he had borrowed so large a reputation by his fortunate success, that Drake received a sailor's funeral, his body in a leaden coffin being committed to the deep, under the volley of musketry and firing of guns in all the ships of the fleet.”

The widow of Sir Francis Drake was married to William Courtenay, Esq., of Powderham Castle. The Admiral had no children to mourn his loss, but the British nation will revere his memory to the end of time.

It is only when we look at the heroic Elizabeth as the great general of her own forces, that we see the magnanimity of the woman, the queen, and the fearless planner of hostile engagements. On one occasion, when her power had been obliged to bow to a fearful plague, and delays

arose from contrary winds, she wrote the following note as a brief expression of her respect for the officer commanding the expedition, and her sympathy for his position. "If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot that I would, I will do that I may; and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured both by sea and land,—yea, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.—E. R."

In our introducing so important a subject as that of the intended Spanish invasion by the invincible Armada; the reader should by all means be made acquainted with the powerful position of her Spanish enemy. This will induce him to form a yet higher estimate of the English victories that followed.

"The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine; Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were completely dependent on him. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Phillipines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America, his dominions extended on each side of the equator, into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum of nearly ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. *His ordinary naval force* consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England. It is no exaggeration to say, that during several years his power over

Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolised the trade of America, and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East were received and distributed by her. During many years of war her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The king of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses, in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so that he has now become as a frontier enemy to all the West of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by his interest in St. Maloes, *a port full of shipping for the war*, he is a dangerous neighbour to the queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France. It was an ascendancy which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war."^{*}

At the time when Admiral Howard and his heroic royal mistress were alarmed by the approach of Philip's powerful fleet, the Armada, the English navy did not exceed twenty-eight sail; many of those, be it remembered, were small craft; nay, the largest of them was not to be compared with one of our common frigates. But the patriotic spirit was aroused, and every merchant in England furnished money or vessels for the war. The whole fleet (mustered, we may rest assured, in great haste)

^{*} Macaulay's Essays.

amounted to one hundred and ninety vessels, and seventeen thousand five hundred and seventy-two seamen. As compared with the invader's fleet, the British strength outnumbered the enemy by about sixty, but in tonnage it only amounted to one half. So that it was not, as we have endeavoured to show, a question of superior numbers on the part of the English, but it was, "England, home, and duty!"

Lord Macaulay's poem on this subject ought to be committed to memory by our rising youth, it is so full of the spirit that glowed in the breasts of those dwellers by the sea, and on the mountains, and down in the happy valleys of ancient Albion, that we are but carrying out the object of the present volume when we give it a place among our gatherings concerning that important period.

THE ARMADA.

Attend. all ye who list to hear
Our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds
She wrought in ancient days.

When that great fleet, Invincible,
Against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico,
The stoutest hearts of Spain!

It was about the lovely close
Of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship
Full sail to Plymouth Bay.

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet
Beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight on the waves
Lie, heaving, many a mile.

At sunrise she escap'd their van,
By God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta, till the noon,
Had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun
Was placed along the wall;
The beacons blaz'd upon the roof
Of Edgecumbe's lofty hall.

Many a light fishing bark put out
To pry along the coast,
And with loose rein, and bloody spur,
Rode, inland, many a post.

With his white hair unbonnetted,
The stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers,
Before him sound the drums.

His yeomen round the market cross,
Make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up
The standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal,
And gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind
The royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea
Lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw
Treads the gay Lilies down.

So stalked he, when he turn'd to fight,
On that fam'd Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, Genoa's bow,
And Cæsar's eagle shield.

So glar'd he when at Agincourt
In wrath he turn'd to bay;
And crush'd and torn beneath his claws
The princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight;
Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute;
Ho! gallants, draw your blades;

Thou sun, shine on her joyously:
Ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER PARVUM,
The banner of our pride!

The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd
That banner's ma-sy fold;
That parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd
That haughty scroll of gold.

Night sank upon the dusky beach,
And on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been,
Nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
From Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright
And busy as the day.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

For swift to east and swift to west,
The ghastly war-flame spread ;
High on St. Michael's mount it shone,
It shone on Beachy head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw,
Along each southern shire,
Cape beyond Cape, in endless range,
Those twinkling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock
On Tamar's glittering waves ;
The rugged miners pour'd to war,
From Mendip's sunless caves.

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,
The fiery herald flew ;
He rous'd the shepherds of Stonehenge,
The rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night
Rang out from Bristol town ;
And ere the day three hundred horse
Had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate
Look'd forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond hill,
The streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar,
The death-like silence broke ;
And with one start, and with one cry,
The royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates
Arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clash'd
From all her reeling spires.

From all the batteries of the Tower,
Peal'd loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames
Sent back a louder cheer.

And from the furthest wards was heard
The rush of hurrying feet ;
And the broad streams of pikes and flags
Rush'd down each roaring street.

And broader still became the blaze,
And louder still the din,
As, fast from every village round,
The horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath,
The warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall,
The gallant squires of Kent.

Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills,
Flew those bright warriors forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor,
They started for the north.

And on, and on, without a pause,
Untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang,
They sprang from hill to hill.

Till the proud peak unfurl'd the flag
O'er Darwin's rocky dale ;
Till, like volcanoes, flar'd to heaven
The stormy hills of Wales.

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
On Malvern's lonely height,
Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind,
The Wrekin's crest of light.

Till broad and fierce the star came forth,
On Ely's stately fane ;
And tower and hamlet rose in arms,
O'er all the boundless plain.

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces,
The sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on,
O'er the wide vale of Trent.

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd
On Gaunt's embattled pile ;
And the red glare on Skiddaw rous'd
The burghers of Carlisle.

This description of the Armada, and the beacon lights of England, is graphic and illustrative ; but we shall now proceed with our historical narrative of that great event. It is evident that the Spaniards had intended to subdue the British spirit after effecting a landing, for their fleet was freighted with articles of torture and slavery. They had with them butchering knives, thumbscrews, and even whips to scourge with. Among other names of like significance, twelve of their principal war vessels were named after the Apostles, and on those very ships they had about two thousand galley slaves. They had also one hundred

priests with them, and every preparation for rejoicing,—articles of splendid regalia, carriages for the grantees, horses, Spanish mules, and every necessary for a triumphal march to the metropolis of England.

It was on the 23rd of May that the Lord High Admiral and Sir Francis Drake put to sea, and took their station in the Channel, between Ushant and Scilly, to watch the movements of this vast Armada. On shore all were making for the south coast, anxious to show their patriotism in defending the land of their fathers. But it is a difficult thing to imagine the excitement and terror that occupied the minds of those who were unable to wield the weapons of war. Think, for a moment, what trembling mothers, wives, and daughters were in peril, awaiting the issue of a fearful conflict!—what hurrying here and there; what gatherings to learn from the mounted post, who, as the poet tells us,

“ With loose rein, and bloody spur,
Rode inland ! ”

Think too of the aged and the sick in that hour of threatened invasion; and more especially the dwellers about our south coast. It is a reflection, not altogether devoid of interest; although we would, with British pride, acknowledge the declaration of Lord Macaulay as our standard, that—

“ Such night in England ne’er had been,
Nor e’er again shall be.”

If it had not been frustrated by unforeseen circumstances, this scheme of the Spaniards would most assuredly have brought destruction on England, ill prepared as she was to meet such maritime power. However, it appears that from the very onset, a marked fate was reserved for it. When the fleet was preparing to sail for the British shores, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, the favourite admiral and commander, suddenly expired: and the Duke de Paliano, the second in command, was no sooner created first admiral, than he was also seized with a malignant fever, and died. These were eminent men of the Spanish navy, and much time was expended in appointing a fit successor; the delay, however, was of great advantage to

England. Then eventually a storm arose when they were on their way, and off Cape Finisterre, is known to every reader of English history; and our school boys can relate the story of their dispersion, and how, tossed by the avenging winds of heaven, they dashed against each other, many of the vessels actually splitting asunder, and leaving them the raging waves to perish on. The report of their discomfiture by the storm was greatly overrated, so much so, that Queen Elizabeth ordered the High Admiral to lessen his fleet. Howard, who very prudently thought it advisable to maintain his strength until danger was over, is reported to have said, that "he would expend all he had in the world, in maintaining the fleet, rather than peril the safety of England by dismantling one vessel of war." A very short time proved that his judgment was more correct than that of the queen and her advisers! for having with great naval skill, and unparalleled bravery, sailed out in a direction for the coast of Spain, he discovered that the Spanish fleet had not sustained any shock that would prevent them making, ere long, a descent upon England. On the 12th of July, he arrived at Plymouth, and immediately commenced refitting and re-victualling his fleet. His return had been hastened by a wind, that very speedily brought on its way the refitted powerful Armada, under the command of Sidonia, a Spanish commander of great fame. A continued storm raged at intervals, and considerably checked the progress of the advancing enemy of Albion. However, on the 19th of July, one Captain Thomas Fleming arrived at Plymouth with the startling intelligence, that he had narrowly escaped to tell their position in the English Channel. There was now no longer a doubt on the matter, for he and his crew had seen them—

"At earliest twilight on the waves,
Lie, heaving, many a mile."

On the afternoon of the same day, the brave Howard put out to sea with six war vessels, and which, through the united exertions of Drake and Forbisher, were immediately augmented to the number of fifty-four sail. The Armada was then stretched in the form of a crescent, seven miles, looming in the distance, with all the pomp of war.

"The Spanish Ships", says Lediard, an early historian, "appeared like so many floating castles, and the ocean seemed to groan under the weight of their heavy burdens." Admiral Howard, acting with great caution as well as courage, did not make any attempt to cross their path, or, indeed, to intercept their progress; but, having swelled his fleet to the number of one hundred armed vessels, on Sunday, the 21st, and the third day from the time the enemy was first seen, he ordered out the *Defiance*, to approach and declare war in the name of Queen Elizabeth; following himself in a ship called the *Ark Royal*. Then came the clashing storm of naval might. The Admiral closed in with a Spanish ship, which he mistook for *Sidonia's*, (the leader of the hostile fleet,) and notwithstanding seven large vessels came to the rescue, he dealt destruction on all around. His coadjutors were at the same time making dreadful havoc among the panic-stricken fleet, and even when the darkness of night came, the intrepid British warriors ceased not to harass and destroy the pride of Castile: so that when the next morning dawned, bringing with it a furious gale, the straggling and disordered Spanish vessels were in anything but a fighting position. And now the order of the warfare, on both sides, was of a skirmishing description; the English following, and dealing death around them in a wide unconnected chase, until the 24th, when the Spaniards had, by the force of the high gales and the pursuing fire of their victors, reached as far up the British Channel as the Isle of Wight. Admiral Howard now divided the English ships into four squadrons: Sir John Hawkins in the *Victory*, Admiral Drake in the *Revenge*, Captain Forbisher in the *Triumph*; and himself in the *Ark Royal*. And now, during a short calm, the two fleets were mere lookers on, while a fierce contest was waged between the *Victory* and a Spanish ship, the *St. Ann*; which ended in the latter being seized by Hawkins, with other craft that lingered near on the close of the action.

On the 27th, the once formidable Armada, wrecked by storm, and shattered by English prowess, had receded as far as Calais; and as they anchored there, Howard sent fire-ships among them, and harassed them on their homeward path with a terrible slaughter. Their treasure

ships furnished materials for the rejoicing British, and to this day their relics may be found among the cabinets of the curious and the stores of the English antiquary.

Nearly eleven thousand Spaniards perished in that audacious invasion scheme; and gave a period to our English annals, from which, whatever we may record of subsequent events, our peerless naval heroism dates its origin. At the time, a splendid and costly medal was struck by the Dutch; conveying a representation of the Armada, and encircled with the motto, "Jehovah blew, and they were scattered."

From our gleanings in the lap of history, we have endeavoured to class together the leading features of the foregoing, so as to divest it of the mists and shadows that too often obscure a reader's researches after things of so remote a period; and we trust that in so doing we may, in some measure, have made a tilt against the opinion, that it was by storm *alone*, that those bold invaders were repelled. Let us cherish in our memories the names of those gallant heroes, who saw not FEAR among other devices that decorated the huge and gaudy ships of their enemies; let our children be instructed to mark the day in our British calendar when Howard and Drake went forth

"To quell the haughty foe."

Having disposed of her enemies for a time, Queen Elizabeth now strengthened her maritime power. "She ordered several pieces of brass and iron cannon to be cast, and caused large quantities of gunpowder to be made, *the first which was manufactured in England*. The number of ships of the navy she caused to be increased, and in a short time collected a well equipped and powerful fleet. With these means at her command, Elizabeth might be said to have exercised control over her fleet capable of employing twenty thousand seamen."* For some years after the signal defeat we have recorded, the maritime annals give varied reports of unimportant conflicts between the Spaniards and the English; but as they were transactions principally of the trading merchant vessels, in our national sketch of naval

* Allen.

warfare, they are too trifling to be worthy of notice. As a small portrait of the features of those times, we may acquaint the reader with one out of the many of those merchant-ship actions. The Centurion, trading between Marseilles and England, was commanded by Captain James Bradshaw, and on her homeward voyage was attacked by five large Spanish galleys, in the Straits of Gibraltar. Now, the Centurion numbered a crew of forty-eight men and boys; and five Spanish ships had each their full complement of men, and though they endeavoured to close in, and board the English trader, undaunted courage and naval skill brought Captain Bradshaw out of the *mêlée* with flying colours; the enemy received damages and sustained a loss of men that made it an expensive matter for them.

It was about this time that Queen Elizabeth fitted out a squadron to sail for the Azores, as an intercepting fleet to that of the Spaniards, returning home with Indian treasures. They anchored at Flores, and waited six months for the return of the vessels laden with eastern treasures. The King of Spain, hearing of their whereabouts, commissioned one of his famous admirals, Don Bassano, to go out as an auxiliary to the homeward-bound treasure ships. This officer, hearing that the English force was comparatively small, determined upon attacking it. The English were taken by surprise, and during their stay at Flores, the crews had suffered much from sickness; and the Admiral put to sea with less than half his force to meet Don Bassano.

The Revenge commanded by Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, having delayed doing so for the purpose of recovering some of her men who were on shore. Finding themselves unable to rejoin the Admiral without the desperate alternative of forcing their way through the main body of the enemy's fleet, the master and others counselled Sir Richard to cast about, and by trusting to the good sailing of the ship, endeavour thus to escape. Sir Richard, however, utterly refused to turn his back upon the enemy, alleging he could rather choose to die than dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, he at the same time persuaded the ship's company that he could pass through the two hostile squadrons in dispute, and force one to give way. The spirit of his men re-

sponded to the Admiral's hopes, and boldly dashing forward he attempted the manœuvre. Successful upon divers of the foremost of the enemy's ships, who, as mariners term it, sprung their luff, and fell under her lee, the *Revenge* stood on almost unmolested, until she got near the great *San Philip*, a ship of 1500 tons, and mounting 80 guns on three decks, when she was quite becalmed under her huge hulk, and while thus entangled, four other ships boarded her, two on each side, and the fight thus beginning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all the evening; the huge *San Philip*, disliking the first taste, soon sheered off. But single-handed against such a host of enemies, this success of the *Revenge* was but transient; the Spaniards redoubled their efforts, and fresh ships crowded with soldiers, made desperate attempts again and again, to carry her by boarding, although repeatedly repulsed with fearful slaughter. The action had now lasted without intermission during the hours of daylight, and up to midnight, when Sir Richard, who had been hurt early in the action, received a fresh wound, and was carried down to be dressed; while below, he was again struck by a shot on the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side. But let us return to the fight: the Spanish ships, as they were beaten off, were accordingly replaced by others, so that the *Revenge* had never less than two mighty galleons at her side, and ere the morning, from 3 o'clock p.m., of the previous day, fifteen ships had assailed her and had been repulsed. At break of day desperate destruction was apparent to all on board the doomed ship. None appeared in sight but enemies; the ship's company, which at the beginning of the fight numbered but 100 free from illness (ninety being sick in the hold), were now reduced to 60, and the majority of them had been wounded; their powder was spent to the last barrel. their small arms were all broken or useless, their masts were beaten overboard, and their ship lay a hulk on the water. In this destruction, Sir Richard proposed to the ship's company to trust to the mercy of God, and not to that of the Spaniards, and blow up their ship, so that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniard, who, with 10,000 men and fifty-three sail of men-of-war, had been unable in fifteen hours to take them. The master gunner and one party con-

curred in their Admiral's proposals, and others were disposed for a compromise, and answered that the ship having six feet water in her hold, could never be kept afloat, and remain a prize in the enemy's hands.

While the matter was still being disputed, the master of the *Revenge* went on board the Spanish Admiral, who, for fear of further loss, granted the lives of the ship's company, and promised that they should be sent to England; and on these terms being communicated to the crew, all who had hitherto stood by the Admiral in his desperate resolution to blow up the ship, with the exception of the master, drew back. The officer thus prevented would have slain himself with his sword, but was by force withheld, and locked in his cabin, while the enemy took possession of their hard-earned prize. The Spanish Admiral sent an officer to his dying foe, to enquire if he would remove out of the *Revenge*, who replied that "he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not." When he was carried out of his ship, Sir Richard swooned; but, reviving again, desired the ship's company to pray for him. The Spaniards used him with great humanity, and left nothing unattempted that might lead to his recovery. He survived his removal a very few days, during which, his last words were, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a peaceful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true sailor ought, fighting for his Queen, his religion, and honour; my soul willingly departing from this body; leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do." The Spaniards lost in this sharp, though unequal contest, four ships and about 1000 men; while Grenville's own ship perished soon after her capture, with 200 Spaniards on board of her.

In 1592, Elizabeth, bent upon giving another check to the audacious Spaniards (the reader must bear in mind, that our neighbours, the French, were then allies of the British crown), ordered two vessels of war to sail for the coast of Spain, as a protection for her merchant subjects, who never returned home without complaints. On this occasion, a Spanish vessel was taken, that had "seven decks of 165 feet from stem to stern; was of 1,600 tons burden, manned with 600 men, and carried 32 brass guns! On her arrival in England, her cargo was valued at

£150,000!"* In this adventure we first became acquainted with the maritime life of that renowned scholar and naval officer, Sir Walter Raleigh. He seized the Spanish prize, and shared in the costly spoil.

Sir Walter Raleigh, or Raleigh, was born in the year 1552, at Hayes, near Budley, in Devonshire. His father was a gentleman of fortune, and Walter was the second son of his third marriage. He was educated at Oxford, and was considered to have acquired considerable knowledge in the various branches of scientific and philosophical learning. He had no sooner quitted the University than he entered into the service of his country. The queen was just then causing to be organised a volunteer corps, and the young scholar was immediately enrolled, and served five years in the army before entering the navy. It would be too voluminous a grasp for us to aim at giving such a notice of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh as we should consider due to so great a man; and we must content ourselves with a glance at his *naval* abilities only. That he was an original genius, and one who added to the progress of our maritime strength as a nation, may be inferred from this, that his discourses on ship-building, the navy, and naval tactics, were the first production of the kind in England, and notwithstanding modern advancement in all those branches, his skill in nautical matters is yet held in esteem by many; and Admiral Raleigh, after Hawkins and Drake had quitted the scene, enjoyed a pre-eminence over all his contemporaries. Strong native predilections, staunch patriotism, together with a mechanical and very pliable mind, can alone explain that extraordinary knowledge which he cultivated, in connection with maritime affairs. One day the gay courtier would be stringing rhymes on the gracefulness of his royal mistress, and perhaps the next, "away, away, on the stormy sea,"—assisting in the capture of Spanish vessels,—or hazarding his life among the gold mines of Guiana. He showed to the reigning powers of England, in his naval discourses, that the Navy is not merely an instrument of national glory, but that it is England's principal defence against foreign aggression.

* Lediard.

That his latter days were spent in prison, and that eventually his life was given as an atonement for a state offence under the reign of James I., has been universally lamented. He perished, October, 1618. As commander of a fleet, Admiral Sir Walter Raleigh was much beloved by his officers and seamen. He had a ship of war of his own, and it was called "The Destiny!" it possessed many new features, for it was built under his special direction, and on more than one occasion was visited by the Court of Elizabeth and the Foreign Ambassadors.

In British naval annals about the time of James I., and indeed, throughout the reign of our hapless Charles I., nothing of great importance finds a place for observation. During the first year of Charles's reign, we have, however, a brief account of the gallantry of Lord Essex, off the coast of Spain, in a letter written by the Rev. Joseph Mead, to Sir Martin Stuterville, the substance of which is as follows:—"On the 19th of October, the British fleet came to the Bay of Cadiz; where the Swiftsure, commanded by the Earl of Essex, had a *loxe*, and quitting the fleet, entered the bay first. Five galleys and some few small Spanish ships surrounded him;—but he, unwilling to spend his shot to small purpose, contained, till he came in the midst of them; he then let fly among them so thick, that the ships ran themselves aground under the castle: and the galleys rowed away. Then came the British fleet in, and fell to batter the castle with their ordnance; and in a few hours, the castle hung out a flag of truce, and yielded. The English lost but one captain (Forriaman), and, unfortunately, a seaman of the Great Sapphire, just when the castle was being defeated, was in the act of embracing his commander in congratulation for their good day's work; when a bullet, the last which the enemy shot, came in at the forecastle, and the officer and the sailor fell dead in their friendly embrace."*

It would seem that enterprise, among our great navigators, began to be considered as a leading feature, even in those days, for we find Mr. Mead saying in another letter written in 1625, "there is much talk now of the ship that has come home, assuring the king that the *North-West*

* "Court and Times of Charles I." London: Colburn.

Passage is now found;—which will be no small benefit to this nation." That this mere "wish was father to the thought," every one acquainted with the labours of modern exploring expeditions will know; but the quotation given above serves to show, that voyages of discovery have their origin in early times.

In the month of April, 1627, Captain Pennington took four French vessels, valued at one hundred thousand pounds, and forty sail of small ships, bringing the captives and their treasures from the haven of Rochelle, where the action took place, to England. It was about this time that William Hervey, one of the heroes of the Armada, was raised to the peerage, as Baron Hervey, of Kidbrooke. He was celebrated for having boarded a Spanish galleon: and further, that he slew one of the most famous naval commanders of the "Invincible fleet" (Hugh Moncada), whose death was said to be much lamented by Philip, who familiarly termed him his "naval arm." Baron Hervey died in 1642.

Of all the qualities that are required to complete the sum of man's metaphysical nature, perhaps we are correct in saying, that none have ever held a higher place in the consideration of mankind than the peculiar ardour and temperament recognised by the name of VALOUR. Society in every clime, in every state of government, has always considered this quality as an important one to be cherished and supported; every great law-giver, in times past, every renowned senator of modern days,—every sage to whom we are indebted for lessons of individual dignity, or national greatness,—have praised it. It has been the glowing theme of orators, poets, and legislators of whatever country, and under all circumstances. This argument suggests the great propriety of our being acquainted with the lives and actions of brave men. Not only should we be familiar with the footprints of heroic greatness now existing; but it is highly necessary that we make ourselves acquainted with the spirit-stirring memories of the Past.

"It shall be testified,
That living men, who throb in heart and brain,
Without the dead, were colder. If we tried
To sink the PAST beneath our feet, be sure
The future would not stand. Precipitate

This old roof from the shrine—and, insecure,
 The nestling swallows fly off, mate from mate.
 Scant were the gardens, if the graves were fewer!
 And the green poplars grew no longer straight,
 Whose tops not looked to Troy. Why, who would fight
 For Athens, and not swear by Marathon?
 Who would build temples, without tombs in sight?
 Who live, without some dead man's benison?
 Who seek truth, hope for good, or strive for right,
 If, looking up, he saw not in the sun
 Some angel of the martyrs, all day long
 Standing and waiting! Your last rhythms will need
 The earliest key-note. Could I sing this song,
 If my dead master had not taken heed
 To help the heavens and earth to make me strong,
 As the wind will ever find out some reed,
 And touch it to such issues as belong
 To such a frail thing? Who denies the dead
 Libations from full cups? "

As our continuous course in following the historic path of British naval warfare now opens upon what has been commonly called the Dutch war, we shall, before proceeding further, present our readers with biographical sketches of the heroes who figured in that ancient drama.

One of the most intrepid seamen, and at the same time without a compeer in success, was Robert Blake. Historians generally agree that Charles I., understood maritime affairs, and would, in all probability, have done much towards establishing the naval power on a surer basis, had not civil broils called off his attention to other matters. Such men as Blake, were, however, at the trouble and expense of fitting out vessels of their own, and of setting an example to our hardy seamen, which led them to despise danger, and to fearlessly oppose every enemy that sailed with a hostile flag.

Robert Blake was born at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, in August, 1598. His father, Humphrey Blake, was a merchant, trading to the coast of Spain, in which business he acquired considerable wealth. Our hero was his eldest son.

Young Blake was educated at the free school of his native town, and at the proper age was removed to Oxford, where he was member of Alban Hall and Wadham College. He was at Oxford seven years, and "returned to Bridgewater," says Clarendon, "enough versed in books, for a man who intended not to be in any profession; having

sufficient of his own to maintain him in the plenty he affected, and having then no appearance of ambition to be a greater man than he was." Mr. Blake lived upon the estate at Bridgewater till about 1640. He was at this period looked upon by his neighbours as a plain English gentleman, of blunt manners, open and humorous, but as one who never sought to check his opinions, and these were generally opposed to the court notions on important matters. The Presbyterian party sent him to Parliament for his native borough: this, however, was "the Short Parliament," and, consequently, his first public business in life was of brief duration, for he was not returned again.

In 1643, on the breaking out of the civil war, he was entrusted by Colonel Fiennes, a Cromwellian, with the command of the Bristol fortifications, when the Royalists besieged that ancient city. On this, his first warlike employment, we find him exercising the budding qualities that afterwards left a blooming fame on the page of history. For, after the governor had agreed to surrender, Blake was for maintaining his post; and having killed some of the king's soldiers, he was called to account by Prince Rupert, who, charging him with a violation of the laws of war, was, for a time, deaf to all entreaties, on the part of Blake's friends, that so dauntless a defaulter should be spared; however, he survived to shed such a lustre on the page of our naval history, as will light the dim records of that period to the remotest ages. After this unpleasant affair, we find him gaining great repute in Somersetshire, his native county; and in 1644 he was appointed Governor of Taunton; the importance of his position being perhaps more clearly seen, when we consider that this was the only fortress the Parliament had in the west of England. Blake maintained his position there during two successive sieges, in 1645, giving remarkable proof of his inflexible principles, and displaying the courage of a lion. The commencement of his naval career may be dated from February, 1649, when, along with Deane and Popham, two officers of rank, he was appointed to the command of the fleet. Blake, at this period, was styled Colonel,—but the military and naval services were not then distinct and separate occupations, as at the present day: for the naval

department Blake was soon found to be fitted by every distinguished qualification.

After the king's death, on the renewal of the war, an expedition was fitted out for the Irish seas, of which he was commander; and commissioned to pursue the man who held him in fear of death at Bristol. Prince Rupert (who was now a pirate), to his cost, found the tables turned, for Blake kept him several months in the harbour of Kinsale, closely blockaded. At length, want of provisions compelled the prince to attempt an escape, by breaking through the Parliament fleet, in doing which, he lost three ships. Blake pursued him as far as the Tagus; but there the King of Portugal would not allow him to attack his enemy. The gallant hero was not to be easily turned aside, so he immediately captured several Portuguese vessels, and sent them home with rich treasures and much cannon, that he took in the Tagus. Before he left the spot he destroyed the Royalist squadron, with the exception of two ships; and Prince Rupert narrowly escaped his destructive mode of attack. On returning to England he captured a French frigate of forty guns.

For these, his first naval exploits, he received the thanks of Parliament, and was created Warden of the Cinque Ports, with the rank of Admiral.

He next took the Scilly Islands, Guernsey, and Jersey, out of the hands of the Royalists; for this the Parliament thanked him, and made him a member of the Council of State. On the breaking out of the Dutch war, he was the High Admiral for several months; and when it was discovered than Van Tromp was standing over to the English coast with a great sail, (some say forty ships.) Blake was lying in Rye Bay, with a small fleet of fifteen. He never looked at the fearful odds, but immediately sailed east, and to his great joy, discovered the enemy in the Straits of Dover. On approaching them, he fired two guns, as a signal that he requested them to pay homage to the British flag: this not being done, a smart action ensued, in which the Dutch were considerable sufferers. He afterwards contended with Ruyter and De Witt, famous Dutch commanders; and the seizures he made, and the rich spoil he secured from their homeward-bound merchantmen, earned for him great renown. He sought no ease until he had

completely cleared the Channel, and then he sailed for the north coast, and there captured one hundred of their herring vessels, and also twelve ships of war sent out with them as protectors! Afterwards, returning to the Downs, he found there a Dutch Admiral with a hostile sail, and he took him prisoner, and several ships. The English fleet was now scattered about, and Blake had only about forty ships with him, when he again discovered a fleet of eighty Dutch ships in the Channel, commanded by Van Tromp. It was contrary to his unbending spirit to decline battle, no matter what the odds, and the action accordingly commenced. This, however, was one of his most unfortunate contests. Four English ships were destroyed and two seized; Blake was wounded in the thigh, and his captain and one hundred seamen were killed, and our hero found himself on a mere wreck which was found scarcely weather-proof to run him into the Thames, followed by a victorious enemy. Van Tromp, in a boastful manner might now be seen sailing about the Channel, with a broom at the mast-head of his ship, as a token that he had swept the British seamen from the waters.

Blake, sorely mortified, and burning for the hour of retaliation, had the English fleet refitted; and on the 18th of February, 1653, with a sail of eighty ships, he fell in with the Dutch victor, who was just conveying a fleet of treasure ships across the Straits of Dover, and then Van Tromp experienced the vengeance of our hero; who had, as Burns says, been

“Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!”

In 1656, Admiral Blake made his celebrated blockade of Cadiz, and destroyed the whole Spanish fleet. A Captain Stayner, who commanded the Plymouth of 50 guns in this expedition, was left by Admiral Blake in the command of a small force off Cadiz, and on the 9th of September, 1655, a Spanish-Indian fleet, of eight large ships of the line, were seen approaching Cadiz; without appearing to take the slightest notice of Stayner's small squadron of hostile war frigates. However, according to the instructions of Blake, Stayner gave chase with three frigates, leaving the rest astern to watch for an opportunity of attack, should any of the ships put off to sea. It was afterwards dis-

covered that the Spaniards were entirely ignorant of the character of their pursuers; however, Captain Stayner opened a tremendous fire upon the unsuspecting vessels, and in a short time one sunk, one was burnt up, two ran ashore and became wrecks, two he seized. But the most painful part of the history of his feat was connected with the vessel that was destroyed by fire. Dreadful as must have been the fate of the officers and seamen on board the flaming war-ship, all record of their sufferings has escaped the historian's notice, in the melancholy interest touching the death of the Marquis of Badajos, ex-Viceroy of Peru, who, together with his beloved wife, and his lovely and accomplished daughter, perished in the flaming ship. Robbed of the last hope, when the fire broke out, and blazed up among the dead that lay strewed upon the deck, the marchioness and her daughter (the latter said to be of surpassing beauty, and in her sixteenth year,) swooning away at the horrid, hopeless, fearful spectacle, fell down upon the crackling furious flame, and died. The marquis hotly engaged in doing all that he could to avert the destruction of the vessel, suddenly observed them, and in the arms of one of his sons he also fell, and the four lay burning together! Two sons and three daughters survived, and were, on board the captured ship, brought to England as prisoners, and, it is said, received great kindness at the hands of Protector Cromwell, who, however, has been highly censured by some historians for sending out a fleet before war was officially declared.

Shortly after this, the Cromwellian Parliament formally declared war against Spain; and in the spring of 1657, Blake made another attack upon the Spanish coasts, blockaded Cadiz, and burnt the shipping off Santa Cruz, besides capturing many prizes. In this expedition he was assisted by Captain Stayner, who was afterwards knighted by Cromwell. Blake's object was accomplished; he had brought the Spaniards to acknowledge the Commonwealth, and the blood-red cross of the Protectorate held empire on the high seas through Blake's indomitable spirit and unwearied exertions. And for that warlike feat, England rewarded him with a ring, valued at five hundred pounds: it is said, however, that he did not receive it,—for the dauntless Admiral never landed on his native shore, but

died in the *St. George*, as she was entering Plymouth Sound, on the 17th of August, 1656, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Cromwell ordered his body to be interred with public magnificence in the Abbey of Westminster.

The Earl of Clarendon has given us the following description of him :—

“He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had been long in practice, merely to keep ships and men out of danger; which had been held, in former times, as a point of great ability and circumspection; as if the principal care requisite in the captain of a ship had been, to be sure to come safe home again. He was the first who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had ever been thought very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could be rarely hurt by them. He taught them to fight in fire, as well as upon water!”

Who has not read the spirit-stirring lines of Campbell, that breathe a dirge, in their enegetic application to the memory of the hero of this biographical sketch?

“The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
The deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave.
Where BLAKE, the boast of freedom, fought,
Your manly heart shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow!”

Perhaps the reader is not aware that Prince Rupert, who had the title of Admiral in the Dutch war, after the restoration of Charles II. was, undoubtedly, for some years previous, one of the most daring buccaneers on record. When Blake attacked him in Kinsale harbour, and pursued him thence to the Tagus, under the very walls of Berlin Castle, he not only collected a fortune for himself, by piracy, but the fugitive Charles II. and his brother—nay, even the queen dowager, Henrietta, and the family, were all supported by the depredations and barbarities committed by Rupert and his brother Maurice. They seized all that were unprotected, and sold their stores to the Portuguese. Heaven only knows their deeds of slaugh-

ter, for many a hapless merchant craft that was sold in the harbour of Kinsale, or in Lisbon, to heartless purchasers, gave indelible proofs of the horrid butchery that had stained the decks, with not a survivor to tell the murderous tale !

Rupert was the son of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, and, consequently, cousin to Charles II. He was considered to be a man of uncommon daring ; but the blot of piracy will for ever remain upon his escutcheon ; nor can it be forgotten that young Charles II. and his brother rioted in the luxury of the French court during the Commonwealth, almost entirely depending upon the ill-gotten gain of the royal corsair on the high seas.

The naval commander next upon the roll of fame, at this period, is George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. He was, by birth a gentleman ; descended on the father's side from an ancient and honourable family, settled from the time of Henry III. at Potheridge, in Devonshire ; and by the female line, sprung from the victorious Edward IV. He was the second son of Sir Thomas Monk, a man whose qualities and virtues deserved a better fortune, for in doing homage to royalty, and being profuse in public gifts—such as contributions for repairing fleets for the war, and other national expenses, he had almost worn out his estate. The hero of our memoir was born on the 6th of December, 1608. As he was intended by his father to wield the sword his education was in accordance with these views.

When Charles I. visited Plymouth to inspect the naval preparations for the war, Sir Thomas Monk would fain have showed his loyalty by meeting his majesty on the occasion, along with others of the same district ; but being at that very time afraid of the strong arm of the law, arising from his embarrassed circumstances, rather than place himself in a debtors' gaol, he sent his son George, a rising youth, to the sheriff at Exeter, begging to be excused the arrest until the king's visit was over, accompanying this request with a heavy largess of gold. The officer accepted the present, and Sir Thomas made his appearance among the assembled nobility of the country. A large present, however, from one of his creditors to the unprincipled lawyer, caused him to be arrested in the face of his friends and various personages of high rank attending upon the king.

George Monk, then in his seventeenth year, was so enraged at the act. that he publicly whipped the sheriff, and disabled him from even calling assistance. This circumstance led to the youth's running away, and joining the fleet, bound for Cadiz. His first voyage was served under Sir Richard Grenville, his relation. His numerous exploits were continually adding to his fame, until he reached his forty-fifth year, when he was created Admiral. His first engagement, after his elevation, was with the Dutch fleet.

On the 1st of June, 1666, Monk, with a squadron of 60 ships, opposed himself to the Dutch fleet lying at anchor in very superior force off the Goodwin Sands. Hoping to be speedily joined by Prince Rupert's squadron, Monk, with his usual impetuosity bore down upon the enemy, and a fierce conflict ensued; in which, despite all the steady valour and enduring courage of the English, superiority of numbers carried the day. Sir William Berkeley was killed, and his ship with two others were captured, and many of the English vessels were so shattered as to be scarcely able to keep the sea. The battle was continued the following day with doubtful fortune. On the 3rd, the Dutch were reinforced by sixteen fresh ships,—a plenitude of strength with which Monk conceived it almost impossible to contend. He, therefore, waited until Prince Rupert with his twenty ships joined him. On the 6th, the battle was resumed upon this more equal footing, but the Dutch still boasted of such a superior force, that the English, although they fought with lion-like bravery, were compelled to retire with considerable loss.

But a day of reckoning was at hand. On the 25th of July, the English fleet, still commanded by Monk and Prince Rupert, and consisting of 89 men-of-war and 19 fire-ships, once more fell in with the enemy, and the Dutch were driven back to their shores with the loss of 20 ships and 4,000 men killed and wounded.

During these stubborn and fiercely-contested engagements many instances of gallantry were displayed. The reader's attention is drawn, however, more particularly to the action of Sir John Harman, who commanded the *Henry*. His ship being surrounded and assailed from all quarters by the Zealand squadron, Admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed and offered him quarter, to which

this brave officer replied, "No, for it has not come to that yet." His next broadside killed the Dutch Admiral, by which means their whole squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the Henry. Three fire-ships were now despatched to burn the gallant English vessel; one of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling-irons had hooked until the blaze burst out, when the boatswain of the Henry, flinging himself on board the fire-ship amidst smoke and flame, as if incapable of fear, discovered and cut off the match from the combustibles in the hold, and returned safe on board, having first disengaged the irons. Scarcely was this effected before another ship boarded her on the larboard side, and the sails and rigging taking fire, destruction seemed inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill any who should attempt to quit the ship—a threat which had the effect of making the men return to their duty, and assist in quenching the flames.

The exertion, at length, of the remaining crew extinguished the flames. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck giving directions, and sank another fire-ship which was bearing down upon him. In this crippled state he got into Harwich and repaired the ship's damages, in time to be at sea in the following actions.

In the same engagement Admiral Sir George Ayscue ran his ship upon the Gallopee shoal, where she was surrounded by the Dutch fleet, and taken. The capture of an English Admiral caused great exultation among the Dutch, and has been vulgarly assigned as the reason why the English do not carry the red flag at the main. The fact, however, of Sir George Ayscue having been Admiral of the white at the time of his capture, as well as that of the Union Jack, has always been the distinguishing flag of the red squadron, negatives this fable.

In the same action, Admiral Berkeley, when no longer able to make resistance, was so obstinately bent on maintaining his honour that he would take no quarter, and when the enemy's boarders had carried this ship, having been desperately wounded with a musket bullet in his

throat, he retired into his cabin, where he was discovered by his victors laid at length on the table, dead, and covered with the blood which had flowed from his wounds.

In this fight, one of the first broadsides killed Admiral Deane, whose body was almost cut in two by a chain shot, at that time a new invention, said to be introduced by the Dutch Admiral de Witt. The report of this painful affair is, that Monk covered the body with his cloak, lest the awful spectacle should check the courage of his crew; and cheering his men on to their duty, he caused the body to be removed into his own cabin.

After much valuable service to his country, and many batterings on "the raging main," Monk died on the 3rd of January, 1669. It is said that he was very abstemious; he rose early, and was fond of exercise. His great virtues were prudence and modesty, allied to unflinching valour. The king directed his body to be removed to Somerset House, and there, for many weeks, it lay in state; and was finally taken with great pomp to its last resting-place in Henry the Seventh's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, among other—

" Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died."

There is a patriotic glow of feeling, which is not to be expressed feebly when we recount the noble deeds of valour that are stereotyped in the chronicles of the past. To pass down the biographical line of our naval heroes, may not inaptly be compared to a reflective ramble through that grove of monarch oaks that give a glory and a beauty to the ancient forest of Sherwood. They are also a two-fold type, for they have stood for ages as the sylvan pride of England, flourishing in the heart of the land.* In looking at the

* Subsequently to writing the above, the following paragraph appeared in *The Nottingham Review* :—

" The second Duke of Kingston planted two large clumps of evergreens, the one circular, the other square, at the west end of Birkland (a part of Sherwood Forest), called Hanger hills. Earl Manvers added twenty-five acres, partly forest trees, and partly firs, and called it 'Howe Victory.' He has also added fifteen acres of plantation at the eastern extremity of the Asserts, and called it after 'The Earl St. Vincent;' and twelve acres on the northern boundary of Budby Forest, and called it 'Duncan' wood, after the Admiral Lord Viscount Duncan."

various qualities that made great those heroes of bygone days, we are scarcely decided on which to bestow the most praise; for when the noble deeds of so many are all strung together, we are overpowered by the splendour of the diamond links of so much worth and magnanimity.

In noticing the striking passages that we deem worthy of remark in the life of Admiral Montague, Earl of Sandwich, a contemporary of the individual of whom we have been last speaking, we will preface our brief memoir by quoting the words of Campbell, the naval historian:—

“Fame belongs of right to all those who have deserved well of society; but the supreme degree of glory ought to wait on the memory of such illustrious persons as have been martyrs for their country, and voluntarily died either to serve, or to preserve it. If this be a just position, as must be allowed by every man who thinks, then the noble person who bore the name of Admiral Montague, Earl of Sandwich, ought ever to be revered by Britons. His life was an uniform scene of patriotism and public spirit; his death so extraordinary a strain of exalted courage, that, as few facts in modern history come near it, so none in more ancient and less corrupted times can be justly said to exceed it.”

Sir Sidney Montague, of Boughton, had six sons, and the intrepid sailor, Edward, was the youngest. He was born July 27th, 1625.

On the breaking out of the third and last Dutch war, Admiral Montague commanded the blue squadron, and hoisted his flag on board the *Royal James*, a fine ship of 100 guns and about 800 men. He was second in command to James, Duke of York, who was at the head of the fleet. On the 27th of May, 1672, the fleet lay anchored in Southwold Bay, for the avowed purpose of taking in water, although it has been alleged rather with a view of celebrating the festivities that would attend the anniversary of King Charles's Restoration on the 29th of the same month. While thus lying at anchor, Montague felt extremely anxious, owing to the thickness of the weather which prevailed, and the uncertainty that existed as to the precise whereabouts of the Dutch fleet; and in a council that was held, he strongly urged the advisability of weighing anchor and getting out to sea to prevent being taken by surprise.

The Duke of York, who had a liking for the shore, overruled Montague's objection, and the fleet still lay at anchor. On the morning of the 28th, Montague's fears were but too truly realized, for at a moment when the British fleet was quite unprepared, the Dutch fleet came down upon them. The hurry and confusion that followed may be readily imagined, many of the English captains were compelled to cut their cables; but Montague who had acted on his presentiments and held his ship in readiness, was out first, and in good order. Knowing how much depended on checking the enemy's advance, this brave commander, who was as courageous as he was circumspect, fell furiously on the advancing Dutch ships. He succeeded in his noble design; but with the sacrifice of his own life, for his ship surrounded by Dutch vessels, had to maintain a most unequal contest. Nevertheless, she disabled seven ships of the line, and repelled three fire-ships, by which time most of the men were killed, and her hull so pierced with shot, that it was impossible to carry her off. At this juncture, Lord Sandwich might have been relieved by his Vice-Admiral, Sir Joseph Jordan, but had the mortification of seeing that officer sail by heedless of the condition in which he lay. Upon this, he said to those about him, "There is nothing left for us now but to defend the ship to the last man." A fourth fire-ship had now grappled him, and the Admiral begged his captain, Sir R. Haddock, and the surviving crew to take to the boats, and save themselves, but he himself, scorning to save his life at the ignominious risk of being taken prisoner, determined to remain and perish with his ship. Many of the sailors would not quit their Admiral, and endeavoured at his command to extinguish the flames. In vain these heroic efforts—about the hour of noon, the ship blew up, and the fine-hearted, gallant Montague, and those brave spirits who were with him, fell noble sacrifices to a high sense of duty and devotion. About a fortnight after the action, the body of Montague was found, and the following notice appeared in the *Gazette*:—

"Harwich, June 10th, 1672.—This day the body of the Earl of Sandwich, being, by the order upon his coat, discovered floating on the sea by one of his majesty's ketches, was taken up, and brought into this port, where Sir Charles Littleton, the governor, receiving it, took immediate care

for its embalming, and honourable disposing, till his majesty's pleasure should be known concerning it; for the obtaining of which, his majesty was attended, next day, at Whitehall, by the master of the above-named vessel, who produced the '*George*,' as found on the body of the earl," &c., &c.

On the 3rd of July, 1672, the corpse of the admiral was laid, in the most solemn manner, in a sumptuous barge, and passed up the Thames, attended by the king's barges, the Duke of York's, and also with the several barges of the nobility, the Lord Mayor and all the city companies, adorned suitable to the occasion, followed with trumpets and other music, that sounded the deepest woe. On passing the tower the great guns were fired, as well as at Whitehall; and about five o'clock in the evening, the body being taken out of the barge at Westminster bridge, there was a procession to the Abbey. His eldest son, then Earl of Sandwich, was supported by eight earls, and the whole was a scene of great magnificence. He was interred on the north side of Henry the Seventh's chapel. Bishop Parker, in speaking of him, says:—

"Sandwich having miserably shattered seven Dutch ships, and beat off three fire-ships, at length, being overpowered with numbers, fell a sacrifice for his country—a gentleman adorned with all the virtues of Alcibiades, and untainted by any of his vices. Of high birth, yet capable of any business; full of wisdom, a great commander by sea and land, and also learned and eloquent, affable, liberal, and magnificent.

'Living, he raised a deathless, spotless name,
And, dying, soar'd above the reach of fame.' "

Peace was concluded with Holland on the 9th of February, 1674, after a hard fought action between the British ship *Tiger* and the Dutch war vessel *Schaerles*. This chivalrous affair took place during the time that the opposing powers were negotiating. Captain Harman (son of Sir John Harman) was the English commander, and De Witt (the inventor of chain-shot), with a force of 36 guns and 140 men, who was his opponent. Their ships were within pistol-shot before either fired; and the first broad-side brought down the Dutchman's main-mast. The

English soon shattered the vessel to pieces, and De Witt escaped by swimming. Captain Harman was wounded, a musket-shot entered his left eye, and passed out between the ear and jawbone; but he survived the action many years.

The year 1667 presents us with the first decided effort on the part of the English to quell the rapacious pirates of Tripoli and Algiers. In these running expeditions, as they may be termed, volumes might be filled with the chase given to the ocean robbers by Sir John Narborough and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who often brought the villainous Dey to submissions and treaties, which, however, he only kept so long as a British man-of-war hove in sight. Admiral Herbert, Earl of Torrington, was hotly engaged about this time with small grievances offered by our neighbours, the French; and, indeed, from 1689, the date occurs for tracing long hostilities from that quarter. In 1692, a very numerous fleet was fitted out against the French, under the command of Admiral Russell (afterwards Earl of Orford). His ship the *Britannia*, 100 guns, had the union flag flying, and he had for his vice and rear admirals, Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Sir Ralph Delavel. And now, the Dutch being our allies, they joined in the expedition, making altogether a sail of ninety-nine ships of war! On this occasion the French lost a great number of seamen, and the following war vessels:—

<i>Soleil Royale</i>104 guns.	<i>Triomphant</i> 76 guns.
<i>The Ambiteux</i> 96 „	<i>Amicable</i> 68 „
<i>Admirable</i> 90 „	<i>Fier</i> 84 „
<i>Tonnant</i> 76 „	<i>Glorieux</i> 90 „
<i>Terrible</i> 76 „	<i>Serieux</i> 70 „
<i>The Magnifique</i> 84 „	<i>Trident</i> 64 „
<i>St. Philip</i> 84 „	<i>The Prince</i> 60 „
<i>Conquerant</i> 84 „	<i>Sans Pareil</i> 60 „

and another, whose name was not known. Much of this success was said to be due to the valorous Vice-admiral Rooke, a daring Englishman, who, on this occasion, dated the first page in his career of fame, concerning whom and his further advancement we shall acquaint the reader in due course.

During one of these actions recorded about 1695, another rising star in British naval history made his *debut* on the

ocean—Captain Benbow. Under his directions, Quince Fort was burned down; and St. Maloes, a French town, built almost entirely of wood, was completely destroyed.

At this time, every opportunity was seized by the two nations for annoying each other; and no small vessel, not even a fishing smack, put off from the English coast without being provided with arms. One act of especial valour is recorded of a Captain William Thompson, who, while fishing in his small craft off Purbeck, observed a privateer sloop, from Cherbourg, making towards him. He had on board one man and a boy, and his means of defence were two small guns and a few muskets. On came the French sloop of war, her heavy shots flying thick and fast over the little smack. In a few minutes, Thompson wounded the captain, mate, and six men of the war-sloop, rendering them defenceless; and the terror-stricken French, superstitiously believing him to be something more than human, made sail with their wounded and dying. Thompson gave chase; and, strange as it may seem, captured the sloop, and took it triumphantly into an English port! He had fourteen prisoners, and the captain laid dead on the deck! For his bravery, the Lords of the Admiralty rewarded him with a heavy chain of gold, and a medal of great value.

Queen Anne commenced her reign on the 8th of March, 1702, and in less than two months after that great event, war was declared against France. Admiral Benbow, who had sailed for the West Indies the year before, and was now on his return, received from the queen the command of a fleet to meet a French squadron, then standing off for the south coast. Benbow's squadron was composed of the following ships:—

Breda.....	70 guns	Admiral Benbow.
Defiance	64	"	Captain Kirby.
Greenwich	54	"	— Wade.
Ruby	48	"	— Walton.
Pendennis.....	48	"	— Hudson.
Windsor	48	"	— Constable.
Falmouth	48	"	— Vincent.

For some years Benbow had a frigate of his own. He was esteemed by the merchants, in the docks, and on 'Change, for he often defended their craft as well as his own. His preferment in the navy dates from a singular

circumstance. In the year 1686, Captain Benbow in his own vessel was attacked by Moorish pirates during his voyage to Cadiz. He defended himself against unequal numbers, and as some of the assailing party boarded his vessel, he detained thirteen of them, and cut their heads off, ordering his men to hurl the bodies into the sea, but to throw the heads into a tub of pork pickle! When he arrived at Cadiz, he went on shore, and ordered his negro servant to follow him with the barbarians' heads in a sack. He had no sooner landed than the revenue officers of Cadiz inquired of the servant respecting the sack and its contents. "They are salt provisions for my own use," replied the captain, sternly. "We have no need to doubt you," said they, "but it is our duty to see the contents of the sack, or take you before a superior magistrate." The captain made choice of the latter alternative, and off they went. The magistrates, who were sitting not far off, treated the captain with great civility, but told him that, as he had been informed by the Customs' officers, he must expose the contents of his sack. "I have already told you," said Benbow, "they are salt provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you have any fancy for them, they are at your service." The Spanish dons stared first at the heads of the Moors, then at the captain; and next they wondered what could have given him the power to defend himself so miraculously, when beset by savages. They sent an account of the whole affair to Charles, their king, who was equally filled with wonder at so much valour on the part of an Englishman, and ordered the intrepid Benbow to appear at court, and relate the matter before Royalty, and the grandees about his person. A rich present was awarded him by the king, and his ministers tendered various gifts to mark their esteem: moreover, Charles wrote to the English sovereign on his behalf.

When the expedition was spoken of for the West Indies, Benbow was asked if he would like to go. "I know no difference of climates," said he; "for my part I shall ever consider it to be my duty to hold myself in readiness at all times to go wherever the wish of my sovereign, or the interests of my country, demand the aid of John Benbow."

It was the treachery of Captains Wade, Kirby, Hudson,

and others, who joined in the expedition, (of which we have before given a list of vessels and strength,) that brought about the death of this hardy veteran. They abandoned him to the rage of unequal numbers. Having been driven out to Jamaica, flying across the seas for refuge, until he could refit and consider what to do for the best, he, on his arrival, had his leg amputated, and his wounds dressed,—all of which he bore with great fortitude. In the heat of the action, when he fell down from exhaustion and the loss of blood, one of his captains consoled with him, under his pain and grief. “I am sorry for it too,” said the wounded hero; “but I had rather have lost both my legs, than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation; and hear me, should another shot deprive me of life, behave like men, and fight it out while the ship can swim!”

Of this ill-starred expedition, which gave evident proof of Admiral Benbow's indomitable spirit, even when death stared him in the face, and at the same time exhibited the craven spirit of those captains of vessels who should have stood by him in the hour of battle, like soldiers presenting one strong column in defiance of the enemy. Allen, the naval historian, writes as follows:—“At 2h. p.m. the sea breeze set and the French formed a line, and made sail on their way. Still Benbow's sternmost ships made no effort to join in pursuit of the enemy, and the *Breda* and *Ruby* were suffered by their pusillanimous consorts to engage without their making even an attempt at supporting them! The Admiral, the *Ruby*, and *Falmouth*, distantly attacked the enemy's sternmost ships, but without making any visible impression on them; yet Benbow continued to follow, under every disadvantage, until the 24th. At 2h a.m., on that day, owing to a change of wind, the *Breda* (Benbow's ship) was enabled to pass within hail of the sternmost French ship, and a smart action ensued. Benbow, in person boarded the French ship three times, receiving a severe wound in the face, and another in the arm; and shortly afterwards the gallant admiral had his right leg shattered by a chain-shot, and was carried below, but he insisted on being again taken upon deck; and his commands being obeyed, he remained there, and continued, while lying in his cradle, to give directions respecting the action. The ship to which the *Breda* was opposed, was in

a short time reduced to a mere wreck, having lost her fore-topmast, mainyard, and mizenmast, and her hull was completely riddled with shot ; but soon after daylight, Benbow observed the French ships bearing down to the assistance of the ship he was engaging, and at the same time had the mortification to witness the ships of his squadron actually bearing up and running away to leeward, as if in despite of his signal, then flying for close action. The French ships, observing the incomprehensible or dastardly conduct of Benbow's captains, became emboldened, and immediately steered for the Breda, opening so smart a fire, that they shot away her maintopsail yard, damaging her considerably. They then sent fresh hands on board the Breda's late opponent, and taking her in tow, made sail away without any attempt being made by the ships before mentioned to prevent it. Benbow, still determined to follow the enemy, communicated with the captains of his squadron, and ordered them to keep their stations in the line, and behave like men ; but the gallant admiral found himself obliged to give up the pursuit, and to proceed with the squadron to Jamaica." * * * * "Captains Wade and Kirby, on the 16th of April, 1703, met the just reward of their cowardice or disaffection (for their conduct was never fully explained) at Plymouth, in pursuance of the sentences of the court martial, being shot on board the Bristol."

After his leg was amputated at Jamaica, when he was writhing with pain, his regret that he had been so basely mixed up with the cowardice of his captains, never allowed Benbow a moment's ease, and fever ensuing, he died on the 4th of November, 1702. It is quite uncertain, but it is generally understood, that his body was brought home, and buried at the church of St. Nicholas, Deptford.

It is to be regretted, however, that no suitable monument to his memory has hitherto been raised by that country he served so faithfully and honourably.

Sir Ralph Delavel, a fellow seaman and naval commander with the last-named hero, was the son of a north-country gentleman of private worth, and not altogether unknown at court.

Perhaps the gallantry for which Delavel was most renowned was exhibited off Cape La Hogue, when he had the honour to serve under the command of Admiral Russell,

before alluded to. On that occasion three fire-ships having been fitted out for their destructive purposes, Delavel embarked and led the van, when he destroyed two large French ships; and after firing upon a third for some time, he leaped on board and captured her. He immediately discovered that not one efficient seaman remained upon her; and after removing the wounded to his own ship, and hurling the dead into the sea, he set fire to the vessel, having thus, without any material loss to the British, destroyed three formidable French three-deckers.

The subject of our present notice was Vice Admiral of the Red, and joint commander of the fleet. He distinguished himself on several occasions, but had the misfortune to suffer severely from false friends; and for some years before his death, which took place January, 1707, he lived in comparative retirement. By royal command, he was buried with great solemnity and warlike pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Another contemporary of Benbow's was Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel. He was born about 1650, of parents in moderate circumstances; but whether they suffered a shock in their business, or from what other cause it came about, we are not informed, but young Cloudesley Shovel was apprenticed to the humble trade of a shoemaker. As the boy had no mind for such sedentary and ignoble employment, and at the same time there being a fleet fitting out by Sir John Narborough, he betook himself to sea, in the capacity of a cabin-boy.

Young Cloudesley soon won the esteem of his captain by the progress he made in navigation; and as those were times when naval merit could look for immediate reward, he soon met with preferment on arriving at manhood. It was during the time that Narborough was sent to the Dey of Tripoli, that the gallantry of Shovel was reported to the Admiralty, and his first promotion was to the command of the Sapphire man-of-war.

The conduct of Lieutenant Shovel at Tripoli, which led the way to his first step upon the ladder of fame, may be considered of importance, and for the reader's gratification we will briefly relate it. About the middle of January, 1676, a squadron was despatched under the command of Sir John Narborough to check the audacity of the bold

pirates who scattered dismay through the merchant service, trading to ports that brought them upon the ocean track of "Tripoli's water-dragons." Standing off, Narborough ordered Lieutenant Shovel to go on shore and demand an audience of the Dey. That order was promptly obeyed. Twice did the gallant young officer press for an interview; but as his beardless youth had been represented to the Dey, he sternly refused to negotiate. It was then suggested to the admiral by Lieutenant Shovel, that it was quite practicable to burn the enemy's shipping. This bold enterprize was carried out on the 4th of March, Shovel having the entire arrangement. He came down upon the enemy in the darkness of midnight, seized the guard-ships, and instantly set on fire the pirate fleet, without sacrificing the life of one British seaman; and when the conflagration ceased, he cannonaded the town, and together with Sir John Narborough, burnt up, or seized immense timber stores; and having thus quelled the haughty pride of the Dey, that piratical chief was compelled into present obedience. This was the opening page in the recorded daring of this aspiring youth; and already, to experienced observers, the perspective discovered the future admiral.

He was knighted by King William for his bravery when commanding the *Edgar* off Bantry Bay; and in 1690, the king delivered to him with his own hands his commission of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. What a dignity for one who had been a poor shoemaker's apprentice! Sir Cloudealey Shovel died on his homeward voyage, during a storm,

"When winds were rude in Biscay's sleepless bay."

His body was thrown ashore on the island of Scilly, where some fishermen took him up, and having stolen a valuable emerald ring from his finger, stripped and buried him. The ring, however, was seen by an English sailor, one Paxton, and the fellows were made to confess what they had done with the body. It was found in the sands by the ocean shore, and brought home to England, where, with great ceremony, it was a second time interred, in Westminster Abbey; and where the facts we have just stated are narrated in his monumental inscription.

Admiral Rooke, another distinguished naval commander of the same period, was born of wealthy parents, and was,

indeed, the scion of an ancient Kentish family. The bravery of Rooke was principally distinguished in baffling the attempts made by the French to convey troops and ammunition to the Highlands for the service of the Pretender James. For this service, William III. knighted him, May, 1692; and the following year he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean squadron, when he displayed great bravery in many flying fights. He had not yet, however, the opportunity of evincing his gallantry in any general action, except the one already noticed in our sketch of Admiral Russell; but he nobly distinguished himself in the following memorable engagement:—On the 21st of July, 1704, when the combined English and Dutch fleets were anchored in Gibraltar Bay, Sir George Rooke immediately conveyed on shore, to the northwards, where the isthmus joins the rock to the main land, about 18,000 marines; he then sent a summons to the governor for the surrender of the fortress. The answer returned not being satisfactory, the combined fleet opened their destructive and united fires upon the castled heights of the famous rock. After some hours of hot work a landing was effected; the Spaniards at that instant sprang a mine; and, lamentable to relate, whole companies of marines, officers and men, were blown into the unnumbered atoms that compose eternity! However, the survivors still proceeded on their victorious errand; and on a second summons being sent to the governor, the garrison capitulated; and from that day, July 24th, 1704, and the third year of Queen Anne's reign, that impregnable rock, and maritime key to the Mediterranean, has been in the possession of the British nation.

Few men were held in higher esteem by his sovereign and the British people than Vice-Admiral Sir George Rooke. "To hereditary honours he added reputation, founded on personal merit, and repaid the credit derived by him from his ancestors by the glory reflected from his own actions. Yet so modest withal, that he coveted titles as little as wealth; and after a life spent in noble achievements, went to his grave with a moderate fortune, though he had long held such employments as enabled others to raise princely estates." He died on the 24th of January, 1708, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

It will be known to most readers, that after Anne's

accession to the throne, the office of Lord High Admiral was conferred, as a mark of respect, upon her royal consort, George Prince of Denmark. This took place in 1702, and George Churchill, brother to the Duke of Marlborough, the royal favourite, was appointed Admiral of the Blue. Churchill was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, Knt.; was born in 1652, and entered into sea service in early life, having the command of a man-of-war before he was thirty—a thing very unusual in those days. He was the intimate friend of George, the prince consort, and when that amiable and esteemed prince sat at the Admiralty, he looked to Churchill for every movement. His Royal Highness died on the 28th of October, 1708, and from that period Admiral Churchill retired into private life. His early years were spent in a manner becoming a British seaman in those days—not in silken ease at home, but on the ocean before the enemy, wherever they raised the hostile flag. He died at Windsor on the 8th of May, 1710, in the 58th year of his age, and his remains rest in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, where an eloquent Latin inscription tells its mournful story to passing generations.

We now enter on a period, in connection with which the PAST seems to have been spreading a sail-cloth of durable material for naval exploits. The accession of George I. to the throne of these realms found the royal navy as follows:—

Rates.	Number.	Guns.	Men.
1 ..	7 ..	714 ..	5,312
2 ..	13 ..	1,170 ..	7,194
3 ..	39 ..	2,890 ..	16,089
4 ..	66 ..	3,490 ..	18,068
5 ..	32 ..	1,190 ..	4,160
6 ..	25 ..	500 ..	1,047
	182	9,954	49,860

and about 50 fire-ships.

His majesty George I. arrived from Holland on the 18th of September, 1714, made his public entry on the 20th, and directly took into his own hands the reins of government; in doing which, his instant alterations in the places of naval officers created much disputation among such parties. However, in the month of November following, Matthew Aylmer was declared Lord High Admiral, and

Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's fleet, and Sir Charles Wager Rear Admiral of the Red, while further honours were conferred on Sir George Byng and other officers of naval worth.

The command of the fleet for the Baltic was given to Sir Charles Wager, who had under him Sir George Walton. On the 6th of May, they anchored near Stockholm. On the 14th of the same month, a fleet of Danish ships sailed from Copenhagen to join the British squadron. News reached Sir Charles that a Russian fleet was in the Cronslot roads, and others were in readiness to join them. The admiral speedily sent a royal notice to acquaint them that his Britannic majesty was perfectly alive to the position they maintained upon the northern seas, and warned them to show respect to those to whom respect was due.

In 1733, Admiral Wager took his proper place at the Board of Admiralty, which high office he continued to hold with much reputation and unbending integrity till the 19th of March, 1741, when he was made treasurer for the royal navy. In the month of May, 1743, Sir Charles departed this life in the 79th year of his age. On the monument in Westminster Abbey (erected to his memory by a private friend) we find the following tribute to his public and private character :—

“To the Memory of

SIR CHARLES WAGER, KNT.,

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE,

First Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Privy Councillor :

A man of great natural talents, improved by industry and experience ;
who bore the highest commands,

and passed through the greatest employments with credit to
himself and honour to his country.

He was, in his private life,

HUMANE, TEMPERATE, JUST, AND BOUNTIFUL ;

in public station,

VALIANT, PRUDENT, WISE, AND HONEST ;

easy of access to all ; steady and resolute in his conduct ;

so remarkably happy in his presence of mind, that no danger ever
discomposed him :

Esteemed and favoured by his king, beloved and honoured by his
country,

he died the 24th of May,

MDCCLXIII,

aged seventy-nine.”

That Admiral Wager was a firm defender of British ocean sway, the empress Catherine of Russia was compelled to acknowledge. After the death of Peter, she collected armies and fleets, and for what no one knew; but Wager made the Czarina dismantle all her war-ships in the Baltic, and pay homage to the British flag in all her maritime affairs.

That successful and eminent naval commander, introduced to the reader on the opening of George the First's new naval administration as Sir George Byng, was a sharer in many of the exploits and arduous national undertakings of Sir Charles Wager.

Mr. John Byng, of Wrotham, in Kent, was looked upon as a respectable yeoman of fortune. Our hero, Sir George, was his eldest son, and was born on the 27th of January, 1663. He went to sea at the age of fifteen. In 1681, he quitted the sea service, and joined the army as a cadet in the Grenadiers belonging to the garrison of Tangier. He was promoted shortly to the rank of lieutenant; but his prevailing turn of mind led him back

“To the billowy main,”

and in 1684 we find him recorded as a lieutenant in the royal navy, under Captain Tyrrel. His undaunted valour during a voyage to the East Indies, and in other naval enterprises, gained him quick promotion; and in 1690, he commanded the *Hope* of 70 guns, in the battle of Beachy Head, and at once established his fame as a commander. As the expedition wherein the naval tactics of Sir George Byng were used to advantage both for his own fame and for the benefit of his country, we must now take a brief sketch of naval affairs, dating from the fifth year of the reign of George the Third.

The king of Spain having sent out an army with the avowed intention of besieging Sicily, the British government resolved to give protection to the house of Austria, and to defend the principles of neutrality with regard to Italy; and, therefore, Admiral Byng was requested to fit out a sail of twenty ships of the line. On the 3rd of June, 1718, he sailed with his force of war-vessels from Spithead, and made the bay of Cadiz on the 24th, and directly sent a message and a letter from the English government to the

king of Spain, informing him that he (the admiral) should act up to the spirit of his instructions, and that his guns would without further warning open fire upon any fleet sailing under Spanish colours, for the purpose of destroying the peace of the Italian states.

To this notice of opposition the Spanish king replied,—“Let the English war-dog bark according to his orders: I shall not be ruled by him!” On this hint, Byng sailed for Naples to watch proceedings.

The English fleet had not been long in the neighbouring seas before they discovered two vessels bearing the Spanish flag; they pursued, and very shortly observed the fleet of the Spaniards off Messina, formed in a line of battle. Don Antonio Castanella had the command; and, upon seeing the British fleet, he made sail with the wind abaft the beam, but in the proper order of battle. The *Argyle*, commanded by Captain Norbury, a 50-gun ship, received a broadside from the enemy, and Byng instantly acted on the defensive. The destructive fire of the British squadron scattered them like chaff; several of their vessels were utterly destroyed, and among the number was an admiral's ship of great build and strength. For these daring feats, Admiral Byng received the thanks of the king and the government.

On the 17th of December, war was formally declared against Spain, and in the following year Admiral Byng and his fleet besieged and possessed themselves of Messina; and when once landed, with the aid of the Austrian troops, chased the Spaniards from the island, and pursuing them by sea, on their homeward track, not a Spanish flag could be seen on the main for some time after. This decided expulsion of the Spaniards, added to former victorious conduct, obtained for Byng the confidence and respect of government, and he was in 1719 created Viscount Torrington.

If we now take a retrospective glance at Mr. Byng, the young sub-lieutenant of 1681, what a picture we have of the fruits of perseverance and steady valour! Even in the youth of fifteen, when he left his father's house at Wrotham, and exchanged the comforts of a good home, and the endearing smile of affectionate parents, for a ship upon the waters, and the company of daring mariners, we

see the spark of the future blaze. The resolute will is there, the young unchained eagle is putting forth his wing for flight—determination in his eye is not a mockery of his inner courage—ships of mighty burthen were that boy's thoughtful playground—cannons were his toys—his dreams in the midshipman's hammock were of besieged towns and yielding citadels—and the roaring of the ocean was to him the sweetest music. And let us not forget that in all this there was a nobleness of purpose. Albion was his native land—it was the home for the defence of which he had resolved to devote his life. Give the downy bed to those who have no higher aim: the soul of young Byng impelled him onward; the ray of glory that looked into his youthful fancy from out of the future was that England had need of warriors—he felt the call to that high post of honour—labour on the ocean presented no obstacle—he might have been an idler—danger could not daunt him—he was born for it—his crown of triumph was to be nothing less, and nothing more, than that of a true British sailor.

On the 9th of September, 1721, Admiral Byng was created a peer of the realm, by the titles of Baron Southhill and Viscount Torrington. In 1725, when the ancient order of the Bath was revived, he was installed as a knight companion; he was subsequently appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and that high office he held at the time of his death, which took place on the 17th of January, 1732, in his 70th year. He left behind him, at home and abroad, the character of a great warrior, a kind friend, and an honest man.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.
Footprints that, perchance, another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

In order that the reader may not lose sight of the principal features of our endeavour in this condensed work, and that more particularly the young reader may here have a complete digest of the moving panorama of British naval history, we must not overlook the intimate connection existing between the royal declarations of war, the motions

of naval committees in the houses of Parliament, and the sayings and doings of the Lords of the Admiralty.

On the 20th of January, 1726, His Majesty opened the Parliament in person, and in his speech from the throne took a general notice of the critical state of Europe, and of the measures he had taken, as well as those he intended to put in practice for the stability of the throne, and the strength of the empire. In accordance with the king's views, the House of Commons resolved that ten thousand men be employed for the sea service for the year 1726, at four pounds a man per month. On the 23rd of February they resolved that £212,381. 5s. be granted for the ordinary service of the navy for the same year. The king, however, considered this provision inadequate to meet the maritime affairs of the nation, as matters then stood in Europe, and he addressed (on the 24th of March) a letter to Parliament, asking for a greater naval force, with adequate means. This, to some extent, was granted.

On the 17th of January, in the following year, Parliament again assembled for business; and on the 23rd came to a resolution that twenty thousand men should be allowed for the sea service, at the rate of four pounds per month each man; and a few days after this, they granted £19,971 for the ordinary use of the royal navy.

In May, a British fleet was sent to Russia, demanding explanations on certain matters; and in June, 1727, George the First departed this life, in the thirteenth year of his reign, a conjuncture which opens to us fresh pages in England's eventful naval history. The king died at Osnaburgh, aged sixty-seven.

George the Second ascended the throne of Great Britain in the year 1727, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Every power in Europe was at peace; still, there were not wanting embers sufficient among some of them to kindle the flame of war.

At this period the English navy was very complete—in fact, formidable. Nothing, however, occurred of importance until about the year 1735, and at that time the navy consisted of ninety-two men-of-war, sixty of which were of the line. In the following year, a misunderstanding took place between the courts of Spain and Portugal; and the latter applied to Great Britain for protection, and

not turning a deaf ear to people in distress, we sent over Sir John Norris with a powerful fleet; and on the 9th of June he was hailed as their deliverer, and Lisbon rang the bells of her old cathedrals and churches for very joy! The effect of Sir John's presence was all that could be desired. The detail of minor matters we shall leave, and pass on to the year 1739, when Admiral Vernon sailed for the West Indies with nine men-of-war. But here we must consider the various traits that are left us, biographically, of Edward Vernon.

Admiral Vernon was descended from a very ancient and respectable family, early settlers in England after the Norman Conquest. Some of his ancestors figure in the peerage of the early times. He was born at Westminster on the 12th of November, 1684. His father was for some time Secretary of State under William and Mary. This being said, the reader will not need further proof of the highly respectable station in life of his family connexions and friends from youth upwards. His first sea-journey was made under Vice-admiral Hopson, when the French fleet and Spanish galleons were destroyed in the harbour of Vigo. In 1702, he served in the expedition to the West Indies, and in 1704 in the fleet which conveyed the king of Spain to Lisbon, when that monarch presented him with a valuable ring and one hundred guineas; and on the 13th of August, in the same year, he was present at the battle off Malaga.

On the 22nd of January, 1706, Vernon was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the command of the *Dolphin*. In May, 1711, during a cruise that he made to the windward of Jamaica, he took captive a French war vessel and one hundred and twenty men.

As a peace for some years' standing now placed Captain Vernon and many others on the half-pay list, he became a member of Parliament; and this brings us to the period of our digression, when he was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and appointed Commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the West Indies. He hoisted his flag on board the *Burford*, and sailed with his fleet for Jamaica, where he arrived on the 23rd of October, 1739. On that day Great Britain declared war against Spain.

It should be mentioned that Admiral Vernon's ultimate

aim in calling at Jamaica was to refit, and go forward to Porto Bello, a town belonging to the Spaniards, and from which emanated much of the annoyance that Vernon had spoken of in his place as a member of the House of Commons.

Porto Bello is so called from the beauty of its harbour. It is situated on the north-coast of the Isthmus of Darien.

The admiral proceeded, without delay, to bring his severe business to the starting point, for he had vowed before the legislature that if sent out to Porto Bello, he would speedily reduce it. There were, in the harbour of Porto Bello, two Spanish *guarda costas* (coast-Guard vessels) of 20 guns each, and other small armed craft. But the town, which stood at the bottom of a small bay, was protected by a castle and two forts. To besiege the forts, to scale embattled walls, to fire the strong citadel, was the work to be performed by Vernon and his little English crew.

One of the forts we have alluded to was called Gloria Castle, and was defended by four hundred men, and in every way provided with cannon and other means of protection.

In a comparatively short space of time, he reduced the stronghold, and took several of their piratical vessels captive; and Vernon continued there for some time. On the 25th of February, 1740, however, he sailed for Carthagena, where he again distinguished himself.

In this year, the celebrated Commodore Anson began his voyage to the South Seas. He sailed out on the 18th September with five men-of-war; but of him we shall speak hereafter.

After Vernon's return home, nothing of importance occurred in his affairs until the year 1745 when he was made Admiral of the White, and appointed to command a squadron of observation in the North Sea, to observe the equipments of the French at Dunkirk and elsewhere—scattered forces, that the Admiralty and the Government looked upon as intended to form one united fleet for the invasion of England.

The disinherited grandson of James the Second, encouraged by promises of support from France, and led on by the disaffected in Scotland and in England, resolved to make an attempt to secure the crown of his ancestors,

so that the nation found itself beset with French vessels on every coast, intending to aid this minion of the Pope. There was a universal cry for the ablest commanders to be called in, and to use their skill and valour in repelling the two-fold foe.

The appointment of Admiral Vernon was received by the nation joyously. He had the confidence of a brave people.

In August, 1745, Admiral Vernon's flag was flying on board the *Norwich*, in which he sailed out to the Downs, to watch the movements of the French; and there he continued until January, 1746, when from disputes that arose with the Board of Admiralty, he was ordered by the Lords Commissioners to strike his flag, which he accordingly did, and he was never afterwards employed in the public service. How this came about, has never been clearly known; "there were," says a celebrated naval historian, "faults on both sides."

The naval administration at that time was feeble, and Vernon was not a man to be trifled with. The King's ear, however, was assailed with the virulence of Vernon's enemies; and after so much warfare—years of fatigue on foreign stations—valour such as few men of his day could lay claim to, and worth of unquestionable quality—to the disgrace of the Lords of the Admiralty, and the government that looked tacitly on, Vernon was struck off the list of admirals. From that time he retired into private life, seldom meddling with public matters; and on the 30th of October, 1757, he died at Nacton, in Suffolk, in the 73rd year of his age.

Many anecdotes are related of Vernon, even to this day. He was the first commander who introduced the practice of diluting the allowance of spirits served out to the seamen with water; and the celebrated term, "grog," which the mixed beverage obtained, was given by the sailors from a nickname they had for their admiral. Among other singularities, Admiral Vernon was noted for his carelessness of appearance; he despised the finery of dress, and might very frequently be seen in a tattered program coat—hence the nickname.

When Vernon was commander-in-chief on the Jamaica station, a bomb ketch arrived from England, commanded by a person of the name of Barnaby. According to custom,

the English captain went to pay his compliments to the admiral. Now this officer, who was as remarkable for his attention to dress, as the admiral was indifferent, had equipped himself for the occasion in a suit of silk, very richly laced. When the captain was announced, Vernon, dressed in his favourite old grogam, rose from his escrutoire with much apparent hurry and pretended confusion, and running into another apartment, put on a wig of ceremony, and then, to carry his humour out, bowing and appearing to be much embarrassed, as if in the presence of a mighty potentate, he very gravely asked the nature of the important visit. The captain, with pompous strain, began to inform him that he "had the honour to command the bomb vessel just arrived from England." Vernon, for a moment, stared at him with a ludicrous gesture, and then bursting out into a fit of laughter, "Gad, sir!" said he, "I really took you for a dancing master; you'd be a spice nut to crack during a hot action, eh?" and he laughed immoderately at the dandy spectacle. To show, however, that no ill impression remained on the admiral's mind, we find that some time after this, the droll and facetious commander raised Barnaby to the rank of post-captain, and conferred upon him other marks of naval distinction which were in his gift.

It is said, that for some sarcastic remark made by Vernon respecting the imbecile Admiralty of his day, he so wounded a distinguished member of that powerful board, that no pains were spared to effect his dismissal. He was, however, one of our most talented naval commanders.

The next important personage in our onward track is the celebrated George Anson, whose "voyages" have been read by a great portion of the British public, perhaps, without a knowledge of the life of the author. He was the second and youngest son of William Anson, of Shugborough, Staffordshire, and was born in the parish of Colwick, April 23rd, 1697, but where he received his education, at what age he went to sea, in what ship, or under what captain, is not known. It is, however, certain, that he rose by his own exertions to be admiral of the British Fleet, First Lord of the Admiralty, a Privy Councillor, and a Peer of the realm!

In 1716, when only nineteen years of age, he had passed

the examinations necessary to his commission as lieutenant, and was serving on board the Hampshire, lying in the Baltic, under the command of Sir John Norris. He was made a commander in 1722, and appointed to the Weazel sloop-of-war. In 1723, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and then, for some years, all trace of him is lost. However, in 1739, he again took part in the Spanish war.

On the 18th of September, 1740, Commodore Anson set sail from Spithead in the Centurion, bound for his famous voyage round the world. On the 28th of November he crossed the equinoctial line, and on the 21st of December the whole fleet came to an anchor off the island of St. Catherine. Here Anson landed his sick, for disease had been rife on board his ships for many weeks previously.

Through storms and contrary winds the Centurion parted company, one by one, with the ships that accompanied her, and she was now left to take her own course.

As the vessel sped onward, scurvy, that terrible scourge of the seaman, broke out with fearful violence on board of the Centurion. Day by day, the men were stricken down by this fearful disease, and, during the month of May alone, no less than seventy of the ship's hands were swept away, and by the time the Island of Juan Fernandez was sighted, on the 9th of June, there had perished upwards of 250 of the crew.

On this island—which was for years the solitary residence of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe—Anson remained for upwards of three months, during which time the health of his men was re-established, and the disease eradicated.

On the 19th of September, the Centurion again put to sea, and on the 11th of November arrived off a Spanish settlement called Paita, which the Commodore resolved upon seizing by main force. For this difficult and dangerous expedition a chosen band of sixty volunteers was selected. At midnight this handful of insurgents put off in boats to capture a town protected by a battery and defended by 300 soldiers.* In the midst of darkness and in perfect silence they gained the entrance to the harbour. By this time their presence became known among the

* Adams.

Spanish trading vessels, and an alarm was raised. But the English sailors were more than a match for them. Redoubling their efforts, they were enabled to push on to the landing-place unmolested, and before the drowsy inhabitants could be aware of what was taking place, they were standing in the public square, waving their drawn cutlasses, and with shouts proclaiming themselves masters of the place. The Spaniards endeavoured by the child-like devices of beating drums and fluttering flags to frighten their captors away, but the Englishmen, having gained possession, would not quit until they had secured as much plunder as their boats could stow away.

Anson's next design was to intercept and board a treasure-ship which he had been informed was about to sail from Acapulco, on the Pacific shore. Stationing himself within a convenient distance of the harbour, he kept watch day and night for his prey, but in vain. By some means his intentions had become suspected; the treasure ship would not quit the port, and Anson being greatly in want of water was compelled to abandon his design, and set sail for the Chinese Seas.

A deficiency of fit and nutritious food caused the *Centurion* to be revisited by the scurvy, and on the 27th of August the crew were obliged to land on the Island of Tinian, with the hope of laying in a fresh stock of health. While on this island, an incident occurred which displays Anson's heroism and firmness of purpose in an eminent degree. During the night of the 22nd September, the *Centurion*, which lay anchored outside the offing, slipped her moorings and drifted out to sea. It is easy to judge the terror and astonishment of those on the island when, on the following morning, they arose, and could see no ship. The gloomiest forebodings took possession of the breasts of all. They concluded that their vessel had foundered, and that they were fated to pass the remainder of their days on this desolate patch of land. But Anson, although himself stricken down by disease, was equal to the emergency. He bade his comrades be of good cheer, spoke to them words of hope and comfort, and promised them that, with God's blessing, he would extricate them from their painful position. These words he seconded by deeds. A Spanish bark which had been captured by the

Centurion, and had been spared by the storm, lay close to shore. This vessel, Anson ordered to be hauled up on land and to be altered suitable for their purposes. In this work of refitting, he himself was a busy sharer, and was so engaged a few mornings afterwards, when one of the men who had ascended the hill, suddenly called out that he saw a ship, and that she was making straight for the island. The welcome vessel turned out to be the Centurion wafted back to her anchorage by the shifting of the wind. The ship was secured, and on the 21st of October, bore away for Macao.

The waters of Macao were gained on the 12th of November, 1742. Here Anson remained for some months, in order to put his weather-beaten ship under the repairs which she stood so greatly in need of, and to allow his enfeebled crew a long course of wholesome diet. Meanwhile, Anson's mind was occupied with plans for the future, first and foremost he was resolved to make another trial at capturing the treasure-ship, which he had been forced to forego at Acapulco.

On this errand the trusty Centurion once more set sail, and on the 20th of June, after long and anxious watching, the Spanish vessel with her coveted cargo was descried off Cape Espiritu Santo. Not a moment was lost, crowding every inch of canvass, the Centurion bore directly down upon her long-expected foe. The Spaniard stood about, and put herself into a position of defence. After a terrible engagement of two hours' duration, in which the English incessantly swept her antagonist's decks with the most destructive broadsides, the Spaniards struck their colours, their loss in killed and wounded being upwards of 150 men, while the Centurion had but two men killed, and 17 wounded, nearly all of whom recovered. The cargo proved to be of the enormous value of £313,000, one of the most valuable prizes ever surrendered to an English ship, and certainly one of the most gallantly achieved.

It was now time for the Centurion to direct her course homeward; she accordingly sailed for England on the 15th of December, and on the 15th of June, 1744, she safely cast anchor at Spithead, after a voyage of nearly four years' duration.

On arriving in England, the commodore was received

with great rejoicings; and eight days after his arrival, was created Rear-Admiral of the Blue. The captures he brought home were of such amazing vastness that they required thirty-two waggons! The people collected in thousands, and the treasures passed along in a triumphal procession, with music and banners. In December, 1744, Anson was promoted to the Board of Admiralty, under the Duke of Bedford; and in the month of April following, he was created Admiral of the White. In 1747, he sailed out with a fleet that speedily returned with prizes of £300,000 in value! This was brought up from the ship to London, filling twenty waggons, and was deposited in the Bank of England; and the valourous captor was created Lord Anson, and Baron of Soberton, in Southampton; also admiral of the Red. In July, 1751, he was made First Lord of the Admiralty—a post of honour he held until the 6th of June, 1762, when he died at his own residence, Moore Park, Hertfordshire. He left the bulk of his ocean-earned wealth to George Adams, Esq., his sister's son. He was married, but had no children.

We must again retrace our steps. A gallant action took place off Yarmouth, on the 2nd of June, 1747. The *Fortune* sloop-of-war, was lying off in the roads to protect the coasting trade against the marauding French privateers; and on the day in question, Captain Jekyll discovered five of them bearing down upon him, mistaking him, it is supposed, for a merchantman. He made sail away from them to get his weathergage; and then tacked in and stood for them in the open sea. The five piratical vessels instantly discovered their error, and made sail; and the *Fortune* chased them with flying shots for nine hours! The largest of them, named the *Charon*, was captured with eighty-five men on board.

On the 9th of August in the same year, a squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Hawke, who hoisted his flag on the *Devonshire*, 66 guns, was fitted out for an attempt to destroy the fleet of French ships then assembled in the Basque Roads. The action was fought on the 14th, when, after great loss on both sides, it was discovered that the *Neptune*, a French ship, had struck, after losing her captain, and having her decks crowded with dead and dying. The *Monarque*, the *Fougueux*, and the *Severn* also struck.

As night advanced, the French ships, that were able, made sail as fast as possible; and Hawke deeming it impracticable to pursue them, collected his squadron. He had a loss of 154 killed, and 558 wounded. The French lost two 74-gun ships—one of 70, two of 64, and one of 56; and their loss of men was 800 killed and wounded. Admiral Hawke returned to Plymouth about the end of October. An official letter written by Hawke at the time, runs as follows:—"As the enemy's ships were large, except the *Severn*, 56 guns, they took a deal of *drubbing*." Being a document of national importance, the Admiral's letter was read to His Majesty, George the Second; and when the reader arrived at this part of the letter, His Majesty, who had but an imperfect knowledge of the English language, stumbled at the expression, "*drubbing*," and begged that the Earl of Chesterfield, who was present, would explain the term. At that moment, the Duke of Bedford entered the royal closet; and his grace, having a few days before been engaged in a *drubbing* fracas on Lichfield race course, (an affair with which the royal ear had been made acquainted), Lord Chesterfield, with his usual wit and quickness, referred His Majesty to the Duke for an explanation of the term, upon which the sovereign expressed himself quite satisfied, and laughed heartily at the English *drubbings* by sea and land. The "true British sailor," now introduced to the reader, was highly esteemed for every requisite in the accomplishments that adorn the naval commander, and fit him for important services.

Edward Hawke, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Bladen, also a member of Lincoln's Inn; and their only son, Edward, became, through great perseverance and other requisite abilities, the naval hero who stands enrolled upon the lists of fame, as Admiral Lord Hawke, of Towton, Yorkshire.

We have already introduced him to the reader: and shall now briefly allude to the prominent characteristics of his day and times. On the 17th of January, 1760, having returned to Plymouth after a victorious cruise, he was welcomed on shore by the acclamations of the people, and His Majesty received him at court with distinguished marks of favour; he had also a pension of two thousand pounds per

annum settled on him "for his own life, and the lives of his two sons, with a continuation to the survivor of them." On the 28th of the same month, attending in his place in the House of Commons, he was addressed by the Speaker, and the thanks of the House given to him in a fervid and enthusiastic manner.

It is worthy of notice, that such is the mutability of human affairs, that during the absence of the expedition under his command, several rumours of an unfavourable kind had been swelled into popular bubbles, to the damage of our hero's character, as a naval officer;—and strange to relate, on the very day when he gained a triumphant victory over the assailing French enemy, his countrymen at home were employed in London and other places, in "hanging the Admiral in effigy!" So much for falsehood, levelled at the absent, and given into the hands of rumour, to pile up with the accumulating meanness of the unthinking and infuriated populace.

In January, 1763, Hawke was made Rear-Admiral, and appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral of England: and on the 20th of May, 1776, he was advanced by letters patent, to the dignity of a Peer of Great Britain, by the style and title of Baron Hawke, of Towton.

In 1779, he retired to a country seat at Sunbury, in Middlesex, and there he departed this life on the 17th of October, 1781, in the seventy-sixth year of his age; and was buried at Swaithling, near Botley, Hampshire. He married a Miss Brooke, of Burton Hall, Yorkshire, and had issue by her, three sons and one daughter.

On the 6th of July, 1756, the Hon. Captain Howe, commenced an attack upon the fort then lately erected by the French on Chausse Island, near St. Malo. Howe sailed in the Dunkirk, 60 guns, and he had with him a squadron of six-men-of-war ships. A resistance which he had not anticipated, from the accounts credited at the Admiralty board, met his well-directed fire;—but in a few hours the place was utterly destroyed, and the fleet returned home. It was also about this time that Captain Holbourne in the Dispatch sloop-of-war, was attacked by a French privateer, mounting 18 guns, with a crew of 170 men. For two hours the unequal action was maintained with great

courage by Holbourne and his gallant little crew; the enemy made several ineffectual attempts at boarding, but was at length compelled to succumb; several of her crew being killed or wounded. The Dispatch had not sustained much damage, and her loss of men was comparatively small, but the brave Holbourne died on the homeward passage; he had received a mortal wound by a flint stone, about the size of a nutmeg, that lodged in his shoulder.

An officer of great merit, and whose exploits are in a great measure bound up in the same glorious chronicles with those of Hawke; the name of Edward Boscawen stands high upon the pedestal of fame.

He was the fourth son of Hugh, first Lord Viscount Falmouth, and Charlotte, daughter of Charles Godfrey, Esq., by Arabella Churchill, his wife, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. He was born on the 19th of August, 1711, and having made choice of a naval life, and passing through the various gradations necessary to his advancement, he was on the 13th of May, 1737, made Captain of the Leopard, a fourth-rate ship of 50 guns.

In 1747, he served as a private captain in the fleet commanded by Anson (as related before), and distinguished himself in a very conspicuous manner, during the engagement on the 3rd of May, when the British were victoriously employed in reducing French insolence in the Channel. On that occasion Boscawen was wounded in the shoulder by a musket ball: and on the 15th July following, he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. He now made rapid advancement. He had been absent several months, assisting General Amherst at the siege of Louisbourg, and the following gazetted account of the close of his labours there is very conclusive. The enemy's ships being all either taken or destroyed, Admiral Boscawen informed his coadjutor, the gallant General Amherst, that he was determined the next morning (26th of July, 1758) to send six sail of the line into the harbour; but before that movement became necessary, M. de Drucour, the governor of Louisbourg, desired to capitulate, and the same evening the terms of surrender were agreed to.

Returning to England in November of the same year, Boscawen received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; and on the 2nd of February, 1759, he was, by His

Majesty's command, sworn a member of the Privy Council, and took his seat at the Board.

In August, 1759, his fleet was again victorious, as opposed to the French squadron under M. de la Clue, a renowned admiral of the enemy (but who on this occasion died of his wounds); and when Boscowen returned to England he was graciously received by the king, who ordered him to be presented with £500 to purchase a sword; and in the month of December following was declared General of Marines, with a salary of £3,000 a year. It was about this time that the magistrates of Edinburgh presented him with the freedom of their city, in a gold box.

From the spirit that was given to all military and naval matters at this period by the influence of Mr. Pitt, the administration was determined to follow up the victories of Boscowen and other naval heroes, by showing a bold front to our audacious neighbours across the Channel. We find that for the year 1760, "ministers obtained a vote for 51,645 seamen, and 18,355 marines for present service."

Admirals Hawke and Boscowen were appointed to the command of the Channel fleet, and to relieve each other as it might be necessary. Boscowen sailed on the 6th of February for the Quiberon Bay, with a squadron of six sail of the line, to watch the scattered portions of a fleet which had been defeated by Hawke in the preceding November. Tempestuous weather, however, drove him back before the end of the month; and he refitted at Spithead. His second attempt was still more unsuccessful; so violent was the gale that he was obliged to return to Plymouth; several of his ships in a shattered condition, and the *Ramilies*, of 90 guns, lost, with all her crew, except a midshipman and twenty-five seamen.

On the 9th of March following (1760), Boscowen again sailed for Quiberon Bay, which he reached; and he continued there till August, when he was relieved by Hawke. This was his last public service,—he died at his seat at Hatchland, near Guildford, of a bilious fever, on the 10th of January, 1761, in the fiftieth year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church of St. Michael, at Penkevel, in Cornwall, where a monument, designed by Mr. Adam, and executed by Rysback, points out his

resting-place. He was a bright star in our naval galaxy of "true British sailors." He was one of the thunderers, whose prowess is not yet forgotten nor dead, in the Channel.

On the 14th day of March, 1757, the annals of the British navy are beclouded with a painful occurrence; the *Monarque* ship of war, as she laid in Portsmouth harbour, was the vessel where the scene occurred, that to this day is deplored by every lover of humanity and christian charity, and equally mourned by the sailor and civilian. It was about noon, when a stalwart-built man, with noble bearing and intellectual countenance, wearing the dress of an admiral, walked out of the great cabin of the *Monarque* to the quarter-deck, where two files of marines were drawn up to receive him, as executioners in pursuance of the sentence of a court martial! This man, courteous reader, was the Hon. John Byng, fourth son of that eminent Admiral Byng, Viscount Torrington, whose active life and great advancement we have briefly noticed some pages back.

He was born in 1704, and went to sea in his father's ship at the early age of thirteen. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed captain of the *Greyhound* frigate, then cruising in the Mediterranean. After this, he was appointed to vessels of greater magnitude; and in 1742, was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and was commander-in-chief on that station. In August, 1745, he was created Rear-Admiral of the Red, and was appointed to the important command of a fleet stationed off the north coast, to intercept any supplies that might be sent over from France during the rebellion in that quarter. In that service he gave unqualified satisfaction; and in July, 1747, was advanced to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue. On the 5th of August following, he succeeded, on the decease of Admiral Medley, to the command-in-chief, being then in the Mediterranean, and nothing occurred to throw a shade upon the gallant officer's character. In May, 1748, he was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Red; and in 1755, two years before his lamentable end, he succeeded Hawke in the command of the squadron cruising off Cape Finisterre and in the Bay of Biscay. Towards the close of this year it became commonly reported that

the French were fitting out a heavy fleet at Toulon, and fully intended a descent upon England.

In the early part of 1756, the British government received information from various quarters that the Toulon squadron, consisted of fifteen ships of the line, with many transport vessels, ammunition, and provisions for a prolonged engagement; and further, that strong bodies of troops were on their way to the frontier, equipped for embarkation. Now, General Blakeney, the governor of Minorca, wrote home to say that beyond a doubt the expedition was intended for an attack upon that island, and that the principal garrison (the Fort of St. Philip) was not in a position of defence to meet such hostile force as that preparing by the French.

These remonstrances of the gallant general were not attended to by the Ministers at home; and, strange to say, notwithstanding several officers belonging to that garrison were in the silken slippers of ease, figuring in the gay saloons of the British metropolis, they were not even ordered to depart and place themselves in the path of duty.

At length, "one fine morning early," the news came that the French were sailing for Minorca! The ministers were alarmed; it was true, then, General Blakeney was right in his "conjecture," as they had termed his official communication. Those favourites of the minister must instantly quit the fairy bower of splendid ease.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro."

Admiral Byng was appointed to the command of a fleet for the protection of the before-mentioned island and its tributary localities. It has been said by some naval writers, that "the force assigned to him was unequal to the service; it consisted only of ten ships of the line, poorly manned, and unprovided with either hospital or fire-ship: he was, besides, detained one month at Portsmouth, after receiving his appointment, before the squadron could be got ready for sea, from the ships being short of their complement of men. He was refused a repeating frigate; though he failed not to make the strongest representations and solicitations on that head. This conduct on the part of the administration was the more remarkable as there were at that time, exclusive of his squadron,

seventeen ships of the line and thirteen frigates ready for sea, besides eleven sail of the line and nineteen frigates nearly equipped. It appeared as if the Admiralty had been determined to send him out with an inferior force."

Alluding to this period of Byng's history, "he was an officer," says another naval authority, "by no means popular; he was a strict disciplinarian, and of a haughty manner; but no one ever accused him of being deficient in personal spirit, or that of intrepidity necessary to form a great commander; yet, it had never been his fortune to have met with any of those brilliant opportunities of distinguishing himself, which would have established his fame above the malice of his enemies, nor did he possess that enthusiastic respect and popular adoration, which, at times, are indispensably necessary to enable the best commanders to surmount the greatest difficulties."

However, on the the 10th of April, 1756, the fleet, under Admiral Byng, sailed from Plymouth, taking with them a regiment of soldiers for Gibraltar, also, "thirty or forty officers, whose regiments were garrisoned at Minorca" (!) and one hundred recruits for Fort St. Philip. There appeared to be, after all, a slight mistrust in the Admiralty; for Byng was ordered to forward a part of his fleet to America, provided that he learnt nothing of a positive nature on his arrival at Gibraltar.

He reached the Rock on the 2nd of May, and was informed by Captain Edgcumbe that the enemy, consisting of thirteen French ships of the line, and a great many transports, also 15,000 land forces, had sailed from Toulon on the 10th of April, commanded by M. de la Galissoniere; that they had already made a descent upon the Island of Minorca, and that he (the captain) had been obliged to retire on their approach. This intelligence Byng made the Lords of the Admiralty acquainted with by immediate dispatches; and at the same time expressing his belief that he should be unable to relieve St. Philip, and that the most skilful engineers, and those most acquainted with Minorca, were of the same opinion. "He complained of the condition of the fleet, and that Gibraltar had not a magazine for supplying necessaries to the ships; that the sailing of the squadron had been too long delayed; that on that account he had lost the opportunity of preventing

the French landing at Minorca, and that now nothing could be done without a land force sufficient to raise the siege." Moreover, Byng signified his ideas on that question in such a manner as to irritate those who had neglected the first intimation furnished them by General Blakeney, the governor of the island. "Even should it be found practicable," says the Admiral in his official letter to the Admiralty, "it would be very impolitic to throw any men into St. Philip's Fort, as it would only add to the number that must fall into the hands of the enemy." It is said, that on the receipt of his document, the Admiralty instantly began to adopt measures that would at least remove all blame from themselves; and the officer who had presumed to arraign their plans at the bar of reason, was from that moment doomed to repent his open speaking.

After some time had elapsed, reinforcements were sent out to the Rock; and on the 8th of May, (just a month after the fleet of the enemy made their descent upon Minorca,) Byng sailed from Gibraltar on his unfortunate mission. Tempests arose, and added delay to his arrival, so that he did not reach Minorca until the 18th. On the 19th he sent out frigates to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to open a communication with the besieged garrison. "This," said he, "I found impracticable, and they were recalled; and the fleet were ordered to stand towards the enemy." On the 20th, the hazy weather prevented the French fleet from being seen; about noon, however, Byng discovered them, and both fleets instantly formed into their line of battle. The French squadron consisted of twelve sail of the line, and five frigates, carrying together 976 guns, and 955 men, commanded by Galissoniere.

Admiral Byng, it seems, having the advantage of the gale that was blowing hard at the time, ordered his ships "to lead large," and engage the first French ship it was their lot to meet with. His vice-admiral, West, commanded the van, "and," says the *Gazette* of the time, "that gallant officer began the action with great bravery and judgment, and in a little time forced one of the enemy's ships to quit the line. As Byng was bearing down to engage the enemy, the *Intrepid*, one of the ships ahead of him, unfortunately, had her foremasts shot away, and became unmanageable, which threw the ships astern into

some confusion, and occasioned a great space between the van and rear of the British line, and leaving Admiral West's division exposed to the fire of nearly the whole of the French fleet. The smoke prevented Byng from seeing this for some time, but he had no sooner observed it than he ordered other ships from the rear to their assistance." Towards night, the French admiral, finding he had the worst of it, bore away with all speed, the English giving him chase to a considerable distance.

It appears that the French account was the first to reach England, and claim the advantage of battle; their papers declared the English "unwilling to fight;" that the engagement had not been general; that night alone had separated them; and that on the following morning to their surprise, the English had sailed away.

Byng had called a council of all the officers of his fleet during the night, and from the battered state of his small force, it had been decided that they should withdraw to Gibraltar, to refit and communicate with England as to further warfare.

The French account spread like wildfire through those circles where Byng's enemies kept their spleen for his complaints; and from this account alone did that Board of naval authority (without waiting to receive Admiral Byng's dispatches) order out officers to sail for the Rock, and their commission was to arrest Byng and West, and send them home to England as prisoners.

On the 26th of July, those hardy seamen who had been faithfully serving their country, arrived at Portsmouth. Byng was instantly placed in confinement; and the report of that day informs us, "every indignity that malicious foes could invent was inflicted upon him." On his arrival at Portsmouth, his younger brother, Colonel E. Byng, hastened down to meet him, and was so struck with the abuse that assailed him on every side, that sudden illness seized him in the presence of the Admiral, and on the day following he died.

The court-martial sat on board the *St. George*, in Portsmouth Harbour, from the 28th of December, 1756, till the 27th of January, 1757 (Sundays excepted); and as Captain Keppel stated in the House of Commons, that himself and other members of the court-martial wished to be

released from their oath of secrecy, that they might reveal the grounds on which they recommended Byng to mercy, A bill was brought in for that purpose, and passed with little opposition; but, the lords threw it out, and Byng's fate was settled.

He was shot, as we have before said, on board the *Monarque*. Before the fatal moment arrived, he placed the following letter in the hands of the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

“A few moments will now deliver me from the virulent persecution, and frustrate the further malice of my enemies. Nor need I envy them a life which will be subject to the sensations of my injuries, and the injustice they have done me; persuaded as I am, that justice will be done to my reputation hereafter. The manner and cause of keeping up the popular clamour and prejudice against me will be seen through. Happy for me, at this my last moment, that I know my own innocence, and am conscious that no part of my country's misfortunes are owing to myself. I heartily wish the shedding of my blood may contribute to the happiness and service of my country; but cannot resign my just claim to a faithful discharge of my duty, according to the best of my judgment, and the utmost exertion of my ability for His Majesty's honour, and my country's service. I am sorry my endeavours were not attended with more success, and that the armament under my command proved too weak to succeed in an expedition of such moment. Truth has prevailed over calumny and falsehood, and justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of courage, and the charge of disaffection.

“My heart acquits me of these crimes; but who can be presumptuously sure of his own judgment? If my crime be an error in judgment, or in differing in opinion from my judges; and if that error in judgment should be on their side, God forgive them as I do; and may the distress of their minds, and their uneasiness of conscience, which, in justice to me, they have represented, be believed and subside, as my resentment has done. The supreme Judge sees all hearts and motives, and to Him I submit the justice of my cause.

“J. BYNG.

“On board His Majesty's Ship. *Monarque*, Portsmouth Harbour, Fourteenth March, 1557.”

And now we must throw the Grecian painter's veil over this painful detail ; we have entered more fully into the particulars of the Minorca affair than our space can well afford, to set the question explicitly before the reader.

We now have to call attention to circumstances that present themselves as being somewhat singular, in connection with a smart action, fought this year, 1757 ; they must not be passed over in our flying sketch of naval matters, without a place.

The *Augusta*, 60 guns, was commanded by Captain Forrest, and belonged to the Jamaica Station, where Rear-Admiral Cotes held command. She was ordered out by Cotes, to cruise off Cape Francois, where the French had mustered a fleet of merchantmen to sail in concert for Europe.

Captain Forrest had under his command the *Edinburgh*, 64 guns, commanded by Captain Langdon, and the *Dreadnought*, 60 guns, commanded by Captain Suckling. From what knowledge the admiral had of the strength of the French fleet, he considered the complement sufficient ; and Forrest and his brave companions of the *Edinburgh* and *Dreadnought*, proceeded to the scene of battle. They soon found that the French, commanded by Admiral Kersaint, had just received a reinforcement ; they consisted of seven ships-of-war, and a host of merchant volunteers. The war vessels alone were manned with 3,850 men. It was about 7 a.m. when the *Dreadnought* signalled the approach of this superior force ; and Forrest having called a council of war with the captains and commanders of the other two vessels on the deck of the *Augusta*, he is reported to have said, " Well, gentlemen, you see they are come out to engage us ;" when Captain Suckling replied, " I think it would be a pity to disappoint them."

Now it must be remarked here that this was the 21st of October, 1757, and the particular day in Captain Suckling's history as the only time he was ever engaged in a naval exploit that is adorned with the laurels of fame. And the great Nelson, Captain Suckling's nephew, forty-eight years from this very day, finished his victorious career at the Battle of Trafalger ! The famous Horatio also commenced his ocean life under the auspices of his venerated uncle, Maurice Suckling.

And after the council, as stated above, the squadron of

the three British ships made sail for the fullest breast of the enemy! "The engagement lasted without intermission for two hours and a half, by which time the French commodore in the *Intrepide*, made signal for one of the ships to tow his ship out of the action, and the whole French fleet made sail to leeward."* The English had suffered much, as may naturally be expected, from the heavy power of the enemy; and Captain Forrest, sorely against the will of himself, and that of his brave comrades, returned to Jamaica to repair. The French loss during this action is reported as being "inconceivably severe; amounting to nearly six hundred killed and wounded!" Several of their ships were dismasted, and they were completely disabled by these three brave commanders and their undaunted crews.

It was some time in November of the same year that Admiral Cotes again commissioned Captain Forrest to sail out for the bay that lies between Guave and Hispaniola; where, according to information received, was a rich fleet and convoy, about to sail from Port au Prince. Forrest made for the bay, and then disguised his ship with tarpaulins, pretending to be a Dutch ship-of-war; he also displayed that nation's colour. He now discovered two sail a-head, one of which fired a gun, and the other made sail in shore towards Leogane Bay. He soon observed a sail of eight vessels to leeward, near Petit Guave. Forrest quickly placed the *Augusta* alongside the vessel that fired the gun; hailed the captain, and cautioned him, on pain of being sunk, not to alarm the rest; opening his lower deck ports to show that he was ready to make good his threat. The ship yielded to him without an effort at resistance; he then took her crew out and ordered an English lieutenant and thirty-five men into her, and directed the officer to stand in for Petit Guave, to oppose any of the enemy that might make for that port. The *Augusta* then made a rapid sail after the main body of the fleet; was soon in the midst of them, and fired quickly and effectively at them all, alternately.

The French vessels returned his salutes without the least spirit—they appeared horror stricken. Three of the largest struck; and Forrest actually made use of them for pursuing and capturing their comrades! One out of the eight

* Allen.

alone escaped. He took, with the ships, 112 guns, and 415 men!

Who can read this account and say to himself, "that bold captain was my countryman, a British naval officer." and not feel proud of the bravery and lion-hearted strength that ventured out on those lonely seas to fight singly and valiantly for his far off home, old England?

We should, however, never lose sight of the grand *ultimatum* of such feats as the one we have just recounted; namely, that the heroic deeds of our ancestors were not vain and cruel efforts for the establishment of their own heroic fame, or the mere glory of the country for which they fought and bled. No; they devoted their high purposes to a nobler end—that of adding safety to our many English privileges. But let the skill of her scientific navigators be forgotten; the annals of their glory be dispised; and her people lost in a mawkish notion of "peaceful fraternity;" and England, the boast of freedom, the land of civilization, will soon discover the necessity for her
WOODEN WALLS.

"If all unite, as once we did,
To keep our flag unfurl'd;
Old England then shall fairly bid
Defiance to the world.

But fast will flow our nation's tears,
If lawless hands should seize
The flag that brav'd a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

It was in the spring of this year, 1757, that the English sloop, *Happy*, 8 guns, commanded by Captain Burnet, was attacked by the French ship, *Infernal*, mounting six 6 pounders, eight 4 pounders, and 6 swivels, with a crew of 75 men. The English captain was well aware of the enemy's superior strength, but having no acquaintance with "the white feather" of cowardice, he grappled with the French ship, and in a short time boarded her. By his gallant efforts and example the deck of the *Infernal* was soon cleared, and what remained of her proud officers and crew were his prisoners. He then towed the prize home; and for his gallantry was promoted to the rank of post-captain.

About the same time, Captain Rawlings, chased the

French privateer, *Invincible*, while cruising off the coast of Ireland, in the *Unicorn*, British frigate. Unfortunately, they had no sooner come to a close action than the brave Rawlings received a mortal wound, and Lieutenant Clements took command. After a severe contest the enemy struck. Clements having overheard the discourse of two of his prisoners, learnt that another enemy's ship was at no great distance; and conveying his prize into Kinsale, he directly made all sail after the other, and captured her. She was a Bourdeaux privateer, of 18 guns, and 143 men. The gallant but unfortunate Rawlings was interred with great respect; the Lords of the Admiralty and other persons of distinction attended the funeral; and his brave surviving officer, Michael Clements, was promoted.

The action of one hour, on the 30th of May, 1757, saw the French East India ship, the *Duc d'Aquitaine*, of fifty long 18 pounders, with a crew of 463 men, captured by two small sloops-of-war, under the command of Captains Palliser and Proby. The French prize was one of the best built vessels in the enemy's navy; and after being refitted, was used on more than one occasion with destructive power against her former possessors.

The seizure and utter destruction of a great number of French privateers was a matter of no small interest about this time.

The reader will scarcely need to be told, that to enumerate the many daring feats, such as we have noticed, of Forrest and his comrades, would require a very voluminous work. Still it is needful that we point out, at least, a portion of the many eminent captains who have at various times signally defeated the enemies of our land; for, worth of theirs deserves a place in our esteem, equally with that of more distinguished admirals.

It appears, that during the year, 1757, every week brought intelligence of some action in the channel, where British cruisers kept a quick eye upon French privateers. Many were seized by our merchant vessels; forty-six were brought into harbour as safe prisoners by our war-sloops; several were fairly met by British privateers, when hot and severe breast to breast work generally found the dismasted, shattered French craft a prisoner; but Captain John Hart, who commanded His Majesty's frigate, *Tartar*,

of 28 guns, rendered himself particularly famous by his gallant deeds. Lockhart was much esteemed by his men; but it was to him, he said, "a matter of the first importance to command fearless men."

In the month of January he commenced his work for the year, by seizing the French ship, *Mont Ozier*, with twenty long 9 pounders, and 180 men. She made an endeavour to board the *Tartar*, but in a few moments, thirty-six of her crew were killed by Lockhart's "fearless men;" when brought in she had fifty-eight men on board, and a great quantity of ammunition. In the following month, Lockhart was compelled to remain on shore through sickness, but he ordered the *Tartar* out to sea, commanded by Baillie, his first lieutenant. He took, after a severe action, the French privateer, *Victoire*, 26 guns, and 230 men. This vessel was added to the British navy, and was named *Tartar's Prize*; the command of her being given, with the title of commander and master, to Thomas Baillie. In March following, Lockhart again resumed his arduous labours on the ocean, and seized the French privateer, *St. Maria*, of 24 guns, and 275 men; brought his prize home, refitted, and "went to sea for more." Before April was ended he brought home the French privateer, *D'Aguillon*, of 26 guns, and 265 men; on board of which fifty were killed and wounded. In May, he captured the French ship, *Penelope*, 18 guns, and 190 men. In October, he seized the *Gramont*, 18 guns, and 155 men. This latter vessel was afterwards added to the British navy, without any change in her name. In November, he took the French ship, *Melampee*, (on her first cruise), mounting 36 guns, with a crew of 320 men! This rich prize measured 116 feet upon the keel, and 33 feet extreme breadth. She was also added to the British navy, and did long services under her French name. For his services this year, Captain Lockhart was presented with a piece of plate, value 200 guineas, by the London merchants. The corporation of Plymouth evinced their notice of his gallantry, by presenting him with the freedom of the town in a silver box: and the merchants of Bristol gave him a piece of plate, value 100 guineas. What say you, reader, to Captain Lockhart's services for one year in his country's cause? Fancy hears you exclaim, "Glorious Lockhart, he was a brave seaman!"

The year 1758 opens to us other scenes of bravery on the part of the British captains. On the 1st of January, the English ship, *Adventure*, of 18 guns, Captain Bray, observed, as she was lying at anchor in Dungeness Roads, a large brig standing over to her, and the *Adventure* prepared for action. They approached so near, that during the fight, Bray and his mate passed a hawser three times round the enemy's bowsprit, and secured it to the capstan; the two crews now fought with small arms until the enemy's deck was nearly cleared, and she struck. She proved to be the *Machault*, a French brig, mounting 14 long pounders, with a crew of 102 men; forty of whom fell in the action. Bray, for this gallantry, was made post-captain.

It was also in the early part of this year that captain Gardiner, of the *Monmouth*, chased the French ship, *Foudroyant*, up the Mediterranean, and for four hours maintained an unequal contest. This gallant English sailor, Arthur Gardiner, was flag-captain to Admiral Byng in the unfortunate expedition to Minorca, (as related in the foregoing pages), and from unpleasant matters on that occasion, relative to the ship in question, it is said that Gardiner vowed most solemnly his firm resolution of attacking the *Foudroyant*, "in whatever ship he might be, at all hazards, though he should perish by it." It was, unfortunately, his fate to be struck by a musket-ball in the forehead during the action; but he expired in the arms of victory. During the first hour of the engagement he was wounded in the arm; but such was his determined spirit that he still remained on deck, encouraging his men to the last moment of his existence! The command of the *Monmouth* now devolved upon Lieutenant Carket, and to him, shortly after the captain had closed his eyes in death, the French commodore, Quesne, presented his sword, and surrendered. The *Foudroyant* was brought to England, and ranked for many years afterwards among the finest ships of the British navy. She carried 42 and 24 pounders; the *Monmouth* only 24 and 12 pounders.

It was in the month of April, 1758, that the *Prince George*, of 90 guns, by a lamentable accident, took fire, during her voyage out to Gibraltar, under the command of Captain Peyton. She had on board troops for the rock, and

a great quantity of ammunition. The painful circumstance was deeply felt by numerous inquiring friends and relatives, who crowded into Portsmouth from all parts of the kingdom. She sailed out with 745 persons on board, and only 260 escaped the flaming wreck. She was commissioned by Rear-Admiral Broderick, and bore his flag.

In November, the *Bellicieux*, a French ship, of 64 guns, was taken by Captain Saumarez, of the English ship, *Antelope*, 50 guns. The capture was made off Lundy Island. The prize was stored with rich goods.

A smart action, bearing date February the 21st, 1759, introduces the name of Captain Hood, of whom we shall speak more at length hereafter. It appears that Rear-Admiral Holmes was on his voyage out to North America with a small fleet of the line, one vessel of his complement being the *Vestal*, of 32 guns, commanded by Hood, when a strange sail was discovered, and instantly chased by the *Vestal*. In a comparatively short space of time Captain Hood was alongside of the enemy, and after keeping up a well-directed running fire for four hours, he captured her. Hood's prize was the *Bellona*, a French frigate, commanded by Count Beauhonnier. She carried 32 guns; and after she was added to the British navy bore the name of *Repulse*.

About this time a naval hero was much famed for deeds of uncommon daring in the North Seas—this was James Gilchrist, captain of the *Southampton*, of 32 guns. He took the French ship, *Danæ*, 40 guns, under circumstances where unequal numbers and inferior strength were nobly met by personal bravery and nautical skill. In this conflict he was disabled from further service, by a pound shot entering his shoulder; and the government settled upon him a life pension of £300 a year. The prize he captured on this occasion was added to the British navy as a 38-gun frigate, and for some years did ample service on the main.

And now, after our brief sketch of the naval doings of celebrated captains, the lives of the admirals who flourished about the same period claims attention. Not last nor least of these was Sir George Admiral Pocock, K.B.

He was born on the 6th of March, 1706, and was the son of the Rev. Thomas Pocock, one of the chaplains of Greenwich Hospital. He was the nephew to Sir George

Byng; and at the age of twelve, he entered the navy under the watchful eye of his uncle. He went out with Sir George (afterwards Viscount Torrington) in the expedition of 1718, up the Mediterranean. In 1732, he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Namur*; and in August, 1738, was advanced to the rank of post-captain, and sailed out as commander of the *Aldbrough*, to the Mediterranean squadron, where he remained till war was formally declared against Spain; and in 1741, he returned home with several rich captures. In 1742, he was appointed to the *Woolwich*, as a North Sea cruiser; but in 1744, he commanded the *Sutherland*, and went to the East Indies with the charge of a fleet. In 1747, he was commander-in-chief on the Barbadoes station, where he seized forty of the enemy's vessels.

On the 4th of June, 1755, he was created Rear-Admiral of the White: and in 1757, assisted at the retaking of Calcutta out of the hands of Surajah Dowlah; and was fully engaged at the Siege of Chandernagore, the principal settlement of the French in Bengal. His subsequent career was also marked by signal victories and memorable feats at Havannah; in fact, such was the state of things brought about in the West Indies by Admiral Pocock, that the courts of France and Spain were completely cowed into obeisance when they heard his name; and eventually relinquished their power in the West Indies into his hands. Peace was concluded at Paris in the month of February, 1763, and Pocock returned to England. After living in retirement for some years, he died at his house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, on the 3rd of April, 1792, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

He was interred at Twickenham, in the family vault, near the remains of his lady; by whom he left one son, George Pocock, Esq., and one daughter, who was married to Earl Powlett.

Admiral Pocock was admired and revered even by his enemies; he was esteemed by his officers; and adored by the seamen under his command.

A great man in his day, and a contemporary of Admiral Pocock, was that naval commander, Sir Charles Saunders, K.B. He commenced his career under the celebrated Anson; and for the list of his early services the reader must

turn back to our biographical notice of the celebrated voyager. In May, 1745, he was appointed to the command of the *Sandwich*, 90 guns; and in the following year in company with the *Lark*, (Captain Cheap) he captured a Spanish American ship, valued at £100,000!

It was immediately after the indecisive action of Byng at Minorca, that the government created several flag officers; and in 1759, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Saunders held chief command of the naval armament destined to assist in the reduction of Quebec.

He sailed from Spithead on the 17th of February, 1759, having with him as his colleague in war, the gallant Wolfe, commander of the land forces. On the 6th of June, he stood in for the river St. Lawrence; the difficulty of navigating which, delayed the expedition; but on the 26th they reached the Island of Orleans, the place of disembarkation.

It is at this period we become acquainted with a young man sent out by Saunders to assist in making surveys of the neighbouring rivers; and so cleverly was this executed, that we trace from that time the upward march of genius in the life of him, better known to the reader as Captain Cook.

After the reduction of Quebec, Admiral Saunders, leaving a squadron of protection under the command of Lord Colville, sailed for England, where he was received graciously by the king, and a vote of thanks given him in both houses. In 1766 he was raised to the dignity of First Lord of the Admiralty, and appointed Privy Councillor. For some years he represented the borough of Hendon in parliament, and was highly esteemed in that capacity. He died at his house in Spring Gardens, London, on the 7th December, 1775, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near the monument of General Wolfe, who served with him in the same war.

It is reported of Saunders, that "his zeal for the good and glory of the service was of the most ardent description; he was an officer equally distinguished for his gallantry in the day of battle, and for his seamanship in the hour of danger."

The reign of George the Second was now drawing to a close. Campbell, the naval historian, says: "In the course of the year (1759) the English had enriched their navy

with twenty-seven ships of the line, and thirty-one frigates of French construction." It is evident from the review we have taken of their many losses, and the several defeats we have enumerated in preceding pages, that at the period of which we write, the naval power of the French was in a ruinous condition. Not so with the British: for we find in addition to their good fortune, as quoted above, the Parliament met in November, 1759, and voted "73,000 seamen, 18,355 marines, and three million six hundred and forty pounds for their maintenance!"

About this period a naval engagement took place, which, albeit of minor importance, redounds greatly to the courage and endurance of those engaged.

Two ships of twenty guns each, one the *Flamborough*, commanded by Captain Archibald Kennedy, and the other the *Bideford*, Captain Skinner, were cruising off the Rock of Lisbon, when they observed four vessels of an apparently hostile character, running before the wind, they themselves being well to leeward. Notwithstanding the manifest disparity of strength and numbers, Captain Kennedy immediately stood towards them; and, as the strangers did not alter their course, the *Flamborough*, about four o'clock p.m., got within distant gunshot range. The British colours were now displayed, and several shots fired by way of challenge; after some little hesitation, the four ships, hoisting French colours, bore down upon the *Flamborough*. It now became incumbent upon the English captain to display some degree of discretion, as he was three miles to windward of the *Bideford*, and he consequently edged away to join her, at the same time making signals of the discovery of an enemy. At six o'clock a junction was effected between the two British ships, seeing which, the French vessels evidently desired to shirk an engagement, and stood away to sea. The superior force of the French frigates (which subsequently proved to be the *Malicieuse*, of 36 guns, and *l'Omphale*, of 32 guns) was very apparent to the crews of the British ships; and although the other two hostile ships were still in view when they formed in line to receive their two opponents, encouraging each other with three hearty cheers, they had waited the attack; and now that the enemy was inking from it, their zeal was equally great to

become the assailing party. The Flamborough, being a superior sailer, first came up with the sternmost ship, and, exchanging a passing broadside, left her to the Bideford, while she hastened on in pursuit of the headmost vessel. At half-past six o'clock, in a dusky twilight, she breasted the stranger, and commenced the action as near as it was possible without the two ships being actually on board of each other, and continued it until nine. By this time the Flamborough's masts, rigging, and sails were so much shattered that there was not a rope left to govern the sails, whilst her hull had also received several shots betwixt wind and water. The firing now ceased on both sides, and, during the interval of cessation, the British crew worked with such energy, that in half an hour the Flamborough's damages were, in a great measure, made good, and she was once more ready for action, which she renewed and stoutly maintained until eleven o'clock at night, when the enemy, making all the sail they could carry, succeeded in escaping, although chased closely and perseveringly by Captain Kennedy until noon of the following day.

While the Flamborough had been thus engaged with the headmost ship, the Bideford had not been idle; at a quarter before seven she had succeeded in closing with her antagonist, when the battle commenced with great fury and determination on both sides. Early in the action Captain Skinner was unfortunately killed by a cannon-shot, but Lieutenant Knollis, upon whom the command devolved, fought the ship with the greatest presence of mind and steadiness until eight o'clock, when he also fell, and, receiving a second shot in his body immediately after, was carried below in a dying state. In addition to the loss of the two commanding officers, the Bideford was considerably damaged in her spars and rigging, while several men had been killed and many wounded; but the crew were in good spirits, and the guns were well served, notwithstanding the hot work. Mr. State, the master, was now senior officer, and under his orders the engagement was continued with great obstinacy, each ship striving hard for the victory. The English were now more cool and steady than at the commencement; a principle of duty had taken the place of rage, and they fought, if possible, better than before,—“one post vising with another, gun

with gun and platoon with platoon, who should send the greatest and surest destruction to the foe." Such was the spirit which animated all hands, that the wounded men hurried the exertions of the surgeons, and returned with alacrity to their quarters as soon as their wounds were dressed. About ten o'clock the Frenchman's fire slackened, one gun after another becoming silent, until at length hardly any return was made to the Bideford's fire. Intent upon capture, Mr. State, who thought the enemy was going to strike, still continued his broadsides, to which only four guns were returned in the last quarter of an hour. It turned out that the Frenchman was otherwise employed: unobserved in the obscurity of night, all his exertions were directed to making good the damages to his rigging, while he patiently received the enemy's fire; and when, at length, he was able to make a press of sail, the Bideford, shattered and disabled, was unable to follow, and had only the poor satisfaction of pouring a broadside into the flying foe, who was almost immediately out of sight. In this glorious double conquest against such superior forces, five officers and men were killed on board the Flamborough, and ten wounded; while on board the Bideford ten were killed and twenty-five wounded: but, owing to it, a valuable outward-bound fleet, convoyed by a single sloop-of-war, which was near enough to hear the firing, escaped capture and destruction.

In the year 1760, the British navy consisted of 120 ships of the line, besides frigates, fire-ships, sloops, bombs, and tenders. Triumph seemed to ride on every wave where the British flag was unfurled by brave seamen; among these, about the period of our present sketching, few were more distinguished than Admiral Rodney, who was stationed on the coast of Havre, during the summer (1760), to observe the French movements towards the mouth of the Seine; and we shall endeavour to make the reader acquainted with the naval life of that hero.

His Majesty George the Second departed this life on the 25th of October, 1760: and the olive branch of peace still found no acceptable soil whereon to flourish on either side the Channel.

In the first month of the new reign, the *Acteon*, English ship-of-war, and one of Rodney's fleet, chased and cap-

tured a large French privateer; and others of the same victorious fleet took or destroyed forty vessels of considerable burthen, and then completely scoured the coast.

These naval matters stand prominently forward as being the first hostile movements after George the Third's accession, and as they were chiefly under the direction of Rodney, we shall now discourse of that renowned officer more fully, so that the leading events of that period, and particularly such of them as are bound up with his exploits, may be rendered more instructive; the portraiture of the man and the times in which he lived being displayed in the same historic picture.

There is a peculiar feature about the page of our own annals and that of the Americans, as well as the French, at the time when Rodney is first observed upon the horizon of naval matters. He was a great man appointed to a certain mission; and attention and reflection clearly throw the man and the period together as being undivided in the same eventualities. Rodney came in the hour when he was needed: a chain of untoward circumstances—not the least of these being the unfortunate termination of the American war—called evidently for a spirit like Rodney's to infuse new life into the maritime matters of this great country. He came—on the wreck of the past and the uncertainty of the future; he stood before his countrymen to do their work zealously. France and Spain both saw and felt the terror that his daring soul scattered through their fleet; they quailed at the bare mention of his approach; very little time would have sufficed to weaken us, while their strength was being augmented; but the genius of a Rodney was too much for them; his superior nautical skill bewildered and astonished them; the thunder of our cannon alarmed them; and at his command the matchless bravery of our seamen resumed its ancient trophy of victory.

A gallant author, Major General Mundy, informs us that (his ancestor by marriage) Admiral Lord Rodney gave "the clearest proof that he had not degenerated from the renowned spirit of his progenitors, one of whom, Sir Richard Rodeney, knight, fell at Acre, fighting under the banners of King Richard the First, in Palestine, and two others, Sir Richard and a son of the same name, were slain

at Hereford, in the year 1234, in a fierce encounter with Leolin, or Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. His family can distinctly trace its lineage to the time of Henry the Third, and even to that of the Empress Maud, seven hundred years back, during five centuries and a half of which, the inheritance of the estates at Stoke Rodney, in Somersetshire, descended in a direct male line from father to son."

It appears, however, that the original estate has passed out of the Rodney family into that of the Duke of Buckingham, "in right of his wife, the heiress of the Lord Duke of Chandos, who inherited the same from Sir John Brydges, of Keynsham, who married Anna, fourth daughter of Sir Edward Rodeney."

The subject of our present biographical sketch, George Brydges Rodney, was born on the 19th of February, 1718, and his first rudiments of education were received at Harrow. The king (his royal godfather) gave him a letter of service, and at the early age of twelve years we find him out at sea with Admiral Medley, where he remained six years, principally on the Newfoundland station. In February, 1739, he was made lieutenant of the *Dolphin*; he also served in the *Sovereign*, the *Essex*, and *Namur*. In October, 1748, he sailed out in the *Rainbow*, as commander-in-chief of the island of Newfoundland. After his return home, in 1750, Rodney was appointed to the *Kent*, of 70 guns, and about the same period he married Lady Jane Compton, sister to Spencer, then Earl of Northampton. In the year 1755, he was appointed to the *Prince George*, of 90 guns; and in May 1759, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

On the 21st of January, 1764, Admiral Rodney was created a baronet of Great Britain; and on the 23rd of November, 1765, he was appointed Governor of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, in the place of Admiral Townshend, and took his seat to the great joy of the whole establishment, on the 28th of December following. His lady having been dead about seven years, he had now contracted a second marriage with Henrietta, daughter of John Clies, Esq., who brought him a numerous family, four of whom were living in 1830. Henrietta, widow of Admiral Rodney, died February, 1829.

In recording Sir George Rodney's appointment to the

superintendence of that national establishment for our aged tars, Greenwich Hospital, we cannot better serve the reader than by giving him, entire, the following anecdote, as told by the erudite and gallant biographer, General Mundy. "At that period, few, if any, of the pensioners were allowed great coats, and then only in consequence of a petition approved by the weekly board, or an order from the governor, who had authority to grant that indulgence. Sir George, the first winter of his government there, had applications made as usual, but required no better pretensions, or greater eloquence, than an old sailor and a cold day, to grant an order. The consequence of this was, that great coats became so general, and the demand increased so much, that the lieutenant-governor, Mr. Boys, at the next board, took upon him to represent the governor's conduct as extremely reprehensible. Sir George, who was present, got up, and after expressing his surprise at the lieutenant-governor's conduct, very calmly said to him,— 'I have the greatest respect for you as a man, who, by the greatest merit, has raised himself from the station of a fore-topmast man to the rank of an admiral—a circumstance which not only does you the highest honor, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate, instead of an opposer, to such a necessary indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor: and let me warn you against two things more; the first is, in future, not to interfere between me and my duty as governor; and the second is, not to object to these brave men having great coats, whilst *you* are so fond of one, as to wear it by the side of as good a fire as you are sitting by at present. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit; that it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the younger shall say, when he goes away, 'Who would not be a sailor, to live as happy as a prince in his old age!' And Sir George kept his word, for, from that time, every man was allowed a great coat."*

In 1770, Sir George was created Vice-Admiral of the

* Mundy's "Life of Rodney." London: Murray.

White; and the year following, Vice-Admiral of the Red. Being appointed commander-in-chief at Jamaica in 1771, he was required to resign his post as governor at Greenwich Hospital, which was given to Sir Francis Holbourne; and Rodney hoisted his flag in the Princess Amelia, making Jamaica about the 7th of August.

As a trait of character, General Mundy favours us with a letter, written by Sir George to Rear Admiral-Spry, in answer to a question from the latter, as to the manner in which Sir George intended to receive Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and about to visit Plymouth.

“Plymouth Sound, May 27th, 1771.

“As no man can have a greater regard and respect for Lord Sandwich than myself, you may be assured that I shall be glad of every opportunity of showing my attachment to him; and in case the yacht which brings his lordship into port carries the Admiralty flag, I shall not only salute it with nineteen guns, but likewise give particular orders to all the captains of the squadron I command to do the same; but in case the yacht comes with pendant only, I shall expect the captain of her to do his duty by saluting the king's flag entrusted to my charge; and should he neglect to do so, I shall send a proper officer on board to place him in arrest for disrespect to the king's flag. I know my Lord Sandwich too well not to be sensible that he will approve of every officer who keeps up the dignity of the British flag. Should his lordship honour me with a visit on board the ship on which my flag is hoisted, I shall take care that every respect and honour is paid that is due to him, not only as a peer of the realm, but likewise as First Lord of the Admiralty.

“To Rear-Admiral Spry.”

And now, (1770), Admiral Rodney must be traced to his distant scene of action, Jamaica. He had with him the following fleet, commanded by distinguished captains:—Princess Amelia, 80 guns; The Boyne, 70; The Modeste, 64; Achilles, 60; Prudent, 64; Diana, 32. With the exception of privateer capturing, nothing of any especial moment occurred during this period, but it seems that Sir George was grievously disappointed at not being made governor of the island on the death of Sir W. Trelawny, in

1773; and on his being called home in the following year, he struck his flag, at Portsmouth, on the 4th of September, 1774. And now, from various untoward circumstances, he became reduced in position, "and," says his gallant relative, "from this period, the sunshine which had hitherto cheered his existence became obscured; and for the space of four years, the oppressive gloom of want, disappointment, and inaction, hung over him like a mist."

It appears that he was tampered with during this passing shade of misfortune, and an endeavour was made to engage him into the French service; but that noble nature of Rodney's was proof against such a scheme. That he accepted the friendship of Frenchmen at the time that he was literally a dead light in his own country was no crime; and when, after addressing a letter to Lord Sandwich for employment, he was treated contemptuously, that he was honoured with and prized the friendship of a nobleman of that country, need not to be wondered at; but the mighty mind of Rodney soared high in his humblest moments; and when the appeal was made by the French king through one of his courtiers, to buy over the gallant though depressed British sailor, he said, "My distresses, sir, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service." The officer thus addressed was so struck with his unflinching patriotism, that he afterwards, as we have before hinted, assisted in restoring the admiral to his own country. And so aggravated were the French when subsequently he again led the naval armaments of England on to victory, in 1782, that it was with great difficulty Sir George's friend was preserved from violence. Having obtained an audience with the king, (who was, as we have before stated, his royal sponsor,) His Majesty, on the 29th of June, appointed Rodney Admiral of the White.

October the 1st, 1779, Sir George was appointed commander-in-chief of His Majesty's Leeward Islands and Barbadoes; and on the 25th of December, he sailed from Spithead, and King William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, served as a midshipman on board the Prince George, on this expedition. On the 1st of January, 1780, Rodney captured a Spanish squadron, belonging to the Caraccas Company. It consisted of six war vessels, and others con-

taining valuable treasure, making altogether fifteen sail; and when he arrived off Cadiz, he learnt that a fleet of fourteen Spanish ships were cruising off Cape St. Vincent, and about 1 p.m., on the 16th, they were discovered making the best means possible to escape him, and he gave instant orders for a chase; a tempestuous gale blowing at the same time. The vessels under Rodney's command were copper bottomed, and could far outstrip, in swiftness, the best of the fugitives; so that in a short time, the *Bienfaisant*, commanded by Captain Macbride, overtook the Spanish ship, *San Domingo*, of 70 guns; and had no sooner commenced firing than the enemy blew up with a stunning explosion, and every one on board met instant death.

The running fight was continued up to two o'clock the following morning, when the *San Julian* and *Eugenio* were in the hands of the British; and the remainder, in a disabled condition, were scattered in various directions, exposed to the fury of a tempest that tossed the mountain billows over their awful wrecks.

It may be considered as worthy of note by those who are curious respecting coincidences and the singularities in life's varied phases, that the vessel on which Admiral Rodney now hoisted his flag, and on the deck of which, to transpose the words of the classic poet—

“ He purchased just renown,
To guard old England and defend the throne,”

was a first-rate ship-of-war, carrying 90 guns, and was named the *Sandwich*. The reader will remember Rodney's application being refused in the hour of his difficulties, and the slight on more than one occasion which the gallant hero received at the hands of Lord Sandwich, at that time the First Lord of the Admiralty—the removal from Greenwich Hospital—the appointment of another (notwithstanding he was on the spot, and in every way qualified) to the governorship of Jamaica. But now fortune tracks his steps in the *Sandwich*, and glory encircles the name of his vessel of victory, even when the officer of that name was no longer at the head of naval affairs.

That he was alive to everything which tended to strengthen our naval power all over the globe was exemplified on more than one occasion; but the concluding

part of his letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty, about the time that he received this new appointment, is only one instance out of many where his genius discovers itself in words, as well as determined action. "Pardon, my lord, the trouble I give you in perusing this letter, but the observations I made when I commanded in those seas, and my frequent reflections since on the infinite importance of St. Lucia or Martinique to a maritime power, have convinced me that either of those islands in the hands of Great Britain, while she remains a great maritime power, will make her sovereign of the West Indies."

It appears that these remarks had their due effect in the proper quarter, and His Majesty's ministers thought more highly than hitherto of the mind from whence they emanated; and the name of Rodney became from this time linked with greatness.

On his voyage out to the West Indies, as we have said before, Prince William Henry, afterwards William the Fourth, made his first trip in the *Prince George*, commanded by Rear-Admiral Digby. In capturing the vessels belonging to the Caraccas Company (and which act of bravery we have already related to the reader), Rodney took occasion to honour the royal midshipman, as appears by his letter, dated 9th of January, 1780, the latter portion of which runs as follows:—"Part of the convoy was loaded with naval stores and provisions for the Spanish ships-of-war at Cadiz, the rest with bale goods belonging to the Caraccas Company. Those loaded with naval stores and bale goods I shall immediately despatch for England, under convoy of His Majesty's ships the *America* and *Pearl*. Those loaded with provisions I shall carry to Gibraltar, for which place I am now steering, and have not a doubt that the service I am sent upon will be speedily effected. As I thought it highly necessary to send a 64-gun ship to protect so valuable a convoy, I have commissioned, officered, and manned the Spanish ship-of-war, of the rate I have named as above; and out of respect to his Royal Highness, in whose presence she had the honour to be taken, I have named her the *Prince William*. She has been launched only six months, is, in every respect, completely fitted for war, and much larger than the *Beinfaisant*, to whom she struck." And again the ocean victor pursued

his duteous way until he reached Barbadoes, taking up his position at St. Lucia.

In January, 1781, Rodney was joined by Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, with a reinforcement of seven sail of the line. He also conveyed the intelligence that hostilities had commenced between England and Holland; and in consequence of which, Rodney was also instructed to attack the Dutch settlements in the West Indies.

On the 3rd of February, 1781, Rodney's fleet, with a strong force of soldiers to meet all emergencies, stood out upon the Dutch island, St. Eustatia, which surrendered without a blow, when all the property it contained, estimated at three millions sterling, was seized by the conquering admiral! we must add to this, the capture of a rich Dutch convoy that had just put out to sea for Europe; it was pursued by order of Rodney, and every vessel became a British prize.

For this service Rodney was rewarded by a pension of £2000; his lady and some of his children were also suitably remembered during his absence with munificent gifts; the freedom of the City of London was prepared for his acceptance in a gold box; he was also elected member for Westminster in his absence; and marks of national esteem echoed their way to him across the ocean.

It is, perhaps, necessary to inform the reader that the seizure of property in such instances as the one we have related of the Dutch West Indian convoy, was grounded upon a motive of retaliation that was considered proper according to the rules of war; the Dutch merchants having supplied the enemies of England with various stores during the late American war.

In autumn, Sir George Rodney returned to England in ill health, which, however, was not of long duration, and in November, 1781, on the death of the gallant Hawke, he was raised to the dignity of Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and Lieutenant of the Navies and Seas thereof; and also appointed to resume his high position in the West Indies.

On the 15th of January, 1782, he hoisted his flag on board the *Formidable*, of 90 guns, and sailed out with a squadron of twelve ships of the line. In February he reached Barbadoes, where Hood had been left to watch the

approach of hostile flags; the fleet now under Rodney's command in that distant region amounted to thirty-six sail of the line. In looking at the position which such men as Rodney have taken up, in giving undying glories to our national fame, we agree with the poet in saying—

“ Not to the many doth the earth
Owe what she hath of good;
The many would not stir life's depths,
And could not if they would.
It is some individual mind,
That moves the common cause;
To single efforts, England owes
Her safety, strength, and laws.”

It was about the 8th of April, 1782, that Sir George Rodney put his formidable fleet on the scent for an attack upon the French armament off Martinique. To allow the reader proper information as to the strength of Rodney's squadron, we subjoin the following account as given by Allen:—

Formidable, } Admiral Sir G. B. Rodney; Captain Sir John Douglas;
of 80 guns. } Captain John Symons; Captain Lord Cranstoun.

Barfleur, } Rear-Admiral Sir J. Hood; Captain John Knight.
of 90 guns. }

Princessa, } Rear-Admiral Francis S. Drake; Captain Knatchbull.
of 70 guns. }

Bedford, } Commodore Edmund Affleck; Captain Thomas Graves;
of 74 guns. }

Namur, Prince George, Duke—90 guns.

Royal Oak, Alfred, Montague, Valiant, Monarch, Warren, Centaur, Magnificent, Ajax, Canada, Resolution, Hercules, Russel, Fame, Torbay, Conqueror, Alcide, Arrogant, Marlborough—74 guns.

Yarmouth, Belliqueux, Prince William, Repulse, St. Albans, Agamemnon, Prothes, America, Anson, Nonsuch—64 guns.

Frigates—Endymion, Fortune, Flora, Nymphe, Santa Monica, Convert, Alarm, Andromache, Lisard, Pegasus, Sybil, Triton, Champion, and Eurydice.

Sloops—Zebra, Germaine, and Alert.

Fire Ships—Salamander and Blast.

Rodney's fame and fortune were again in the ascendant, and he obtained, with the aid of his brave companions, a complete victory over the French. It has been said that

the killed amounted to above 3000, and double that number were wounded. The victory, however, was, to a great extent, clouded by unlooked-for circumstances of a disheartening nature. At the very moment of triumph, a French ship that had been captured by the Centaur, took fire, and for which there seems to have been no help, until, not only the prisoners on board, (400,) but her captors also, a British lieutenant and 50 seamen, perished in the same conflagration. Again the Ville de Paris, a valuable prize, considered the finest ship in the French navy, and one that had been presented by the City of Paris to Louis XV. at the close of the preceeding hostilities, having cost the amazing sum of £156,000, was lost on her passage to England, together with the Hector and Glorieux—all foundering.

Notwithstanding these losses, so complete was Rodney's victory considered that he was elevated to the peerage; the same distinction was granted to Sir Samuel Hood; and Rear-Admiral Drake and Commodore Affleck, their gallant companions in command, were created baronets.

The administration of Lord North having resigned on the 19th of March, the very month preceding this victory, the Rockingham ministry which succeeded it was not favorable to Admiral Rodney, for political and other motives, which it is not our province to enter into; and a ship was fitted out to carry Admiral Pigot to the West Indies, with instructions from Lord Keppel to supersede and send home the victorious Rodney. The vessel had only sailed a few days when the news of Rodney's victorious exploits made all England shout for joy; and a swift sailing cutter was sent with all speed after Pigot; but the vessel had made way—it was too late.

Arriving at his destination, the Admiral took upon him the immediate command, according to his instructions; and the amazed and insulted Rodney bid farewell to the fleet he had led on to victory, and retired home.

He arrived on the 7th of September, 1782, and never again accepted any command in the service of his country. His exploits, however, had so chained down the Gallic spirit, and destroyed or captured their first-rate ships, that the French were no longer able to stand out to sea with a complete armament; the Spaniards and the Dutch were

similarly situated, and this tended greatly towards a general peace, which was brought about immediately after.

Admiral Rodney lived ten years in retirement, taking no part in the administration or in naval matters, for which experience and every necessary accomplishment so ably fitted him. He died in London, May 24th, 1792; having been in the navy sixty-two years, and more than fifty years in commission.

"Now greatness springs, perhaps,
From fewer elements than we imagine.
Take *energy*—that's one, and most of those
Who have it seem to have it from the first,
As if it were an impulse given to them
As they were formed: and this primeval force
Will last throughout their lives. Then there's the power,
Much to be prized, of *concentrating thought*;
Without it energy is a fire that burns
Beneath an empty pot. Then there is *courage*,
And nothing makes one man superior
To another more than that."

Returning to the date when Admiral Rodney reached England, (1782), we cannot pass over that period without mentioning a painful circumstance that will long stand forward in deepening shade on the page of our naval history. As it does not come within the compass of our work further than its connection with the incidental affairs of our navy, the reader must excuse our brevity.

On the 29th of August, 1782, the 100-gun ship, the Royal George, overset and sank at Spithead, when Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt, who was on board at the time, and about eight hundred others, all perished! Little has been said of the life and exploits of Admiral Kempenfelt, but a letter written by Lord Hawke to Admiral Geary, contains a sufficient eulogium on his naval abilities to warrant us in presenting it to the reader.

"Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt is deservedly esteemed as one of the best informed officers in the service. He will be of great service to you."

Such a calamitous wreck taking place when officers and men were enjoying the domestic and social comforts of home and home's delights, is mournfully expressed in the ballad tone of Cowper's immortal lines, written for all who had a heart to feel.

coffee, and indigo, and protected by four frigates of war; all these he captured and carried into Port Royal harbour.

On his return to England after the peace in 1763, we find Admiral Keppel in the enjoyment of royal favour, being made one of the grooms of His Majesty's bedchamber, and appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.

In 1766 he hoisted his flag in the Catherine yacht, to convey to Rotterdam the Princess Caroline Matilda, the ill-fated bride of the King of Denmark. In 1768 he was returned member for Windsor; and in the autumn of the same year, he conveyed his sister, the Marchioness of Tavistock, to Lisbon. This lady's husband, the Marquis of Tavistock, a most amiable and accomplished nobleman, met his death by a fall from his horse as he was hunting, little more than a twelvemonth after marriage; she gave birth to a posthumous infant, the late Lord William Russell, who died by the hand of an assassin (Courvoisier.)

On a brevet of flag officers in October, 1770, Keppel was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Red; and three days afterwards to that of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. Two years after this we find him in ill-health at Bath. In 1755 he had to deplore the loss of his dear friend, Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, with whom, from the time they had served together in Anson's expedition,

"When life was young, and hope was new,"

he had lived on terms of the strictest and most intimate friendship. Sir Charles, it appears, bequeathed him a legacy of £5000, with an annuity of £1200 a year, and other interests.

An affair, that even in our small work cannot be laid aside, in connection with naval promotions, occurred about this period of Keppel's memorable life. Lord Sandwich had bestowed the rank of Lieutenant-General of Marines (vacant by the death of Keppel's friend, Admiral Saunders) on Sir Hugh Palliser, one of the junior admirals. It was also reported Lord Howe was to have the post of General of Marines on a contemplated vacancy; this called from Admiral Keppel the following remonstrance to the First Lord of the Admiralty:—

"MY LORD,

"It is much credited that Admiral Forbes is to

retire from the post of General of Marines, and that Rear-Admiral Lord Howe is appointed his successor. I am not used to feel disgrace or affronts; but indeed, my lord, I must feel cold to my own honour, and the rank in which I stand in His Majesty's service, if I remain silent and see one of the youngest Rear-Admirals of the fleet promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General of Marines, and a few days afterwards another Rear-Admiral made General of Marines. It is not for me to say who should, or should not, be appointed to those honours; but I presume to say to your lordship, and through you, as the head of the sea department, that I beg leave to have it laid before the king, with my humblest submission to him; that little as I am entitled to claim merit, yet a series of long services may. Permit me to observe, that such a repetition of promotion to the junior admirals of the fleet, cannot but dispirit every senior officer, jealous of his own honour, inasmuch as it tends to manifest to the whole profession the low esteem he stands in; which, allow me to say, may, at one time or another, have its bad effects. Juniors cannot complain, nor are they dishonoured when their seniors are promoted.

AUGUSTUS KEPPEL."

No answer was returned to this letter: but as Keppel was already Vice-Admiral, (1776), Lord Sandwich acquainted him by a message, that the king desired to know, "whether, in case of war with a foreign power, he would undertake the charge of the fleet?" That matters were satisfactory on both sides appears from this: that in 1778, when hostilities with France and Spain were on the eve of breaking out, Keppel was appointed to the command of the channel fleet.

On the 13th of June, 1778, he sailed out with a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line and three frigates. Keppel hoisted his own flag on board of the *Victory*, 100 guns. During this ocean cruise, a misunderstanding, of too voluminous a nature for our present sketch, arose between the brave Keppel and the Board of Admiralty; and in January, 1779, a court-martial sat at Portsmouth to consider the conduct of our hero. The court consisted of five flag officers and eight captains. They sat thirty days, "when," says the *Gazette*, "having maturely and seriously considered the whole evidence and the prisoner's defence, they declared

their undivided opinion to be 'that the admiral had behaved himself as a judicious, brave, and experienced officer; and they, therefore, unanimously and honourably acquitted the same Admiral Augustus Keppel of every part of the charge exhibited against him.' "

The above sentence was pronounced amidst a general acclamation of joy. The ships at Spithead and the Indians fired salutes. Riots, in fact, followed these rejoicings. Sir Hugh Palliser (one of the officers lately under his command, and one of the party who had brought about the trial), was burnt in effigy; his house was gutted, and its contents burned in the street. The admiralty was attacked, and its gates unhinged; the windows of Lords North, Sandwich, Bute, Disburne, and Mulgrave were destroyed. The fury of the populace in London was fearful; the Riot Act was read, and troops of the guards held the public thoroughfares. Passing over all this, the demonstration of the humblest, in their way, let us not forget to mention that the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were given to Keppel; and dinners were prepared on all sides; parties were got up throughout the country; and, indeed, thousands were spent in rejoicing by people who never saw a ship or an admiral.

On the 29th of April, 1782, after being made Admiral of the White, he was created Viscount Keppel, of Elvedon, in the county of Suffolk. And now, having to contend against the many things that contribute in such a life towards a complicated infirmity, we no longer find the brave Keppel on the ocean wave; but in the autumn of 1786, he suffered severely from gout in the stomach, of which he died on the 2nd of October, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The general character of Admiral Keppel has, like that of many other public men, been variously reckoned up according to the prejudice, political or otherwise, of the writers. That he was a man who deserved well of that country he had so faithfully served, is evident from all these; and that he was popular as a commander may be inferred from the manifestations of public joy on the occasion we have recorded.

The year 1783 is generally called the last year of that war which commenced before George the Third ascended

the throne. It is impossible that we can give anything like a summary of the many flying actions that are recorded of those times, nor to single out the many daring spirits that distinguished themselves among our untitled officers; who, nevertheless, did "the state some service," and contributed by their duteous conduct and unflinching courage, to maintain the character of

OUR TRUE BRITISH TARS.

Ever away on the stormy sea,
 Our hearts are light, for we guard the free;
 With a flowing sail in every clime
 That takes no shade from the wings of Time;
 Wherever we roam,
 Defending altar, throne, and home!
 Where the brave can only find delight,
 Gliding away through the stormy night;
 When dolphins play in the moonbeams clear,
 Or morning wakes from an eastern tear;
 Wherever we roam,
 Defending altar, throne, and home!
 Where the loud winds solemn concert hold,
 O'er waves that are dyed like liquid gold;
 Or chill'd were the north weeps frozen dew,
 Come war or peace to our country true;
 Wherever we roam,
 Defending altar, throne, and home!—[Ed.]

On the 6th of October, 1779, Captain Farmer, in the frigate, *Quebec*, while on a cruise, in company with the *Rambler*, near *Ushant*, discovered a large French frigate and cutter; these proved to be the *Surveillante*, of 40 guns, 18 pounders, and a cutter, of 16 guns. Captain Farmer immediately signalled the *Rambler* to come under his stern, and desired the commander, Lieutenant George, to keep close to him; at nine o'clock a.m., the enemy's frigate opened her fire, although at too great a distance to do any execution; but the *Quebec*, still edging down to come to a close engagement, neither hoisted her colours nor returned the enemy's fire, until ten o'clock, when she was within point-blank range. Meanwhile, the *Rambler* stood in between the French frigate and the cutter, with the design of separating the latter from her consort, and bringing her to a close action; in this object she succeeded, and the two cutters continued closely engaged until nearly two o'clock, when the Frenchman, who had suffered very slightly in sails and rigging, crowded all sail, and bore

away, leaving the Rambler incapable of pursuit, owing to the disabled state of her masts and rigging. During all this time the two frigates had remained close alongside of each other, and continued furiously engaged with their yards locked together for three hours and a half, until they were both dismasted. The French first ceased firing, but the Quebec was not in a condition to take advantage of it; for, unfortunately, after the fall of her masts, she had taken fire from the explosion of her own guns, which had fired through the sails, then lying over the side, and, in spite of every effort to extinguish the flames, she continued to burn with unabated fury until six in the evening, when she blew up, with her colours still flying; her brave commander, with those of her officers and crew who had survived the fight, perishing in her, as all her boats had been destroyed. During the action, almost all the officers in the Quebec, and between seventy and eighty seamen, were killed or wounded; the captain, towards the close of the engagement, received a shot through the arm and hand, but, merely binding his handkerchief round the shattered parts of the bone, he addressed his men in the following words:—"My lads, this is warm work,—therefore, keep up your fire with double spirit; we will conquer or die." When the flames communicated themselves to the rigging, the captain, the first lieutenant, and many of the crew, used every exertion for the preservation of the ship, but several of the men jumped into the sea, where they perished in sight of those on board. While the fire was raging with fearful violence, the captain was requested by the ship's company to attempt to save himself, but his noble spirit made him refuse every solicitation, declaring that he would not quit the ship while there remained another man on board. He continued to issue his orders, but the number of his companions grew less and less, while inevitable destruction was fast approaching those that remained, whom he earnestly entreated to jump into the sea and attempt to reach the Rambler. Mr. William Moore, one of the mates of the Quebec, who stood by the captain up to the last moment, when he could no longer bear the heat of the flames, offered to take his disabled commander on his back, and, trusting to his powers of swimming, thus convey him to the cutter; but Captain

Farmer still refused to leave his ship, and was last seen seated on the fluke of the sheet-anchor, awaiting with heroic fortitude the dreadful explosion which at last numbered him with the dead. Of those who threw themselves into the sea, but few escaped. Mr. Moore, the officer above mentioned, and sixteen others were picked up by the *Rambler*; a Russian vessel that passed saved thirteen more; while the lives of several others of the crew were saved by their late antagonists. When the gallant action and self-sacrifice became known in England, various compensations and rewards awaited the survivors and their relatives: the son of Captain Farmer received a baronetage, and pensions were assigned to the widow and orphan children. Mr. Moore was specially raised to the rank of full lieutenant, although he had not yet served the prescribed time, and the other subordinate officers were promoted.*

It was in January, 1783, that the 44-gun ship, *Endymion*, commanded by Captain Tyrrel Smith, and the 36-gun frigate, *Magicienne*, Captain Graves, discovered and gave chase to a French convoy, protected by two large war ships, off Cape François: and having once commenced the action, they fought so close to the enemy that the sailors could attack each other with pikes from the port-holes; and the English would have made prizes, but for the unfortunate position of the *Magicienne*, whose masts fell over the side; the enemy, notwithstanding, were completely shattered and routed, with great loss by the bravery of these small British ships. The French acknowledging that it was "a terrible onslaught."

The action fought about this time off Pondicherry, in the East Indies, between the French fleet, under M. de Suffren, and the English squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, was also favourable to British naval fame; but on the 20th of January, 1783, articles of peace were concluded at Versailles, between England and France—Spain, of course, acceding to the same treaty.

And now we shall again consider it a pleasure to dis-course, biographically, of British naval worthies.

* Giffard.

"Would that the silent earth,
Of what it holds, could speak, and every grave
Be, as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to ear and eye."

As one of our warriors of the wooden walls, few have left behind them a name more encircled with the adornments of true greatness than that of Admiral Lord Howe.

He was born in 1725, was educated at Eton College, and at the age of fourteen he left that home of the Muses and classic serenity, to sail out to the South Seas with Commodore Anson.

As we have already informed the reader, Anson's own ship on that memorable voyage was the *Centurion*; but he had also with him other vessels of war, on one of which, the *Severn*, young Howe (or Scrope, for he was the second son of Sir Emanuel Scrope, Viscount Howe, in the Irish peerage,) found his first berth. After reaching Cape Noir, on the western side of Terra del Fuego, they encountered a gale that so separated Anson's fleet, and so shattered the *Severn*, that she returned to England, being completely unfitted for the long voyage; and the youth, Howe, soon found himself at home again.

However, in 1743 he engaged himself to serve under Sir Charles Knowles, who was fitting out a fleet for the West Indies, and our young hero, just eighteen years of age, was on the *Burford*, commanded by Captain Lushington. The first operation of the squadron was a battering attack upon the town and fortress of La Guayra, one of the Caraccas. The ship on which young Howe found himself for the first time as a man-of-war's man, suffered severely. His captain was mortally wounded; and as the command devolved upon the first lieutenant, that officer's first act was to withdraw, and carry the vessel into a distant harbour for repairs. For this, the lieutenant was tried by a court-martial; but the testimony of the carpenter and others proved her general unfitness, from the damages received; and he was honourably acquitted. Little has been recorded of Howe in the action, his youth prohibiting any flattering notice being made of him at the time.

In 1745, he was raised to the rank of a commander, and appointed to the *Baltimore* sloop-of-war, employed in the North Seas. Cruising off the coast of Scotland, in com-

pany with another armed vessel, he discovered two French frigates, of 30 guns each—store-ships, in fact, for the Pretender, and loaded with ammunition. Captain Howe immediately ran the *Baltimore* in between them, and almost close on board one of the ships. A bloody action was the result; and Howe is said to have been severely wounded. The gallant conduct of the young officer being made known in proper quarters, he was raised to the rank of post-captain; and in March, 1751, he was appointed to the command of a fleet for the coast of Africa, and hung out his pendant on the *La Glorie*, of 44 guns. He sailed out under very encouraging auspices. His gallantry soon made havoc among the Dutch privateers; and the governor and council of Cape Coast Castle found room for praise in his eminent services in that quarter. On his return to England in December, 1751, he was honoured with the command of the *Mary*, a royal yacht, but being desirous of more active employment, he soon left the yacht, and obtained a commission for the *Dolphin* frigate in May, 1752. In this frigate he cruised about two years, protecting our trading merchantmen in the Mediterranean. In 1754 he returned home; and in the following year put to sea under the command of Boscawen, as commander of the *Dunkirk*, 60 guns. Boscawen took up his position off the banks of Newfoundland, to intercept the passage of the French fleet into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; a thick fog, however, prevailed, and they escaped him. Laying off Cape Race, the southernmost point of Newfoundland, on the 8th of June, 1755, about dawn, just as the fog cleared away, two French ships were discovered; these vessels were the *Alcide* and the *Lys*; and it appeared they got separated from the rest of the French fleet during the fog.

Captain Howe, with the *Dunkirk*, was the first to be alongside the sternmost of them (the *Alcide*), and at twelve a.m., he hailed the French captain, and ordered him to come to as a prisoner, and go under the stern of Admiral Boscawen's vessel. M. D. Horquart, the captain of the *Alcide*, enquired if he meant peace or war? Howe repeated his orders, and told him to prepare for the worst, as he expected a signal from the admiral's ship to fire. The two vessels were now close to each other, and Howe discovered ladies on board, and other civilians as passengers;

and taking off his hat, he very politely informed them that he only waited for *them* to retire, and as they could have no *personal* concern in such matters, the sooner they made themselves scarce the better, for he had no power but to fire on them. The captain treating this courtesy rather contemptuously, a broadside was Howe's next language; and though his strength was unequal to that of the Alcide, in one hour she struck; and on her surrender, Howe is reported to have said to his crew, "My lads, they have behaved like men; treat them like men." The other ship struck to the Defiance. The Alcide had nine hundred men, chiefly troops, on board; their General was killed, and four officers of distinction who survived were now prisoners under Howe's charge.

"Thus commenced," says Sir John Barrow, "the war with France, known in our history as the seven year's war; in the naval part of which, Captain Howe, by his zeal, ability, and great exertions, raised for himself a name that led uninterruptedly and rapidly to the highest of the profession. In the early part of the year 1756, he was chiefly and actively employed in the channel service, and took some valuable prizes returning from the West Indies. The French, in the meantime, were marching down troops to coast about Granville and St. Maloes; and making great preparations for an invasion of Guernsey and Jersey. Reinforcements were sent from England to these islands; and such was the confidence which government placed in the skill, energy, and bravery of Howe, that in June, 1756, they conferred on that young officer the command of a squadron of ships—to be employed in the protection of, and to give confidence as well assistance to, these channel islands. His instructions were to harrass the enemy by every possible means, and to take possession of Chaussé and its islands, on which an Irish brigade, in the service of France, was stationed; and further, to disturb the intercourse of the enemy, between their northern and western provinces; in short, to harrass the coast wherever it should be practicable, and to capture and destroy their coasting trade. For this purpose, the squadron placed under his orders consisted of the Dunkirk, 480 men; Rochester, 850; Ludlow Castle, 250; Dover, 250; Deal Castle, 160; The Queenborough, 160; Ferret, 100;

Happy, 50; together with four transports, conveying troops for the defence of the islands of Guernsey and Jersey; and such was the expedition with which this armament was prepared for sea, that on the 13th of July we find Howe proceeding from Jersey to the island of Chaussé."

The work he was commissioned to perform, as related thus by Barlow, was speedily executed,—the island was taken possession of; and in order to make all secure against any plot of the French in mining operations, he caused all the works to be blown up, and thus effectually cut off any design the enemy might have upon the channel islands.

Howe's next employment, after returning to Plymouth Sound, in the Dunkirk, to refit, was in conjunction with Sir Edward Hawke and Admiral Knowles, under whose command a fleet was fitted out for extending operations, so as to be prepared for the increasing strength of the French. Along with this fleet were 700 land forces, commanded by General Mordaunt. Of the whole company, Horace Walpole has given us a graphic description. He says,—“Mordaunt had a sort of alacrity in daring, but from ill health was grown more indifferent to it. Conway was cold in his deportment. Cornwallis was a man of a very different complexion; as cool as Conway, and as brave; he was indifferent to everything but to being in the right. General Howard was one of those sort of characters who are only to be distinguished by having no peculiarity of character. Under these was Wolfe, a young officer, who had contracted reputation from his intelligence of discipline. Sir Edward Hawke, who commanded the fleet, was a man of steady courage. Howe, brother of the lord of that name, and third in the naval list, was undaunted as a rook, and as silent,—the characteristics of his whole race. He and Wolfe soon contracted a friendship like the union of cannon and gunpowder.”

It was about the 22nd of September, 1757, that, on account of the necessity of immediate action, the admiral prepared to attack the Isle of Aix. Two French ships lying there, seeing the approach of the English, slipped their cables and dropped down the river Clarente. The *Magnanime*, Howe's ship, was ordered to lead the van, and

our hero stood undaunted on the deck until within forty yards of the fort, when he opened upon them a most destructive fire. In half an hour they fled from their guns, and surrendered. Twenty-eight pieces of cannon and eight large mortars frowned from this fort upon the gallant hero and his dauntless crew. Two brass twelve pounders were afterwards presented to Captain Howe for his great bravery on that occasion.

Howe next distinguished himself in the *Essex*, on board which vessel his broad pendant was again displayed, as betokening his readiness for service. "On this occasion," says Sir John Barrow, "another personage of no small importance embarked on board the *Essex*, for the purpose of being placed under the charge of Commodore Howe, by order of the king. This was no other than Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York, then in his nineteenth year, with the view of being instructed in the duties of the service as a midshipman."

Howe had instructions to land, if it should be found practicable, at Cherbourg, on the coast of Normandy, and to attack the batteries there, destroy the fort, and capture the town in the name of His Britannic Majesty. And the dauntless warrior was very soon at the destructive work, according to orders. We have not space to enter into detail, and tell how he fired bombs and thundered his cannon against the devoted town; but in his official dispatch to government, he says: "That the forts and batteries along the coast were deserted as troops advanced (after he had effected a landing for General Drury), adding, "I moved the fleet this morning to Cherbourg Road, to be assisting in the further operation of the troops, as the lieutenant-general may recommend."

Howe, on this occasion, blew up the French magazines, burnt all the ships in the harbour, amounting to thirty sail of the line. Twenty-two brass ordnance, and three brass mortars, with about one hundred pieces of cannon were brought away, and the different kinds of French stores of ammunition, shell, shot, and powder he destroyed or cast into the sea. Never were orders more promptly executed than on this memorable occasion.

Our hero next turned his attention to Granville, as an object of attack, according to his instructions. On the 3rd

of September, he anchored off St. Lunaire, and the next day effected a landing of troops. The commodore now went ashore to reconnoitre and consider his next best movement. On this occasion the young Prince Edward accompanied him, and the enemy having learnt something of Howe's movement, at that instant commenced firing, and it was a miracle that the brave commodore and his royal highness escaped; a cannon shot, fired from a great distance, exhausted itself close to the foot of the prince.

On the conclusion of his operations—which, though not so decidedly victorious as his feats at Cherbourg, were sufficient to “quell the haughty foe”—Howe returned to England. The various cannon, mortars, standards, and innumerable implements of war, after being publicly exhibited in Hyde Park, were drawn in triumph, accompanied by processions and military music, to the Tower, there to be deposited in memory of those gallant victories over the French.

On the 10th of March, 1758, Commodore Howe was married to Mary, the daughter of Chiverton Hartop, Esq., of Welby, in the county of Leicester; and in July of the same year, his brother, George Augustus Lord Howe, fell in his country's service, while acting under the command of the brave Abercrombie, in America. The Commodore, as next of age, succeeded to the title and estates of the family, as Viscount Howe, of Langar.

In 1760, we find Lord Howe again on board his old ship, the *Magnanime*, attached to the Channel fleet; and sailing out under the command of Hawke, to dispossess the French of the island of Damet, which was accomplished after a slight resistance.

In 1763, Lord Howe was appointed to a seat at the Board of Admiralty. In March, 1775, he was appointed Rear-Admiral of the White; and in December of the same year he was created Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

On the 15th of February, 1776, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the North American Station, and received a joint commission with his brother, General Sir William Howe, already there, to treat with the revolted Americans, and to take measures for the restoration of peace with the colonies.

On the 11th of October, 1782, he valiantly entered the

Bay of Gibraltar, in opposition to the combined fleets of France and Spain ; who, though writhing with crushed pride, had not the courage for an open action.

It was shortly after his return to England that he purchased the estate of Porter's Lodge, in Hertfordshire, for his place of retirement when ashore. In doing this, he caused his library to be fitted up so as to resemble the cabin of his flag-ship.

In August, 1789, our hero was created an Earl of Great Britain; and on the commencement of hostilities with France, at the particular request of His Majesty, he accepted the command of the Channel fleet.

We must here, of necessity, make a digression from the tenor of our way, to say a few words respecting the renewal of the war ; or the reader may be lost in the mazes that we now call him to pursue, in following the naval career of Admiral Howe.

On the 2nd of January, 1793, a British sloop-of-war, of 16 guns, the Childers, Captain Barlow, was cruising in the Channel, near the harbour of Brest, when a shot was fired at her from one of the batteries of that fort. The English captain, thinking there was some mistake, and that his vessel was not known, hoisted his colours; but to his surprise both the forts of Brest harbour, on the instant, hoisted French colours, and, as speedily as possible, fired together upon the lonely sloop, which the flood tide was every moment drifting nearer to them. As good fortune would have it, however, a breeze as instantly came off the shore, and bore the Childers out to sea, where their murderously intentioned shot could not reach her. This affair was soon made known in England, and as may be supposed, was not passed over in silence. To add circumstances of a grievous nature inimical to the late treaty of peace, was becoming of daily occurrence ; but when towards the close of the month the French National Convention encompassed the death of Louis XVI., England gave prompt orders for the French ambassador to quit the country ; and on the 1st of February 1793, the National Convention declared war against Great Britain and the United Netherlands. This was answered by a counter declaration by England on

the 11th; Spain also declaring war against France at the same time.

"The first action of this celebrated war," says Allen, "was fought on the 13th of March, 1793, between the British 16-gun brig, *Scourge*, (but which had only eight of her guns, long six pounders, mounted), commanded by Captain George Brisac, and the *Sans Culotte*, French privateer, of 12 guns, eight long 8-pounders, and four English 12-pounder carronades. The action took place off Scilly, and lasted three hours; but in the end proved victorious to the *Scourge*, which lost in the action, out of her crew of seventy men and boys, one man killed, and one wounded. The privateer, out of a crew of eighty-one, had nine killed and twenty wounded.

"The first British officer who lost his life in this war was Lieutenant Western, of the *Syren*, 32 guns, who in command of a gunboat (the gun of which he was at that time levelling), was actively co-operating with the forces under the orders of H R.H. the Duke of York, at the Noord, on the Moordyke, on the 21st of March, when he received a musket-ball through his head. He was buried at Dordrecht, and to which place his remains were followed by the Duke of York, who ordered a suitable monument to be erected to his memory."

The same naval chronicler informs us of other feats, as connected with the by-play of the two nations on the commencement of the war, before any general action took place, and which we quote as undoubted authority.

"On the 14th of April, a squadron under Rear-Admiral Gell, bound to the Mediterranean, consisting of the *St. George*, 98 guns; *Ganges*, *Edgar*, and *Egmont*, 74 guns; with the *Phæton* frigate, fell in with and captured the General Dumourier privateer, mounting 22 long six-pounders, and 196 men, with a Spanish galleon, which she was conveying to a port of France. The galleon was from Lima, with a cargo valued at £200,000. Both were taken to Plymouth, and after much litigation were condemned. The seizure of this recaptured ship, though perfectly legal, occasioned a great sensation at Madrid, and was one of the principal causes of the war which afterwards broke out between Spain and Great Britain.

"On the 13th of May, at 5 p.m., being in lat. 42° 34' N.

and long. 13° 12' W., the British 12 pounder 32-gun frigate, *Iris*, Captain George Lumsdaine, while standing to the southward, with the wind at north-east, discovered a sail on her weather quarter. The *Iris* hauled to the wind to close the stranger, and at 6 p m. hove to. The stranger, which appeared to be a French frigate, having hauled up on the weather quarter of the *Iris*, the action commenced and continued until 8, when the enemy made all sail to windward and escaped. The *Iris* endeavoured to make sail after her, but her foremast, maintopmast, and mizenmast, went over the side in the attempt. The *Iris* reached Gibraltar five days afterwards, and it was conjectured that she had engaged the *Medea*, of 36 guns, which statement subsequently appeared in the London journals; but it was afterwards pretty clearly ascertained that her opponent was the *Citoyenne Françoise*, an old French 32-gun frigate, then a privateer, which ship arrived at Bordeaux in a shattered state. Out of a crew of 217, the *Iris* had four seamen killed, her first lieutenant, master (Mr. Magee), mortally, and 30 seamen and marines wounded. The *Citoyenne*, out of 250, had her captain, (Dubedal), and 15 men killed and 37 wounded.

“On the 17th of June, the 36-gun frigate, *Nymphe*, Captain Edward Pellew, sailed from Falmouth on a cruise. On the next day at 3h. 30m. a.m., the start bearing east by north five or six leagues, a sail was discovered to leeward, and the *Nymphe* bore up under all sail. At 5h. the stranger, the French 36-gun frigate, *Cleopatre*, shortened sail, and awaited the approach of the *Nymphe*. At about 6h. a.m., the *Nymphe* having hauled up on the weather quarter, the *Cleopatre* hailed, and was answered by three cheers from the *Nymphe*. Captain Mullon, the French commander, then came to the gangway, and, waving his hat, exclaimed ‘Vive la Nation!’ his crew making a noise in imitation of British cheers; at the same time the *Cleopatre* filled and bore up. At 6h. 15m. the *Nymphe* having taken up her station on the starboard quarter of the *Cleopatre*, a furious action commenced, both the frigates running before the wind within hail. At 6h. 30m. the *Cleopatre* suddenly hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, but her mizenmast and wheel being both shot away, she paid round off before the wind, and fell on board the

Nymphe, her jib-boom passing between the fore and main-masts, and pressing hard against the latter. As the main and spring stays were shot away, the mainmast was expected every moment to fail, but the jib-boom of the French ship gave way, and the mast kept its place. Both ships then dropped alongside head and stern. The Cleopatre's main-topmast studding sail boom-iron having hooked the leech rope of the Nymphe's maintopsail, the mainmast was again endangered, but the top-man, named Burgess, sprang aloft and cut away the rope, and at the same time the lieutenant let go the anchor. The Cleopatre was then gallantly boarded, and at 7h. 10m the republican colours were hauled down!

"The Nymphe had her boatswain (Tobias James), one master's mate (Richard Pearce), three midshipmen, 14 seamen, and 4 marines killed. Her second lieutenant, 2 midshipmen, Lieut. Whittaker of marines, 17 seamen and 6 marines wounded; altogether 63 killed and wounded. The action, though highly honourable to both, was especially so to the French captain and his crew, whose defence lasted while the possibility of resistance remained. The captain (Mullon), was wounded in the back and hip by a round shot; and it is related of him, that having in his pocket the list of coast signals in use by the French, he took what he considered to be the paper, and died biting it to pieces.

"On the 21st the Nymphe arrived at Portsmouth with her prize; and on the 29th Captain Pellew, with his brother, Captain Israel Pellew, who was a volunteer on board the Nymphe, were introduced by the Earl of Chatham to King George the Third. The honour of knighthood was conferred on the senior, and the rank of post-captain on the junior brother. The first lieutenant, Amherst Morris, was made a commander. The prize was purchased into the service, and named Oiseau."

Other actions of a similar kind are recorded about the same period; and in the month of August, 1793, a victorious feat performed by Hood at Toulon, stands foremost; but of that admiral's exploits we shall speak bye and bye. And now we will resume our life notice of Howe.

On the 2nd of May, 1794, Lord Howe sailed out with a fleet of 34 ships of the line, protecting about 400 sail of con-

voys for various destinations. On the 28th of May, the period arrived that dawned like rising glory around the path of Howe, as he trod the deck of his far famed ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, of 100 guns, and our annals will long bear testimony how on that day the enemy was first discovered; and although they endeavoured to keep some miles to windward, the van of Lord Howe's fleet came in contact with some of them during the night. The *Audacious*, 74, and the *Bellerophon* (Rear Admiral Pastley's ship), had a slight skirmish with the three deckers of the French rear line. On the morning of the 29th Lord Howe, notwithstanding a heavy sea, and the enemy lying to windward, having an idea that his plan (that of passing through the French line) was not properly understood, and as there was now no time for long counsel or instruction, tacked and broke through the enemy's line of battle, cutting past the fifth ship from the rear, his own ship, *of course*, taking the lead, and there did he for some time stand, more like a magic creature of romance than anything else, cut off from his fleet, along the weather side of the French line, unappalled by the frowning gloom of the enemy.

Having poured severe broadsides into the French ships, *Eole*, *Terrible*, and others, about five o'clock both fleets fell into line. During the night a thick fog came on, and this prevented anything of a decisive nature until Sunday the 1st of June.

What the feeling of British sailors are when far from the endearments of their native land, the homely hearth, and the smile of kindred; out on the deep sea, waiting, in the dense fog of a distant clime, for the moment when active duty calls them to be the familiars of horror in its most appalling forms, can only be known to the experienced. Diben says—

“ While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard;
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot his hard.

But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log;
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.”

On the first of June, the fog having cleared away, Howe

made signal to the squadron under his command, that he purposed an attack upon the centre of the enemy's line, which consisted of twenty-six ships, and the British of twenty-five. The French are reported to have *waited* for the attack. About half-past nine, an opening roar of cannon from Howe's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, announced the commencement of the celebrated action. In less than one hour, ten dismasted wrecks marked the ruin of the enemy's centre; and at 1h. 10m. the main work was accomplished!

The battle was one which will be connected with the link of naval victories, long as the finger of history shall point to the past; and the name of Howe will never be forgotten, though the trophies were few. Many of the enemy's ships surrendered; and others were in such a dismasted and crippled state, that a single broadside from a British ship must have compelled them to strike; yet the following were the only prizes of the victory of the first of June: *Sans Pareil* and *Juste*, 80 guns,—*America*, *Impetueux*, *Achille* and *Northumberland*, 74 guns.

Several interesting anecdotes of the "First of June," have been preserved by the biographer of Lord Howe. While the *Marlborough* was hotly engaged with the *Impetueux*, one of the seamen boldly leaped on board to "pay the Mounseers a visit," and when asked to take a sword for his defence, replied "I shall find one where I am going." He fulfilled his purpose for he returned in safety with two French cutlasses in his hand.

A cock released from its coop by a stray shot, perched, in the heat of the action, on the stump of the mainmast, and when the hearts of the men were failing, flipped his wings and crowed loudly—much to the encouragement of the seamen, who, with three ringing cheers, regarded it as an omen of victory, and fought with renewed vigour.

Captain Harvey, of the *Brunswick*, displayed throughout the engagement a heroism worthy of British seamen. Knocked down by a splinter, and seriously injured, he leaped again to his feet, and refused to quit the deck. A chain-shot afterwards shattered his right arm, but as he was being removed below, he cried out to his men—"Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty. Continue the action with spirit, for the honour of our king and country, and

remember my last words—the colours of the Brunswick shall never be struck!” The figure-head of this well-fought ship represented the Duke of Brunswick wearing a regulation “cocked hat.” In the action it was carried off by a chance shot. The crew immediately went aft, and petitioned the captain to give them another out of respect to the Duke, and receiving one of the commander’s own cocked hats, they persuaded the carpenter to nail it on to the bare figure-head, where it remained throughout the engagement.

A young midshipman serving on board the Queen Charlotte—Lord Howe’s own flag-ship—was placed in a position of so much danger that the admiral, out of compassion for his extreme youth, commanded him to descend between decks. The young hero looked up in his chief’s face, with all the modesty of true courage, and respectfully replied, “What, my lord, would my father say were I not on deck during the action.”

After the fight was done, and the victory assured, the seamen of the Charlotte requested the admiral to permit them to thank him for having led them to so glorious a triumph. He received them on the quarter-deck, but in reply to their hearty congratulations, his feelings would only suffer him to falter—“No, no, I—I thank *you*, my lads; it is you, not I, that have conquered.”

On the 3rd of June, Lord Howe made homeward sail, and on the 13th arrived off Spithead. When his lordship landed, salutes were fired, bells were rung, and bands of music went before him, playing, “See the Conquering Hero comes!” The veteran seaman was now sixty-nine years of age. On the 26th of the same month, their majesties, with three of the princesses, arrived at Portsmouth, and proceeded the next morning in barges to visit Lord Howe’s ship, the Queen Charlotte, at Spithead. A royal ocean levee was held on board, and the victorious Howe was presented with a sword enriched with diamonds, worth three thousand guineas; a gold chain, and a suitable medal, from the hands of the king of England, as a token of the nation’s regard for “a true British sailor.” It is reported that the admiral was desirous of recommending the crews of the expedition to the notice of the king, and said, among other things relating to their unflinching courage and skill

in the hour of danger, "'Tis not I, 'tis those brave fellows (pointing to the seamen) who have gained the victory." Howe received at this time the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; and the freedom of the City of London in a gold box. He held the command of the Channel fleet till May, 1795, when he resigned from ill health.

On the 2nd of June, 1797, he was invested with the insignia of the Garter. Howe rendered great service to Government this year, during the alarming mutinies that so distressed the nation; and laboured almost more than his infirmities would allow, in restoring loyalty and order among the men in our harbours, with whom he had acted in concert on the stormy seas.

Admiral Lord Howe died, in Grafton Street, on the 5th of August, 1799. His remains were removed for interment to the family vault in Nottinghamshire. According to a motion made in the House of Commons, in October following, a monument was erected in St. Paul's, from a design by Flaxman, being a full length figure of the earl—with Minerva sitting behind the right shoulder, holding a trident; near his left foot as a lion *couchant*; Clio, the Muse of History, is engaged writing (while another looks on, in wonder, at the heroic page) "Gibraltar relieved, October 11th, 1782. The French fleet defeated, June—" The prow of his good ship, the Queen Charlotte, is on the left of the figure; and on the front compartment is a suitable inscription.

In concluding this brief memoir of the brave Admiral Earl Howe, we give one or two quotations from Sir John Barrow's excellent work,* as illustrative of the public life and private character of so great a man.

"His breaking through the line, and bursting the ensign of Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse's flag-ship on the one side, and grazing, on the other, the Jacobin's mizen-shrouds with her jib-boom, was an exploit which has not been equalled, though approached nearly by Collingwood, eleven years afterwards, in the battle of Trafalgar, when the Sovereign cut the line and breasted the stern of the Santa Anna. The Queen Charlotte would, no doubt, have either sunk or captured the Montague had not her foretop-

* Life of Richard Earl Howe, K.G.

mast been shot away; and just as the French admiral's fire had nearly ceased, the maintopmast fell over the side, which gave the Montague the opportunity of making off to leeward without the possibility of the Charlotte following her. Her hull was completely damaged. The tremendous broadside poured into her stern, as the Charlotte was passing through the line, made a hole large enough, as one of the sailors said, 'to row the admiral's barge through it.'

"As the Charlotte was advancing down towards the French line, with a determination to pass through it, so compact did it appear, that Lord Howe expressed a doubt whether there was room to pass between the Montague, of 120 guns, and the Jacobin, of 80. Lord Howe, however, was determined to pass through, or run on board the enemy's flag-ship, or the Jacobin; on which Captain Bowen, with that blunt and resolute tone, so peculiar to him, called out, 'That's right, my lord—the Charlotte will make room for herself.' On his first appointment to the Queen Charlotte, this unpolished but shrewd and clever seaman was in the habit of addressing the commander-in-chief as 'My Lord.' One day Lord Howe said to him, 'Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal "My lord, my lord;" don't you know I am called "Black Dick" in the fleet?' (the sobriquet by which he was generally known to the sailors).

"Just as the Queen Charlotte was closing with the Montague, Bowen was ordered to starboard the helm; to which he remarked, that if he did so they would be on board the next ship. 'What is that to you, sir?' said Lord Howe, rather sharply. Bowen, a little nettled, said, in an under-tone, 'D—n my eyes if I care, if *you* don't: I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers.' Lord Howe heard him, and said to another officer, 'That's a fine fellow!'

Howe was a thorough seaman in theory and practice; it has been said that, "in tactics and discipline, Admiral St. Vincent was a disciple of his;" and of the part played by that officer we shall speak anon.

Other matters of naval importance claim our notice during the year 1794, although the most brilliant exploit

of the time will ever stand recorded with Howe's name, on the 1st of June.

It was sometime during the month of April that Lord Hood sailed for the purpose of reducing Bastia, the capital of Corsica; and on that expedition figures Captain Horatio Nelson, who was at that time commander of the *Agamemnon*; "and who," says Allen, "throughout this harrassing service evinced that unceasing energy and zeal which characterised all his actions, and eventually made him the idol of the British navy;" but as we shall give full scope to our recording pen when the great hero comes under our biographical notice, we must pass on to scenes as they rise upon the moving calendar of events.

On the occasion to which we have now drawn the reader's attention, it appears that Lord Hood gave the command of a body of seamen, to be employed on shore (at Bastia), to Captain Nelson, who fitted up a temporary battery on the embankments: at the same time Captain Serocold was ready with an old gun-frigate, the *Proselyte*, as a floating battery. At a given signal both these opened a destructive fire upon the devoted town; in the course pursued, however, it was found that the *Proselyte* was on fire, and the crew as instantly abandoned her, and she was given up to the devouring flame. The siege, notwithstanding, was continued for thirty-seven days, and now the garrison gave in to the British victors on honourable terms. After this, the same party, commanded by Captain Nelson, took Calvi and other places of strength about the island of Corsica; so that, for the time, the French were routed.

At Calvi, Nelson lost the sight of his right eye; Captain Walter Serocold, his brave companion in arms, was killed. Allen, the naval historian, says, "Among the vessels found in the port of Calvi were the 40-gun frigate, *Melpomne*, and the 32-gun frigate, *Mignonne*, the former of which, for many years, graced the lists of the British navy, but the latter was burnt as unserviceable."

During the same period we have chronicled to us, by the same faithful delineator of naval actions above alluded to, the exploits of Captain Pellew, and the squadron under his command:—"On the 23rd of April, at 4h. a.m., Guernsey bearing north-east, distant seven leagues, the wind south-

south-west, a squadron consisting of the following: The *Arethusa*, 38-gun frigate, Captain Sir Edward Pellew; the *Flora*, Commodore Sir J. B. Warren, Bart.; *Melampus*, Captain Wells; *Concorde*, Sir Richard Strachan; the *Nymphé*, Captain Murray; and four 36-gun frigates: being on the starboard tack, discovered four sail ahead on the larboard tack, which proved to be a French squadron, consisting of the *Engageante* and *Resolue*, 36-gun frigates; the *Pomone*, 44, and the *Babet*, 20-gun frigates.

“The French squadron formed in line ahead; the *Engageante* leading, crossed the bows of the British squadron, and the *Flora*, the headmost ship of the British, on reaching the enemy’s wake, tacked, followed by the *Arethusa*, *Melampus*, and *Concorde*; but the *Nymphé* was too far astern to tack with her squadron. The wind shifting to the south soon after the British ships had tacked, enabled them to weather the enemy; and at 6h. 30m., the *Flora*, being then abreast of the rearmost French ship, opened her fire. She, however, pushed on, engaging, in succession, the *Babet*, *Pomone*, and *Resolue*. At 7h. 30m., having her maintopmast shot away, and being much crippled in masts, yards, and rigging, the *Flora* dropped astern; but her place was soon occupied by the *Arethusa*. The *Engageante* and *Resolue* then set every sail they could crowd, and endeavoured to make off, leaving the two sternmost ships, *Pomone* and *Babet*, to their fate. At 8h. 30m., the latter, having lost her foretopmast, surrendered.

“The *Pomone* having now to sustain the united fire of the *Arethusa* and *Melampus*, in a short time lost her main and mizen masts, and being reduced to a defenceless state, at 9h. 30m. hauled down her colours, and was taken possession of by a boat from the *Arethusa*. The *Concorde* and *Melampus* meanwhile made sail after the *Engageante* and *Resolue*, and brought the former to action at a little past noon. The *Resolue* gallantly bore down to support her consort, and having taken her position across the *Concorde*’s bows, did great damage to her rigging and sails. Sir Richard Strachan having at length brought the *Engageante* to close action, that ship, at 1h. 45m. p.m., after a brave defence, struck her colours. The *Resolue* escaped into Morlaix.

“The loss of the British squadron was as follows:—

Flora, 1 killed and 3 wounded; Arethusa, 3 killed and 5 wounded; Melampus, master and 4 men killed, and a lieutenant of marines and 4 men wounded. The Concorde sustained no loss whatever. The squadron suffered principally in masts and sails. The Pomone's loss, on the contrary, was very severe, amounting to near 100 killed and wounded; and the Babet and Engageante suffered in proportion. The Pomone, a 24-pounder frigate, of 1,239 tons, was, without doubt, the finest French frigate afloat; she was added to the British navy under the same name."

About the same time that Howe was approaching the English shores with the prize ships he had taken at his celebrated victory, a naval fight was witnessed by the inhabitants of Guernsey; and the English commander who shone conspicuously on that occasion was Captain Sir James Saumarez. The detail however, being rather tedious, and exceeding our limits, and as no prizes were taken, we pass on to the 17th of June, when the 50-gun ship, Romney, commanded by Captain the Hon. William Paget, while protecting some English merchant vessels from Smyrna to Naples, fell in with a limb of the enemy in the shape of a French frigate, under the island of Miconi, in the Archipelago.

Captain Paget resigned his merchant charge to an English ship-of-war then lying in the offing, and made sail for the enemy, ordering them to surrender. This, however, was not only resisted, but Captain Paget had also to stand the fire of an auxiliary of two armed merchant vessels; but nothing daunted, the Romney played upon them after the true English fashion, and in one hour and twenty minutes the frigate, which proved to be the Sybille, 40 guns, struck her colours, and was afterwards brought to England, where, being a new vessel, finely built, and of great value, was added to the British navy. Upon her deck forty-six Frenchmen lay dead and 112 wounded, when she surrendered.

We are further informed by the same historian, that "On the 21st of October, the British 38-gun frigate, Artois, Captain Edmund Nagle, being in company with the 38-gun frigates, Arethusa, Diamond, and Galatea, Captains Sir E. Pellew, Sir S. Smith, and Richard Goodwin Keats, gave chase to the French 40-gun frigate, Revolution-

aire. The Artois took the lead in the pursuit, and having arrived up with her, engaged her for forty minutes, and on the approach of the Diamond, the French frigate surrendered, having 8 killed and her captain and 4 men wounded. The Artois had Lieutenant Craigy, of the marines, and 2 seamen killed and 5 wounded. The Revolutionaire was a splendid ship of 1,148 tons, and under the same name was added to the British navy. Captain Nagle received the honour of knighthood, and his first lieutenant, Robert Dudley Oliver, was made a commander."

It was also in the early part of this year (1794) that the island of Martinique was taken possession of by the combined naval and military forces of Admiral Jervis and Lieutenant-General Sir George Grey. Other daring feats of a similar character and weight might be added to the few we have here selected; but such a proceeding would levy too great a charge upon our present undertaking; and we again solicit the attention of our courteous readers to the memoirs of a distinguished warrior of England's wooden walls.

" Albion's hopes were raised to greatness;
Her they served in utmost need;
Honour nerv'd their matchless daring,
Patriots bade their fleets, God speed!"

It was on the 17th of February, 1794, that Admiral Sir Edward Hughes closed his career at Luxborough, in Essex, and left behind him a name allied to British naval glory. Though he never had the good fortune to rise to that eminence which distinguished his compeers in the hardy warfare of a sea life; yet he was highly esteemed for services in the Channel, and also in the East and West Indies, where those with whom he acted ever found in his skill and courage all that could adorn the British sailor.

Admiral Hughes was the son of Edward Hughes, Esq., for several years the Mayor of Hertford. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1740, while acting under the command of Admiral Vernon. In 1777, Lord Sandwich appointed him to the East India Station, and his flag at that period was hoisted on board the Salisbury, 50 guns.

On the 23rd of January, 1778, he was created Rear-

Admiral of the Blue; and about that time he had under his command a fleet for the reduction of the French settlement of Goree, on the coast of Africa, which he speedily accomplished.

In November, 1781, he (in conjunction with Sir H. Munro) attacked the Dutch settlement of Negapatam, in the district of Tanjore. The place, though defended by a garrison of 8000 men, surrendered to the victor. His death took place exactly twelve months after his promotion to the rank of Admiral of the Blue: he was considered to be a brave, but prudent commander; and for his nautical skill, and sound judgment in the placing of ships for action, was highly esteemed; but above all this, he was strictly honourable in all his dealings, and possessed a kind and benevolent heart.

The next ocean warrior whose deeds hold a priority of claim on our attention is Adam Duncan. He was born on the first of July, 1731, at Dundee, of which town his father was provost, in the year 1745; and there young Duncan received his education. In 1749 we find him as being a junior officer in the *Centurion*, then commanded by Admiral Keppel.

On the 10th of January, 1755, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and immediately after, through the kindness of his friend, Admiral Keppel, he was appointed to the *Norwich*, and sailed out to Virginia.

On the 21st of September, 1759, he was raised to the rank of commander. In the engagement with Don Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 16th of January, 1780, Captain Duncan won his first distinguished laurels. It is reported that when he was pressing after the enemy with all the sail he could carry, he was warned of the danger he would incur by plunging into the midst of the enemy's great ships, which were close ahead of him, and he unsupported:—"I wish to be among them directly," said he, with the greatest coolness. The agitation of the sea, and the position of the wind, soon gratified him, and he found himself within engaging length of his adversaries. One Spanish frigate, much longer than his own ship, the *Monarch*, was close alongside of him; while two others, of the same rate, lay within musket shot, to leeward of him. The action commenced destructively; but such was

the smoke, that some of his antagonists (having had quite enough of his broadsides) escaped, leaving one vessel to the fury of Duncan's wrath. It was very soon his prize, and proved to be the *Augustin*, of 70 guns.

Having shown the strength of his nautical skill, and given evidences of his unflinching courage in the hour of danger, we find him, in 1782, appointed to the *Blenheim*, of 90 guns. A great portion of his services was passed in company with Lord Howe, and, consequently, is already noticed in our sketch of that distinguished man; but in 1783 he was appointed to the *Edgar*, 74, in which vessel he cruised in the Channel for three years.

On the 14th of September, 1787, he was created Rear-Admiral of the Blue; and on the 22nd of September, 1790, to the same rank in the white squadron. He was raised to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue, on the first of February, 1793; and on the 13th of April, 1794, to be Vice-Admiral of the White.

In April, 1795, he was appointed commander-in-chief in the North Seas; and hoisted his flag on board the *Venerable*, of 74 guns, sailing out with a fleet to intercept the aggressions of the Dutch. This engagement of Duncan's does not, however leave us many reminiscences of that character that must occupy our pages; but when we turn a little further into the pages of history, we are pleasingly interested with the man and the commander, as evinced by his heroic, but humane conduct, in suppressing the mutiny at the Nore. As the affairs of the mutiny are beyond our jurisdiction, we shall not attempt to describe the nature or peculiar features of so unpleasant a circumstance; but we find that on Sunday, the 27th of May, 1797, the disaffected of the fleet under Duncan's command mounted the rigging and gave three cheers; the marines were instantly called to arms, and six of the ringleaders were seized, and brought before the admiral, who addressed them as follows:—"My lads, I am not in the smallest degree apprehensive of any violent measures you may have in contemplation; and though I assure you I would much rather acquire your love, than incur your fear, I will, with my own hands, put to death the first person who shall presume to display the slightest symptom of rebellious conduct;" and having turned round to one of the mutineers, he said,—“Do

you, sir, want to take the command of this ship out of my hands?" "Yes, sir, replied the fellow, with the utmost assurance; the admiral instantly raised his arm, with an intention to plunge his sword into the mutineer's breast, but he was prevented by the chaplain and secretary, who seized his arm, from executing a justifiable act of summary punishment. The blow, however, was saved; and then, turning to the ship's company, "Let those," said he, "who will stand by me and my officers, pass over immediately to the starboard side of the ship, that we may see who are our friends and who are our opponents." In an instant the whole crew left the six promoters of the mutiny standing alone: they were instantly ironed as prisoners; but the humane admiral set them one by one at liberty, as they repented of their conduct, and promised steadier fidelity. The same crew afterwards earned great fame under their gallant commander, who had some severe conflicts with De Winter, the Dutch admiral.

On the 17th of October, 1797, Duncan returned home, after having silenced the Dutch, and done several efficient services. In the same month he was created a Baron of Great Britain by the titles of Baron Duncan and Lundie, and Viscount Duncan of Camperdown: he also received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and a sword was presented to him by the citizens of London, valued at two hundred guineas, with the freedom of the City.

On the 30th of October, the king went down to Duncan's ship, off Sheerness, and thanked him as he had, on a former occasion, the gallant Howe. It was also about the same period that a public procession passed along the streets of London, to return solemn thanks, at St. Paul's, for the victories over England's enemies, and the defence vouchsafed to these shores. The occasion was marked by naval pageantry. The various foreign colours, taken on different occasions, were borne along by those who had assisted in taking them: for instance, the hero of our present sketch carried in person the Dutch flag which he had won so gallantly.

Admiral Duncan married, in 1777, the daughter of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Scotland, by whom he had a numerous family. After retiring from the permanent duties he so ably filled, little was heard of his declining

years ; and in 1804 he died at Kelso, in Roxburghshire.

The two commanders who flourished about this period, and whose names became "household words" along with those of the heroes we have last named, were Admiral Hood, and Jervis, Earl St. Vincent. The first of these was the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Hood, Vicar of Butley, Somersetshire.

This naval hero was born on the 12th of December, 1724, and made his first service trip in the *Romney*, 64 guns, as midshipman ; and in 1746 he stepped on board the *Winchelsea* as lieutenant.

Of his success in February, 1759, we have already acquainted the reader in our brief notices of the naval events of that year ; we may, however, add to the same date, his marriage with Susannah, the daughter of Edward Linzee, Esq., of Portsmouth.

In 1778, Hood was created a baronet, and nominated a commissioner of the dockyard, at Portsmouth ; the year following he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue ; and in 1780, he sailed for the West Indies, in the *Barfleur*, of 98 guns. During the American war, but more especially in the action fought off St. Christopher's, in 1782, Hood distinguished himself to the satisfaction of the Admiralty, and to the glory of British naval arms. Much of his time was passed with the gallant Rodney, and it would be only a repetition of the same victories to enumerate several of the brilliant periods in the lives of those of our later admirals. It was after he had shared in the fame that gilded the laurels of Rodney, at St. Domingo, and the remaining batch of disaffected Dutch West Indian settlements, that Hood was raised to the dignity of Baron Hood, of Catherington, in Ireland.

Admiral Hood was for some time Governor of Greenwich Hospital. In May, 1796, he was created a British peer, by the title of Viscount Hood, of Whitley, Warwickshire. Three years afterwards we find him recorded as Admiral of the White ; he also finally became Admiral of the Red. He died at Bath, on the 27th of January, 1816, in the ninety-second year of his age.

In giving a summary of the actions for 1793, that talented naval historian, Wm. James, says : — " The

Spanish admiral, on the 23rd, wished Lord Hood to recognize the recent appointment (by his Catholic majesty) of a Lieutenant-General Valdez to the rank of commander-in-chief of the combined forces at Toulon. This, Hood very properly resisted; averring with truth, that Toulon and its dependencies had yielded to the British troops alone. By way of enforcing his demand, Don Langara, under the pretence of shifting the berths of his ships, placed his own three-decker alongside, and two other three-deckers, one on the bow, the other on the quarter, of the Victory, Lord Hood's flag-ship. At this time, be it known, the British fleet had been reduced, by the departure of successive detachments, to only ten; while the Spanish fleet amounted to seventeen sail of the line. Lord Hood's firmness, however, was not to be shaken; and matters remained in their former state."

Hood is said to have possessed promptitude of decision, coupled with extraordinary coolness and judgment; and such valuable acquisitions in the character of a naval commander, not only entitled him to the respect of his brother officers, but won for him universal esteem throughout the navy, and which was cordially responded to by the nation.

" Who paints how Britain struggled and prevail'd,
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye
 Of circumspect humanity;
 Shall show her cloth'd with strength and skill,
 All material duties to fulfil;
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam:
 Pierce as the flood-gate bursting at midnight
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream!"*

That distinguished naval commander, Admiral John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, was the son of Swynfen Jervis, Esq., of Meaford, in the county of Stafford. The father of our hero held a situation in the Admiralty, and was auditor of Greenwich Hospital; and at ten years of age the son followed the footsteps of the father, and went to sea. In 1749, we find him recorded as a midshipman on board the Gloucester, of 50 guns, on the Jamaica station. Six years after, we trace him to the Neptune, a lieutenant

* Wordsworth.

under Admiral Saunders. He was also at Quebec in 1759.

In 1774, he was appointed to the *Foudroyant*, of 84 guns, taken from the French; and it was on board that vessel that he cruised about the Channel, and eventually took the *Pallas*, a French frigate of 32 guns, and 220 men. This officer was the first appointed to a copper-bottomed ship.

In April, 1782, Captain Sir John Jervis sailed out with the *Foudroyant*, in Barrington's squadron, and shared in the honours of Keppel, Howe, and other victors successively. In 1787, he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and in 1790, Admiral of the White. In 1795, he suffered a great loss in the burning of his flag-ship, the *Boyne*: his health also was, for a time, materially injured. On his recovery, he was appointed to succeed Admiral Hotham in the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean. He sailed out in the *Lively*, a British frigate; and on his arrival hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, 100 guns.

On the 5th of October, 1796, Spain declared war against England, and the honour of Britain was placed in the keeping of Sir John Jervis.

On the 6th of February, 1797, Sir John, at the head of a strong force of ships, made for Cadiz, with the hope of obtaining intelligence of the Spanish fleet. On the evening of the 13th, the enemy was hailed within sight, and the order was given to prepare for battle on the following morning.

The dawn of the 14th was obscured by a gathering mist, through which, however, the officer on the look-out discerned the Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-five large men of war, and commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova. As these vessels were successively made out through the surrounding fog, Captain Calder from time to time reported their number to the admiral.—“Ten sail of the line, Sir John.” “Very well, sir.” “Fifteen sail of the line, Sir John.” “Very well, Sir.” “Twenty sail of the line, Sir John.” “Very well, sir.” “Twenty-three sail of the line, Sir John.” “Very well, sir.” “Twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John,” finally reported Captain Calder, removing his spy-glass, and drawing a long breath. “Twenty-five; is that all?” asked the imperturbable com-

mander, coolly. "Were there *fifty* of them, I'd go through them all!"

Sir John Jervis now prepared for immediate action, and ranging his fleet of twenty-two vessels into two compact lines, he advanced towards the enemy. By this time the Spanish had also disposed themselves in order of battle, but so irregularly as to form two groups separated by wide intervals. The English admiral, noting this weak point, determined first to cut off the six detached ships, and afterwards to attack the main body.

The Spanish admiral, misconstruing this movement, imagined that the intention of the English was to engage with the detached ships which were now crowding all sail to gain the main body. But we have already shown that the object which Sir Jervis had in view was, as it were, to shut the smaller body of vessels out, and thus weaken the entire force. While the English ships were executing this manœuvre, the Culloden answered the signal in so prompt and able a manner, as to extract from the admiral a noble tribute of praise. "Look, look at Trowbridge!" said he. "Does he not manœuvre as if all England were looking at him? Would to Heaven all England were present to appreciate, as I do, the gallant captain of the Culloden!"

Notwithstanding this formidable and damaging movement of the British fleet, the Spanish division left to leeward gallantly endeavoured to force its way through and join the main body. But this attempt was anticipated and foiled, the vessels being driven back in utter confusion by a tremendous fire. One ship only, the *Oriente*, succeeding in accomplishing the desired object.

The Spanish admiral now in turn endeavoured to effect a junction with his separated ships; but in endeavouring to gain the rear of the English line, he was intercepted by Nelson, who was then acting as commodore, and who, with one of those bold, masterly, and rapid movements for which he subsequently became so famous, materially influenced the fortunes of the day. In short, no sooner was this feat accomplished than the Spaniards were compelled to act purely on the defensive, and stem, the best they might, the torrent of war that overwhelmed on every side.

As this was one of the early scenes of Nelson's bravery, it will scarcely be considered out of place here to furnish

in his own characteristic language, a description of his boarding the San Josef, one of the largest and most formidable ships of the Spanish fleet, as follows:—

“The soldiers of the 69th, doing duty as marines, with an alacrity that will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson of the same regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy’s mizen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant; he was supported from our spritsail yard, which hooked on the mizen-rigging. A soldier of the 69th regiment having broken the upper quarter gallery window, I jumped in myself, and others followed as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and some Spanish officers fired their pistols; but, having broken open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier fell as he was retreating to the quarter-deck of the vessel. I pushed onwards immediately for the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign was being hauled down. I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pearson along the larboard gangway to the forecastle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen; they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets opening from the admiral’s stern gallery of the San Josef, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the San Nicholas, and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains. At this moment, a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds. I asked him, on his honour, if the ship was surrendered; he declared she was; on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call on his officers and ship’s company, and tell them of it, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to William Fearnay, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the

greatest *sang froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson (of the 69th), John Sykes, John Thompson, and Francis Cook (all old Agamemmons); and several other brave men, sailors, and soldiers: thus fell these two ships."—*From Nelson's Letter.*

The battle of Cape St. Vincent began at 12 a.m. and ceased at 5 p.m., when the enemy were completely defeated. Four ships surrendered, ten were severely damaged, and the rest escaped. The Spanish loss was about 400 killed and 600 wounded. The British loss was also considerable, and several vessels were disabled.

Sir John Jervis's skill and bravery on this occasion caused him to be created Earl St. Vincent, with a pension of £3,000 per annum. A gold chain and medal were given him from the hands of the king; the freedom of the City of London and other marks of metropolitan favours were showered thick upon him: while Vice-Admiral Parker and Admiral Thompson were created baronets; and Vice-Admiral the Hon. W. Waldegrave was favoured with a government situation of eminence: but such are the singular phases of those who are subjected to the smiles or slights of fortune—the HERO who penned the letter we have copied for the reader,—the man who "jumped through the window" of the upper gallery of the Spanish ship, and to whom, to say the least of it, much praise was due,—he was merely created a Companion of the Bath. However, his day came at last, and his fame was

"Not for an age, but for all time."

Admiral Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, was in every way worthy of the dignities that his king and country lavished upon him; and his trials were ended as the warfare of such hardy Britons should be—in peace and quietness. He died on the 13th of March, 1823, in the ninetyeth year of his age.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd?
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom's sons shall oft repair
With fame, to twine green laurels there."

"Whatever interest may be taken," says a talented reviewer. "in the achievements of an army, it is far inferior to the appeal which is made to our passions, by the union of personal powers, and individual mental energy. By all regular systems of military tactics, the exercise at least of these qualities must be generally separated; so much is said about echelons and deployments, columns and hollow squares, that we seem to be contemplating mere masses of inert matter, driven about by some extraneous cause, and whose impulse and effect can be best calculated by the laws of dynamics. The semblance of volition is too much obscured in rank and file. The gallantry of each individual arm is lost in the compact charge; and thus, from causes which are somewhat analogous, sailors have more of the rough enterprise of ancient chivalry than soldiers. The admiral of a fleet shares all the common danger of his men; and they have greater scope for individual exertion and sagacity. The cutting of a vessel out of a hostile harbour rivets our attention; and the chase of a frigate rouses our anxiety for the result, more than the rout of a discomfited army." We cannot withhold our expression of assent to these observations; and, doubtless, many of our readers, after taking a retrospective view of the individual enterprise recorded in these pages, will agree with us in placing the hardy tar foremost in the chronicles of warlike daring; and surpassed by none in his untiring perseverance and enduring fortitude, when he is once fairly on the seaward track of the enemies of old England. He is

"The bravest of the brave."

A veteran naval officer, of no small celebrity, who departed this life within a few days antecedent to the death of Admiral St. Vincent, was also one who ought not to be forgotten as a son of the ocean. In Glasgow, about the year 1746, was born George Keith Elphinstone. He was the fifth son of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone, by Clementina, only surviving daughter of the Earl of

Wigtoun. Having received an education suitable to the profession for which he was intended, George Keith went to sea, in 1762, on board the *Gosport*, then commanded by Captain Jervis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent). The young seaman shifted his berths from one ship to another, serving for various periods in the *Juno*, *Lively*, and *Emerald* frigates, until, about the beginning of 1767, he went out to China, along with his gallant, though less famous, brother, the Hon. W. E. phinstone. Two years after this, he joined the squadron of Commodore Lindsay, as lieutenant; and after serving some time in India, he returned to England, and was made first-lieutenant in the flag-ship of Sir Peter Dennis, cruising in the Mediterranean. In 1772, he was made commander, and appointed to the *Scorpion* man-of-war.

On the 11th of March, 1775, we find him commissioned as post-captain, and appointed to the *Marlborough*, 74 guns; he subsequently went out to the American coast, serving under the gallant Howe, by whom he was highly esteemed as a person of great nautical skill.

In January, 1781, our hero captured the *Rotterdam*, a Dutch ship-of-war, having three hundred men aboard, and carrying 50 guns. As captain of the *Warwick*, he had the honour to have Prince William Henry out with him, a royal midshipman; this circumstance laid the foundation of a lasting friendship.

In the spring of 1794, he was honoured with the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and on the 4th of July, in the same year, raised to the dignity of Rear-Admiral of the White; and created knight of the Bath. He now hoisted his flag on the *Barfleur*, 98 guns, and formed a portion of the Channel fleet. During the following year, Sir George Keith was sent out to the Cape, as commander of a squadron, his own flag-ship being the *Monarch*, 74. In this service he gained the laurels that are awarded by a grateful country for deeds of hardihood and perseverance. His enemies were the Dutch; but Sir George allowed them little rest until Cape Town was evacuated, and that valuable colony taken possession of by the British. The gallant admiral's next employment was in the Indian seas; and in a comparatively short space of time, the islands of Ceylon,

Cochin, Malacca, and the vast chain of the Moluccas, fell into the hands of the British Government.

Having been tossed about from ocean to ocean, serving energetically and skilfully, wherever duty called, on the 3rd of January, 1797, Admiral Keith arrived at Spithead; and on the 7th of March following was created Baron Keith, of Stonehaven Marischal. In 1798 he was out at Gibraltar with Earl St. Vincent; and sometime during the following year he hoisted his flag on the famous *Queen Charlotte*, 100 guns, and was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet. His subsequent services added to his lasting fame. Admiral Lord Keith died at Tulliallan House, on the 10th of March, 1823, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

We think this a not inappropriate place in our little volume to present the reader with a series of brief narratives, illustrative of naval courage and endurance, occurring between the years 1780 and 1800; and although the majority of the actors concerned did not move in the foremost rank, the deeds they accomplished were nevertheless of the highest order, and serve as worthy pendants to the renowned actions of mightier chiefs.

Captain Elliot Salter commanded the English frigate, *Santa Margareta*. Early in the morning of the 29th of July, 1780, while cruising off the American coast, he discerned a strange sail, and instantly gave chase to her. On nearer approach, she proved to be the *Amazon*, a French frigate, of 36 guns, and 301 men. Captain Salter was about to attack her when he saw eight French ships of the line bearing down upon him. It would have been madness for the English captain to stand on the offensive upon such unequal terms; he had no alternative, therefore, but to get out of the enemy's reach as speedily as possible. The French frigate now became the pursuer, and, with the squadron of eight ships in her wake, crowded all sail after the *Santa Margareta*; but the English ship, being a fast sailer, was enabled to elude the French vessel, and she, after a fruitless chase of some hours, stood back in order to rejoin her companions. It appears, however, that the eight vessels were by this time out of sight, and the French frigate was left alone. Seeing this, Captain Salter determined upon carrying out his original resolution, and stood after the

French vessel to attack her—the latter in the same spirit turned about, and the two ships were face to face. In order to appreciate to the full the gallantry of the English commander, it must be borne in mind that the eight vessels, although for the present unseen, were doubtless in the immediate neighbourhood, and could, at any moment, advance and overwhelm the English frigate. But the commander and his brave crew cared not to weigh these considerations, for, let the hazard be what it might, an engagement was to be fought. The action commenced at five o'clock, the French firing the first broadside. The *Santa Margareta* waited until she got near to the Frenchman, when she raked him fore and aft; the remainder of the engagement, which lasted for nearly an hour and a half was carried on within pistol-shot of each other, when the French frigate was compelled to strike her colours. Owing to the disabled condition of the *Amazon*, it was determined to transfer the prisoners from her into the *Santa Margareta*, and then burn her. But by the time about seventy of the prisoners had been removed, the whole hostile fleet were discovered close at hand. Thus pressed, Captain Salter was compelled to abandon his prize, having previously destroyed all the rigging that remained standing.

Although, as we have seen, the engagement was a warm and close one, the damage sustained by the English frigate was trifling, and she had no difficulty in escaping from her pursuers. She had one officer and four men killed, and seventeen wounded; while the French vessel, according to their own account, had seventy killed and about eighty wounded.

This disparity of loss is in keeping with the whole affair, and renders it one of the most deadly, as well as one of the most daring conflicts recorded in the naval annals of England.

During the war with France in the year 1780, a French vessel, the *Comte d'Artois*, was stationed on the coast of Ireland for the express purpose of harassing the trade of that country. The depredations she had committed, rendered her notorious, and several English vessels were commissioned to look out for her. The honour and good fortune of meeting with the intruder was reserved for the

Bienfaisant, commanded by Captain Macbride; and the circumstances under which the capture was effected are peculiar and striking. Early one morning, Macbride saw a vessel standing off the Old Head, Kinsale; and, although she had English colours flying at the mast, the shrewd and wary English captain suspected her. He accordingly ranged up with the enemy, and while entering into conversation, was at the same time endeavouring to get his ship into the most favourable position for action. The Comte d'Artois (for such the strange vessel was) was at the very same moment making her preparations, so that they had not gone far side by side before hostilities commenced. This was done by Captain Macbride placing the Bienfaisant on the enemy's bow, and pouring in upon her such a raking fire, that, after a short and feeble resistance, she was obliged to surrender, her loss being 21 killed and 35 wounded; while that of the Bienfaisant was only 3 killed and 22 wounded, and the vessel so little injured as to bear scarcely any traces of having been in action.

Another sharp and decisive engagement was fought by Captain Macbride, who, when in command of the Artois, a frigate of 44 guns, was chased by two vessels of 24 guns and 150 men each. The incident is narrated in his own words, as follows:—"About two o'clock a.m., I brought both the ships to action, but paid attention only to the one on our quarter, till we had effectually winged her; then we pushed forward and closed with the other which was engaged on our bow. In about thirty minutes she struck; we sent a boat on board to take possession, and wore round after the other, who was making off, but who was also struck on our coming up. They proved to be the Hercules and Mars, commanded by two Hogenboomes, father and son, inhabitants of Flushing. The father was well known last war by the nickname of John Hardapple; he had a privateer schooner with a French commission, and did much mischief to our trade. He was sent for on purpose to command these privateers." In this action the Hercules had 13 killed and 20 wounded; the Mars 9 killed and 15 wounded; while the Artois had only 1 man killed and 6 wounded.

In this officer's career, an incident occurred which exhibits his humanity and courage in a pleasing degree.

At the time that small-pox was raging on board of his ship the *Bienfaisant*, he fought and captured a Spanish vessel, the *Phoenix*. On the termination of hostilities, instead of bringing the prisoners on board his own ship, as is customary on such occasions, he, from motives of humanity, sent a lieutenant and party of men to take possession of the prize, at the same time drawing up the following agreement:—

Bienfaisant at Sea, January 18th, 1780.

“The small-pox being on board *H. M. S. Bienfaisant*, of a malignant kind, the feelings of a British officer cannot allow him to introduce an infection even among his enemies. From this consideration, and the very gallant defence made by Admiral Langara and his officers, Captain Macbride consents that neither officers nor men shall be removed from the *Phoenix*, taken by *H. M. B. ships* *Defence* and *Bienfaisant*, Admiral Langara being responsible for the conduct of the officers and men; and in case that we fall in with any Spanish or French ships of war, he will not suffer Lieutenant Thomas Lewis, his officer, to be interrupted, in conducting and defending the ship to the last extremity, agreeable to his orders; and if, meeting with superior force, the ship should be retaken, and the *Bienfaisant* fight her way clear, Admiral Don Juan de Langara, his officers and men, are to hold themselves prisoners of war to Captain Macbride upon their parole of honour (which he is confident with Spanish officers is ever sacred) likewise, if the *Bienfaisant* should be taken, and the *Phoenix* escape, the Admiral Don Juan de Langara, his officers, &c., will no longer be prisoners, but freed immediately. In short they are to follow the fate of the *Bienfaisant*.

(Signed,) “JOHN MACBRIDE,
“JUAN IG DE LANGARA.”

It may be satisfactory to learn that this agreement was scrupulously abided by, and both ships some time after safely arrived in Gibraltar Bay.

The *Hector*, an old man-of-war, had become so bruised and battered from the number of engagements she had been in as to be almost unseaworthy. In the month of August, 1782, she set sail from Jamaica for England with a crew of 300 men, chiefly composed of invalids from Sir G. Rodney's

fleet. On the 5th of September, she fell in with two French frigates, L'Aigle and Le Lion, each of 40 guns, and with crews of 300 men exclusive of a great number of troops. These two vessels instantly bore down upon the Hector and simultaneously attacked her. The firing of the French vessels was furious and incessant; the fire of the Hector was necessarily slack, and her movements slow. After awhile, the enemy noting the disabled state of the English vessel and the invalided condition of the men, essayed to board her, deeming the task an easy one. But this attempt was repulsed with great vigour. The boarding party were driven back to their ships with fearful slaughter and a most sanguinary contest ensued, which lasted for six hours, at the end of which time, the French ships fled, and escaped being captured owing to the crippled state of their antagonist; they were however so badly used, that two of our cruisers took them before they could reach their appointed station. In this murderous conflict, 46 of the Hector's crew were either killed or wounded, every officer without exception received some injury, and the Captain, Bouchier, was put *hors de combat*, soon after the fight commenced, and was carried below.

As a matter of course, the disabled condition of the Hector was much aggravated by this action; her masts, rigging, and sails were almost shot away, and her battered hull all but torn to pieces. The condition of her crew was rendered much worse by the fatigue and exposure of the fight. In this miserable plight, and but a few days after the action, a terrific storm arose, in which the Hector parted with her rudder, and all her masts, the vessel sprang a leak, and nearly the whole stock of provisions and the fresh water were rendered unfit for consumption. The vessel was expected to sink every moment, and it was necessary to ply the pump incessantly; the exertion thus required was almost too much for the enfeebled crew, and in many instances they could be only kept to their work by Lieutenant Innman, (upon whom the command of the ship had devolved) standing over them with a loaded pistol in each hand. Numbers of the men absolutely fell dead from sheer exhaustion while endeavouring to execute their enforced duties. Lieutenant Innman, himself, had no rest or repose of any kind for fifteen days. Hour by hour, the

saving of the ship appeared to be more and more hopeless. The decks gradually sank, and some of the beams of the orlop deck actually fell into the hold; and disease and death in many hideous shapes were working their way in all parts of the vessel. At length when all hope had left them, and they were about to give themselves up to that fate against which they had struggled so hard, a sail providentially appeared. Once again the dying and despairing crew were invigorated with new life, and the pumps were manned and worked till the approaching vessel came within hail. The vessel proved to be the Hawke, commanded by Captain John Hill, who immediately applied himself to the ship's relief, and had all the survivors taken on board his vessel. Lieutenant Innman, refused to quit the Hector until he had seen every man out of her, and within ten minutes of his leaving the vessel, she sank. To accommodate the rescued men on board the Hawke, Captain Hill had the greater part of his cargo thrown overboard, and to eke out the scanty supply of provisions, a very limited allowance was apportioned to each individual. Happily, however, the vessels made St. John's, Newfoundland, the same evening. On landing, the distressed mariners were received most hospitably and tended most kindly by the inhabitants, while the seamen, who properly regarded Lieutenant Innman as their preserver, cheered him through the streets of St. John's, amidst the applause of the populace.

The name of Captain Luttrell is connected with an action of extraordinary gallantry, in which single-handed, he opposed himself to no less than five ships.

At daybreak, on the 12th of December, 1788, Captain Luttrell was cruising with his vessel the Mediator, when he discovered five strange sail, which on nearer view proved to consist of a French ship of 64 guns and two frigates, accompanied by an American frigate and brig. For one ship to attempt an engagement against such fearful odds would, according to ordinary reasoning, appear madness. But Captain Luttrell determined that he would *try* what he could do, calculating that if he were not able to beat the enemy, he could at any rate have a brush with them, and rely upon the fast-sailing qualities of his ship to keep him out of mischief. Having so disposed his vessel that it could manœuvre with the utmost quickness, Captain Luttrell

bore down upon the foe. By one bold and happy stroke he succeeded in cutting off one of the French frigates and the American brig, both of which took to their heels, still leaving the other three vessels which formed the chief part of their strength to carry on the action. Quickly following up his first advantage, Captain Luttrell succeeded in cutting off the American frigate, and instantly compelled her to surrender, the two French ships—meanwhile, sailing off under heavy press of sail. Having secured the prize, which proved to be the *Alexander* of 24 guns, Captain Luttrell pursued the two flying Frenchmen. After an exciting chase of nearly six hours, he came up with the 64 gun ship which was now alone, the frigate having departed in another direction. It was now between nine and ten o'clock p. m., and quite dark; the *Mediator* had ranged up within pistol-shot, on the enemy's quarter, and was preparing to pour in a broadside, when the Frenchman declined the engagement, and struck her colours. Captain Luttrell now set sail for Plymouth with his two well-earned prizes. On their homeward voyage a plot was attempted by the late commander of the *Alexander* and some of the crew to retake her, but Captain Luttrell soon discovered, and put down the attempt, and succeeded in bringing the captured ships home in safety. It only remains to be told that the *Mediator* was a 44-gun ship, and that, although she was attacked by an aggregate force of 134 guns and 640 men, she had not a single man either killed or wounded! The enemy's loss, owing to the escape of three of the vessels, it would be difficult to state exactly, but may be computed at 20 killed, and between 50 and 60 wounded.

The defence of the *Alexander* by Captain Bligh, affords one of these instances of untiring and sustained courage, of which there are so many illustrations in England's naval records.

In the month of November, 1794, two English ships, the *Alexander* and the *Canada*, each of 74 guns, were sailing homeward in company, when off Cape St. Vincent, they passed within half a mile of the French squadron, consisting of five sail of the line, three frigates and a brig. The French ships no sooner caught sight of the English vessels than they gave chase, seeing which, the commander of the *Alexander* and the *Canada*, deemed it expedient to

part company, and accordingly took separate courses. To cope with this design the enemy divided his squadron into two forces, two ships of the line and two frigates giving chase to the Canada, while three ships of the line and two frigates went in pursuit of the Alexander. As the pursuit was carried on, the Alexander from time to time fired her stern-chase guns, hoping to disable her pursuer; she could not however accomplish this, every moment brought them to closer quarters, and at length after a chase of upwards of five hours, the French vessels got within gun shot, and brought the British ship to close action. Against this unequal force, the Alexander struggled gallantly for two hours, at the end of which time the other three French vessels, which had been fruitlessly pursuing the Canada, returned and joined in the action. The remainder of the engagement was carried on, therefore, by the Alexander singly against the whole French squadron; this lasted for an hour longer. By this time the ship had become so disabled—for the enemy fired incessantly at the sail and rigging, and the case appeared so hopeless, that it was only exposing the men to danger without achieving any object, that Captain Bligh, after consulting with his officers, came to the painful conclusion that there was nothing left for them but to surrender. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to 40; and some idea may be gathered of the severity of the French loss, when it is stated that they were compelled to put into the port from which they had recently sailed for the purpose of refitting.

It is to be regretted that on this occasion the victors abused their easy conquest, instead of according to their defeated antagonists that chivalrous consideration which their gallantry undoubtedly entitled them to. The captured crew of the Alexander were lodged in loathsome dungeons, half starved, and subjected to ignominious treatment worthier of common felons than prisoners of war. As some extenuation, however, it may be stated that the French fleet was at this period commanded by officers in the pay of the Revolutionary government, which at that moment appeared to delight in the exercise of cruelty at home and abroad.

One of the objects of the English in the war with France during the period of the Revolution was the reduction of

their West Indian territories. For this purpose a combined naval and military expedition under Sir John Jervis and Sir George Grey was sent out. In the execution of this general design, an attack on the island of Martinique was determined on; and this place was the strong works of Fort Royal, which protected the harbour, and which it was resolved to carry by escalade. The plan of the attack was to land the naval and military force in the ship's boats, which were to advance under cover of the guns of the *Asia*, of 74 guns, and of the brig *Zebra*, commanded by Captain Faulkner. These arrangements were frustrated through the unaccountable conduct of the *Asia*, which stopped short in its advance, and declined to approach the fort sufficiently near to fulfil the task assigned it, namely, to engage the enemy's attention, and in so doing, draw off their fire from our troops. In this dilemma, Captain Faulkner, foreseeing the impossibility of the landing of the boat's crews, if exposed to the guns from the fort, determined to take the lead which the line-of-battle ship had resigned, and to take upon himself the sole responsibility of a duty in which he was expected to play only a minor part. The events that followed cannot be better described than in the official despatch of Sir John Jervis, who says: "The *Zebra*, whose puny broadside was of little avail against stone walls, having been under a heavy fire of grape-shot for a great length of time, which Captain Faulkner, his officers, and ship's company stood with a firmness not to be described, he determined to undertake the service alone; and he executed it with matchless intrepidity and conduct, running the *Zebra* alongside the walls of the fort, there being deep water close to, and, leaping overboard at the head of his sloop's company, assailed and took this important port; the enemy terrified at his audacity, striking their colours before the boat could get ashore; although they rowed with all the force and determination which characterize English seamen in the face of an enemy." Sir John Jervis continues, "no language of mine can express the merit of Captain Faulkner upon this occasion, but every officer in the army and squadron bears testimony to it. This incomparable action cannot fail of being recorded in the page of history. It was my duty to reward it at the moment, which I did, by purchasing the French frigate *Bienvenu*,

captured that morning, and giving Captain Faulkner the rank of Post captain in her, and re-naming her the Undaunted." In the execution of this daring achievement, one man only, the pilot, was killed. The circumstances of his death, are, from their singularity, worth recording. Upon Captain Faulkner giving orders for the sloop to be placed close under the walls of the fort, he noticed a certain hesitation in the man's manner as though he did not much relish the work in hand, in order to test his suspicions of the pilot's courage he went up to him, and asked some trifling question, to which in a trembling voice he gave some unconnected and incoherent reply; but hanging his head with shame, he said to the captain, "I see, sir, you have detected me. I am unfit to guide the vessel. I dont know what has come over me. I dreamt last night I should be killed, and am so afraid that I dont know what I am doing; I never in all my life felt afraid before" To this abject confession Captain Faulkner replied in a low tone, "The failure or success of this enterprise depends upon the steering of the vessel, give me the helm, and go you and hide yourself in any part of the ship you conceive to be the safest; but as fears are contagious, keep yours to yourself, or your life shall answer for it to-morrow." Overwhelmed with shame and confusion, the man went and sat down on the arm-chest, whilst Captain Faulkner plied the helm, and with his own hands laid the vessel alongside the walls of the fort; but he had scarcely done so, ere a cannon-ball struck the arm-chest, and killed the pilot instantaneously. The following letter in which Captain Faulkner narrates this bold venture to his mother, exhibits him in the amiable light of a christian gentleman, a modest man, and an affectionate son, as well as that of a courageous sailor, and will repay perusal:—

"HONOURED MADAM;

"On the 20th of this month I was made Post captain in the Undaunted, a French frigate of 28 guns, captured in Fort Royal Harbour, the magazine and arsenal of all the French West India islands; the whole island has surrendered to the British arms. The Zebra has been employed during the whole siege, and I have moved alternately on land and on shore. At the storming of Fort

Royal, a circumstance so fortunate happened to myself that I cannot help relating it. I had a ship's cartouche-box, which is made of thick wood, buckled round my body, with pistol cartridges for the pistol I carried by my side. As the Zebra came close to the fort, a grape shot struck my right hand knuckle and shattered the cartouche in the centre of my body. Had it not miraculously been there, I must have been killed on the spot. Thanks to Almighty God for his kind preservation of me in the day of battle.

"This important island being secured, the fleet and army will next proceed to St Lucia, and then to Guadaloupe, where we expect to find but little resistance. The Admiral told me to-day, I was immediately to go into the Rose, a removal which will be very pleasant to me, as she is an excellent English frigate, quite manned, and in good order Adieu, my dearest mother; may this find you well and happy, prays your most affectionate and dutiful son

ROBERT FAULKNER."

"P.S. The Admiral has appointed me to the Rose, paying me such compliments that it is impossible for me to relate them. The sword and colours of Fort Royal were delivered to me by the governor of the fort, and I take the credit to myself, that after the Zebra had stood to heavy fire, and when we had the power to retaliate, for we were mounted on the walls, I would not allow a man to be hurt on their being panic-stricken and calling for mercy. It would take a volume to relate the events which have happened to me since I left England. The Zebra, when she came out of action, was cheered by the Admiral's ship, and the Admiral himself publicly embraced me on the quarter-deck and directed the band to play 'See the Conquering Hero comes.' Such compliments are without example in the navy; I never could have deserved them."

At the taking of the Island of Guadaloupe, which occurred soon after the writing of the foregoing letter, the energy and daring of Captain Faulkner were once more conspicuous, and to his individual effort the easy and almost bloodless capture of the place may be attributed. The fort of Fleur d'Epee is situated on the summit of an almost perpendicular mountain. Climbing up its side with wonderful dexterity, Captain Faulkner and his party surprised it and took it by sudden assault. There our

hero had another narrow escape for his life, for while pausing for a moment on the ramparts to recover his breath, which the steepness of the ascent had for a time deprived him of, a Frenchman suddenly sprang upon him and had his hand raised to stab him, when just at that moment one of his own seamen interposed, parried the blow, and shot the assailant.

The career of this gallant officer, was, however, destined to be as short as it was brilliant. A few months after this, namely, the 5th of January, 1797, while in action with a French frigate, he was shot through the heart.

Among what, without disrespect, may be termed the minor heroes of England, the subject of this brief memoir stands conspicuous. His conduct received especial and high commendation in the Houses of Parliament, and a public monument to his memory may be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The name of Captain Jeremiah Coghlan, is worthy of standing side by side with his, whose deeds we have just recorded. This officer originally belonged to the merchant service, and while serving in that branch of our navy, he performed a gallant deed which will for ever redound not only to his courage but his humanity. In the year 1796, the *Dutton*, a large East Indiaman was wrecked off Plymouth.* Several men-of-war were in the harbour, but none of their boats durst put off in the heavy sea. Mr. Coghlan, who was then with his ship, and a witness of the scene, manned a boat with volunteers and hastened to the relief of the sufferers. By exertion almost superhuman he thus succeeded in snatching upwards of fifty human beings from the jaws of death. The promptitude and courage displayed by Mr. Coghlan on this occasion, while it gained for him general approbation, especially aroused the attention of Admiral Sir E. Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, who invited him to enter the royal navy, and promised him his patronage. To this proposal Mr. Coghlan gladly responded. His advancement was rapid, and for several acts of conspicuous gallantry he was appointed to the command of the *Viper* cutter, in which vessel he performed a brilliant exploit described in a despatch from Sir E. Pellew to Lord St. Vincent, as follows:—

* See "Lord Exmouth."

“ My Lord,

“ I have true pleasure in stating to your Lordship, the good conduct of Lieutenant J. Coghlan, to whom for former gallant behaviour, you had given acting commission to command the Viper cutter. This gallant young man, while watching Port Louis, thought he could succeed in boarding some of the cutters or gun-vessels, which have been moving about the entrance of that harbour, and for this purpose he entrusted a ten-oared cutter from me, with twelve volunteers. On Tuesday, the 19th (July) he took the boat, with Mr. S. H. Paddon, Midshipman, and six of his men, making, with himself, twenty; and accompanied by his own boat and one from the Amethyst, he determined on boarding a gun-brig mounting three long 24-pounders and four 6-pounders, full of men, with springs on her cable, in a naval port of difficult access, within pistol-shot of three batteries, surrounded by several armed crafts, and not a mile from a 74, bearing an admiral's flag, and two frigates. Undismayed by such formidable appearances the early discovery of his approach (for they were at quarters), and the lost aid of the other two boats, he bravely determined to attack alone, and boarded her on the quarter; but, unhappily, in the dark jumping into a trawl-net hung up to dry, he was pierced through by a pike, several of his men hurt, and all knocked back into the boat. Unchecked in ardour, they hauled the boat further ahead and again boarded, and maintained, against eighty-seven men, sixteen of whom were soldiers, an obstinate conflict, killing six and wounding twenty, among whom were every officer belonging to her. His own loss was one killed and eight wounded, himself in two places, Mr. Paddon in six. I feel particularly happy in the anticipated safety of all wounded. He speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Paddon, and of the whole party, many of whom were knocked overboard, and twice beat back into the boat, but returned to the charge with unabated courage. I trust I shall stand excused to your Lordship for so minute a description, produced by my admiration of that courage which hand to hand, gave victory to our brave fellows over four times their number, and of that skill which formed, conducted, and effected so daring an enterprise.

(Signed) “ E. PELLEW.”

On the receipt of this despatch, Lord St. Vincent more than endorsed the eulogiums passed by Sir E. Pellew upon Lieutenant Coghlan, and strongly recommended him to the Admiralty for promotion. They, in their turn, were equally struck with admiration, and as Mr. Coghlan was not then qualified by the regulations for promotion, they obtained a special order from the King in Council to grant him a commission, and so confirmed him in the command of the Viper.

This officer distinguished himself on many subsequent occasions. He became extremely popular both with officers and men, and was generally known as "Jerry Coghlan." He was remarkable for his coolness under all circumstances, and also for several speeches and *bon mots*, which were alike apt and eccentric. When in command of *Le Renard*, a French brig *La Dilligente* hauled down her colours without offering any resistance although her force was equal to that of the English vessel. The French captain on ascertaining this fact asked permission to return to his ship and fight it out, a request which, of course, Captain Coghlan refused. The Frenchman then solicited a certificate to the effect that he had not acted *cowardly*. Captain Coghlan replied "No, I cannot do that, but I will give you one that shall specify you acted *prudently*." On another occasion when about to engage with a French privateer the General Arneuf, which terminated in the destruction of the latter, the French captain with overweening confidence in his own superiority, hailed *Le Renard* and ordered her to strike, to which demand, Coghlan replied through the trumpet, "Ay, I'll strike, and d——d hard too, my lad, directly."

In the summer of 1796, and just at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Captain Trollope, standing off the coast of Flanders, with his ship the *Glatton*, discovered six ships sailing in company, which he soon made out to be Frenchmen. Notwithstanding the disproportionate force, Captain Trollope directed his course straight towards the squadron, which, of course, nothing loth, placed itself in position and awaited the attack. By ten o'clock at night the *Glatton* stood alongside the enemy, she was received by a general fire from the six vessels simultaneously. The *Glatton* answered the fire when at pistol-shot distance, pouring in a tremendous broadside, which for a time seemed to paralyze the enemy. In the heat of the engagement,

the captain of the foremost French vessel, aimed at driving the Glatton upon an adjacent shoal, but in endeavouring to carry out this manœuvre, he was received with such a fire, as tore the ship's side to pieces and killed and wounded many of the crew. The Glatton then re-continued her engagement, which was carried on at two different points, so that one portion having loaded and run out the guns, left them to be pointed and fired by their comrades, while they hastened to the opposite guns and performed similar service there. It now appeared that the ship would be on the shoal every moment, and the pilot informed the captain of the impending danger, to which he replied, "When the French Commodore strikes the ground, do you put the helm a-lee." This order was followed by a rattling fire which shook the Commodore's ship to its centre. The French vessels, having by this time suffered considerably, stood off to leeward; and after two or three more well directed broadsides, they beat a retreat. The Glatton had thus defeated and put to rout her six opponents, but unfortunately was not able to pursue them, owing to her disabled state. Singular to relate, however, no men were killed and only two were wounded. The enemy however suffered terribly, one of their ships was sunk, and they had about 75 men killed and wounded. For this service Captain Trollope received the honour of knighthood, and the merchants of London presented him with a very valuable and handsome service of plate.

In the same year and month as that in which the preceding incident took place, a gallant achievement was performed by Captain M'Namara. The English fleet under Sir John Jervis was at this time employed in the blockade of Toulon harbour, when one evening, a French cruiser, afterwards ascertained to be the *Utile*, was detected in the act of endeavouring to steal into the Bay. The dashing character of Captain M'Namara being well-known, the admiral singled him out as the fittest to undertake this mission with these orders, "Bring out the enemy's ship if you can, but take care of the King's ship under your command." Thus charged, Captain M'Namara went on this expedition. The whole fleet witnessed the departure of the gallant vessel, and during the time it was lost to sight, awaited its return with the utmost impatience and

anxiety, for this was just one of those ventures which not only required the utmost boldness and address, but one which the merest accident might render abortive and disastrous. Throughout the night the roar of guns was heard with scarcely any intermission, but the dawn of day witnessed the return of the Southampton with her prize. The manner in which Captain M'Namara effected his object, we leave him to describe in his own words:—

“Southampton, off Toulon, 10th July, 1796.

“SIR,

In obedience to the orders I received from you on board the Victory's quarter-deck last evening, I pushed through the Grand Pass, and hauled up under the batteries of the NE of Porquerol, with an easy sail, in hopes I should be taken for a French or neutral frigate, which I have great reason to believe succeeded, as I got within pistol-shot of the enemy's ship before I was discovered, and cautioned the captain through a trumpet not to make a fruitless resistance, when he immediately snapped his pistol at me and fired his broadside. At this period, being very near the heavy battery of Fort Breganson, I laid him instantly on board; and Lieutenant Lydeard, at the head of the boarders, with an intrepidity no words can describe, entered, and carried her in about ten minutes, although he met with a spirited resistance from the captain (who fell) and a hundred men under arms to receive him. In this short conflict, the behaviour of all the officers and ship's company of the Southampton had my full approbation, and I do not mean to take from their merit by stating to you that the conduct of Lieutenant Lydeard was beyond all praise. After lashing the two ships together, I found some difficulty in getting from under the battery, which kept up a very heavy fire, and was not able to get through the Grand Pass before half after one o'clock this morning, with the Utile, corvette of 24 guns, French six-pounders, commanded by Captain François Vega, and 130 men, 25 of whom were killed and wounded.

(Signed) “J. M'NAMARA.”

The particular service of Lieutenant Lydeard, alluded to in this affair, deserves mention. The difficulty in getting from under the battery, which Captain M'Namara speaks

of was caused by the Utile being secured to the shore by a hawser. In the darkness of the night this was suspected rather than seen, and Lieutenant Lydeard passing from the bow to the stern, at length felt the obstruction, and severed the hawser by several blows of his sword. For this service Lieutenant Lydeard was promoted. His career was a short but glorious one. In 1808, his vessel, the *Anson*, was wrecked off the Cornish coast. Determined to stand by his ship and endeavour to save the lives of the crew, he himself took the helm, and in this position, exposure to a rough sea, and exhaustion, prevented him saving his life when the moment came for his doing so, and he was washed away and drowned.

The name of Captain Bowen is rendered memorable by several displays of courage and address. But in one engagement he more particularly distinguished himself, when with his gallant frigate, the *Terpsichore*, he fought and captured the *Mahonesa*, a Spanish frigate. It should be premised that, at the time this action was fought, Captain Bowen was within hail of the Spanish fleet, and his crew was considerably reduced and weakened by a lingering sickness, with which his vessel had been visited for many weeks. The details of this affair are given in the official dispatch of Captain Bowen, as follows:—

“On the morning of the 13th of October, 1796, at daylight, we discovered a frigate to windward, standing towards us; about eight, I could perceive her making every preparation for battle, and she was then apparently in chase of us. Our situation altogether was such as to prevent my being over-desirous of engaging her. Out of our small complement of 215 men, we had 30 at the hospital, and more than that number still on board on our sick and convalescent lists, all of whom were either dangerously ill or excessively weak. We were scarcely out of sight of the spot where we knew the Spanish fleet had been cruising only two days before; and, in fact, we had stood on to look for them, with a view of ascertaining their movements; a small Spanish vessel, which we conjectured to be a sort of tender, was passing us, steering towards Carthage, so that I could hardly flatter myself with being able to bring the frigate off in the event of a victory, or even of escaping myself, if disabled. On the other

hand, it appeared that nothing but a flight, and superior sailing could enable me to avoid an action, and to do that from a frigate apparently not much superior to us, except in bulk, would have been committing the character of one of His Majesty's ships more than I could bring myself to resolve on, I, therefore, continued standing on without any alteration of course. Having, with infinite satisfaction and comfort to myself, commanded the *Terpsichore's* crew for two years and a half, through a pretty considerable variety of services, I well knew the veteran stuff I had still left in health to depend upon for upholding the character of British seamen, and I felt my mind at ease as to the result of any action with the frigate in sight only. At half-past nine o'clock she came within hail, and hauled her wind to our weather-beam, and I conceived she only waited to place herself to advantage, and to point her guns with exactness; and being myself unwilling to lose the position we were then in, I ordered one gun to be fired as a trier of her intention. It was so instantaneously returned and followed up by her whole broadside, that I am confident they must have done it at the sight of our flash; the action of course went on, and we soon discovered that her people would not, or could not, resist our fire. At the end of about an hour and forty minutes, during which time we had twice wore, and employed about twenty of the last minutes in chase—she surrendered. At this period she appeared almost entirely disabled, and we had drawn close up alongside, with every gun fully charged and well pointed. It was, nevertheless, with considerable difficulty that I prevailed on the Spanish commander to decline the receiving of such a broadside, by submitting; and from everything I have since heard, the personal courage, conduct, and zeal of that officer—whose name is Don Thomas Agalde—was such during the action, notwithstanding the event of it, as to reflect on him the greatest honour, and irresistibly impressed on my mind the highest admiration of his character. After (from the effect of our fire) his boom had tumbled down, and rendered his waist guns unserviceable, all the standing rigging of his lower masts shot away, and I believe every running rope cut through, and a great number of his people killed and wounded, he still persevered, though he could

rally but few of his men to defend his ship, almost longer than defence was justifiable. Had there been the smallest motion of the sea, every mast must have inevitably gone by the board."

In this engagement the number of the guns and the strength of the crew were considerably in favour of the Spanish vessel; nevertheless, their loss was much larger than ours, namely, 80 killed and 35 wounded; while the English ship had only four wounded and none killed.

This brave officer did not live long to wear the laurels he had earned: within nine months of the above action, namely, July, 1727, he fell at the ill-starred attack upon Teneriffe, commanded by Lord Nelson, who, as well as Lord St. Vincent, paid a high tribute to Captain Bowen's memory.

On the 7th of August, 1798, Captain Bland with his sloop, *Espoir*, and forming part of the Oran convoy, discovered, when off Gibraltar, a large ship seemingly steering to cut off the convoy. Captain Bland knowing that if she proved an enemy, the preservation of the convoy depended upon his opposing her, hauled out from them and made all sail to meet her. She hove to, to receive the English ship, but would not hoist any colours, and when within hail, the captain ordered the *Espoir*, in an imperious manner, to "go to leeward of him and strike, or he would sink her," accompanying these words with a broadside; the English ship returned this with interest, and continued a very heavy fire of great guns and small arms. When the engagement had lasted above three hours, the strange ship called for quarter, begging of the English ship not to fire any more, and adding that he was a Genoese. The captain of the *Espoir* ordered him to lower his sails and come on board: he said he would, but hesitated. Captain Bland called out to him to come on board at once, or he would do his best to sink her; to which remonstrance he paid no attention, but continued shooting up to gain a favourable position for firing a broadside; seeing this, and being impressed with the folly of thus trifling with a big ship, the *Espoir* had every one of her guns double shotted, and poured in a broadside with such force that the strange ship recoiled again; and when the *Espoir* was on the point of repeating its punishment, the enemy again cried out,

begging of the English not to fire, that he was badly wounded, but would obey orders immediately; with this he lowered his sails, and all firing ceased. On securing her, the vessel was found to be the *Liguria*, a Dutch frigate sold to the Genoese, and mounting twelve 18-pounders, four 12-pounders, ten 6-pounders, twelve long wall-pieces, and four swivels, with 120 men on board. The *Espoir's* armament was fourteen 6-pounders only, and the number of crew about half that of the enemy.

During the war with Spain, in 1798, one of those disgraceful circumstances took place, which, happily for the honour of the British flag, are of rare occurrence. The crew of the *Hermione*, an English ship-of-war, in a moment of frenzy, and without adequate cause, mutinied, murdered nearly all their officers, and went over to the enemy. This dastardly and blood-thirsty act weighed heavily on the heart of every loyal seaman, and there was not an officer in commission but longed for the opportunity to retake the recreant ship, and to revenge the dishonour that had been committed. This act of retributive justice was reserved for Captain Edward Hamilton, of His Majesty's ship, *Surprise*.

In the month of October, 1799, while standing off the harbour of Puerto Cavallo, Captain Hamilton discovered the *Hermione* lying strongly moored between two powerful batteries, mounting about 200 pieces of cannon. The task would appear to be a hopeless one for a simple ship to cut out a vessel thus secured and protected, but the honour of England and the British navy were sufficient incentive to venture on the undertaking; and so Captain Hamilton was resolved. Calling the officers and men together, he communicated his design to them, and asked who would volunteer in the cause. The question was replied to by an instant and vociferous cheer of assent from the whole crew. One hundred volunteers were chosen for the service; these were told off into boats, divided into parties, with each their duties assigned them. The plan was for the captain himself, at the head of fifty of the men, to board the *Hermione*, while the remaining fifty were to cut her cables, and take her in tow, moving her towards the harbour where the *Surprise* lay in waiting with her guns primed and in position, and her crew ready armed to

second the efforts of the boarding-party. In the darkness of the night, and amidst the most profound silence the boats put off from the ship. But despite every precaution the party had not gone far before they were observed, for the Spaniards suspecting our intention, had kept a sharp look-out, and were in a state of perfect defence. To render matters more intricate, two of the English boats in the confusion ran foul of the Spanish guard-boats, and were prevented joining in the attack until long after its commencement. Captain Hamilton with ten of his men got first on board, and made themselves masters of the fore-castle; while the surgeon at the head of another party was equally successful on the larboard-bow. Taking the command of this combined force, Captain Hamilton advanced towards the quarter-deck, where a large number of the officers and crew were assembled, and there for nearly half an hour maintained a most desperate hand-to-hand fight. Just in the nick of time, and when the small English party were on the point of being overpowered, the crews of the other boats appeared on board, and the cables which held the vessel having been cut, she began to move a-head. With the accession of strength, the encounter became more equalized, and a very few minutes were sufficient to attest the superiority of the English. The slaughter was fearful, great numbers of the enemy were killed, some in their terror ran below and concealed themselves; while others, maddened by despair, jumped overboard. The main-deck was now in its turn attacked; the Spaniards endeavoured to defend it in vain,—they were absolutely mown down in heaps, and at length were compelled to cry for quarter. Meanwhile, the Spaniards on shore, not knowing who were masters of the ship, hesitated to fire; and by the time all doubts were settled, the *Hermione* had sailed beyond reach of their batteries, and, joining the *Surprise*, was once more under British power. The gallant achievement lasted exactly one hour and a half. The enemy had 119 men killed and 97 wounded, while the English had none killed and only 12 wounded! It was found that the *Hermione* had an armament of 44 guns, with a complement of 321 officers and men, 56 soldiers, and 15 artillerymen. This statement of the comparative force of the opposing parties, when taken

in connection with the result, render this engagement not only one of the most daring, but one of the most successful ever recorded.

It remains to be told that Captain Hamilton received several severe wounds, of which, however, he shortly recovered. On arriving in England, honours were showered upon him. He was knighted, and decorated with a gold medal commemorative of the action; the freedom of the City of London, together with a handsome sword, were presented him; and, in a variety of other forms, this gallant, praiseworthy, and gratifying exploit received recognition.

It would be a difficult matter (if we lay aside the one bright name, NELSON,) after so many eulogies bestowed by their various biographers on our celebrated naval commanders, to say, in common fairness, to whom the laurels of fame are pre-eminently due; perhaps, however, we do not overshoot the mark when we affirm that few have received more praise for seamanlike qualifications, combined with true courage, than Sir W. Sidney Smith. "An adventurous and brave hero," says Barrow, "though not exactly one of a hundred fights, but of as many perilous encounters, by sea and land,—partaking of the marvellous, the chivalrous, and the romantic."

He was born on the 21st of June, 1764, and before he was twelve years of age he commenced his naval career. At the age of sixteen he held the dignified position of first lieutenant on board the *Aloide*, 74 guns; and two years after this, we find him bearing the rank of commander. He commenced his chivalrous duties under Howe, Hood, and Rodney, and was engaged in several actions under the command of the latter. He evinced great bravery on the 12th April, 1782, when the gallant Rodney gained a complete victory over the French fleet, off the Leeward Islands, detailed in previous pages.

In the year 1788, by permission of the British government, Captain Smith entered into the service of Gustavus, King of Sweden, then at war with Russia: and for his daring conduct and naval skill, that monarch conferred upon him the order of "the Grand Cross of the Sword;" and on his return to England, the *London Gazette*, of the 19th of May, 1792, bears evidence of the English confirmation of

the Swedish Order, by announcing the "Ceremonial of the Investiture by His Majesty, at the request of the late King of Sweden, of Sir William Sidney Smith, Knight Commander and Grand Cross of the Royal Swedish Order of the Sword, with the Collar of the said Order, at St. James's, on Wednesday, May 16th, 1792."

After a short visit to Turkey, our hero was next engaged in the action off Toulon, under the command of Lord Hood. On this occasion he volunteered his services to fire a portion of the enemy's fleet, in doing which he had the aid of the Spanish auxiliary fleet; the incautiousness of the latter, however, had nearly cost him his life; and the object of his attack was not carried out. With unparalleled bravery Sir Sydney now advanced towards the enemy to complete his undertaking; but found it impracticable. His terrible and destructive fire had, nevertheless, quelled the pride of the enemy; and being subsequently sent with Admiral Hood's despatches to England, he was appointed to the command of the *Diamond* frigate, 38 guns.

While captain of this vessel, he achieved an exploit alike honourable to him, for the courage and humanity he displayed, and which is thus narrated in his own words:—

"*Diamond*, at sea, January 4, 1795.

"Sir,

"In pursuance of your orders, I this morning looked into the port of Brest, in His Majesty's *Diamond*, under my command, in order to verify the intelligence of the enemy's fleet being at sea.

"I went round the west point of Ushant yesterday, and the wind being easterly, I was obliged to work round to windward between the shoals off Point St. Matthew, and the rocks of the southward, in order to come near enough to look into the road. We observed a large ship under French colours, working in ahead; she took no notice of us, probably supposing that we were of the same nation, from our making so free with the coast. I hoisted French colours, having previously disguised the figure of the ship, in order to favour such a deception. The ebb-tide coming strong out of the harbour, the enemy's ship anchored, and I, at sunset, anchored astern of her. I was in hopes, when the flood made again, that she would have weighed and

proceeded up the passage, so that we might have done the same without approaching her so near as to risk the frustration of our object; but she continued to lie fast, and I was obliged to relinquish the going close enough to the harbour to make any observations, or to alarm the coast by attacking her, or else to pass her silently, and thereby to leave her in the channel of my retreat. I considered the occasion of my being detached from the squadron as an object of sufficient national importance to justify all risks, and accordingly weighed and passed her sufficiently near to observe by the light of the moon that she was a line-of-battle ship. As we proceeded we saw two other ships at anchor, one of which was evidently a frigate. Not being satisfied that I should be able to discern the anchorage plainly when the day should break, from my present position, I was obliged to go between these ships and the Tonlinquet rocks, observing the precaution, in passing, to give all orders in a low tone of voice, that the enemy might not hear us speak English; they took no notice of us, and by dawn of the morning of this day I had obtained a position, whence I could discern the anchorage of Brest sufficiently distinct to ascertain that there were no men-of-war in the road, which is the usual anchorage.

"I observed the wreck of a large ship on Mingan Island. It now became necessary to make the best of my way out of the passage; I accordingly altered my course for that purpose, taking a direction to repass the line-of-battle ship. A corvette which was steering in a parallel direction to us, was the first to take alarm at this change of movement. She brought to, making signals, which communicated the alarm to the other two ships, and both hoisted their topsail yards immediately, and began getting under sail; my situation now was extremely critical. I saw, by the course the line-of-battle ship had taken, her intention to cut me off in my passage between her and the rocks so that I could not effectuate it. There seemed no alternative, but to remove their alarm, by a conduct that should bespeak ourselves unconcerned. I accordingly steered down directly within hail of this ship, which lay in my way between Basse Beusec and the Trepeids. I could by this time see she was a disabled ship, pumping from leaks, with jury topmasts, and that some of upper deck ports were without

guns; and to avoid being questioned in any way that might embarrass me to answer, I began the conversation in French with the captain, who was in the stern galley. I accounted for my change of course by saying I observed his disabled state, and came down to him to know if I could render him any assistance; he answered, thanking me for the offer, but saying he had men enough, which indeed I could plainly perceive, as they were crowded on the gunwale and quarter, looking at our ship.

"I could not but form hopes, from the disabled state of this ship, but I should be able to preserve my present position under her stern, so as to rake her repeatedly; and thus beginning an action with such advantages as would be sufficient to ensure us a favourable issue to the contest. My guns were, of course, ready pointed; but I reflected that it was useless to fire, since I could not hope to secure the ship, and carry her off from the other two; and the execution of the service I was sent upon would be rendered totally abortive by the unfavourable issue of so unequal a contest as fighting the three together; the utmost, then, we could do, would be to give her a most destructive raking fire, and sail away. This my men were both ready and eager for; but I overruled the proposition, considering the carnage must have been shocking from the effects of our guns, double loaded, enfilading a crowded ship within half pistol-shot, and considering it unmanly and treacherous to make such a havoc, while speaking on friendly terms and offering our assistance. I trusted, therefore, that my country, though it might be benefitted in a trifling degree by it, would gladly relinquish the advantage to be purchased at the expense of humanity and the national character; and I hope for these reasons I shall stand justified in not having made use of the accidental advantage in my power for the moment. We parted after much conversation with mutual compliments; the French captain telling me her ship's name was *Le Caton*, and I, in answer to his query, named my ship as one of the Norway squadron, which it was not likely he would know by sight. The other ships, observing we were spoken to by the *Caton*, discontinued the pursuit, and we passed them unmolested.

"I am, Sir, W. SIDNEY SMITH,

"To Sir John Warren, Bart., C. B."

On the 14th of March, 1795, the following vessels of war were placed under his command, with which to proceed to Flushing:—*La Sybille*, *Syren*, and *Childers*, of 32 guns; *Spanker*, a floating battery; *Amity*, *Firebrand*, *Heart of Oak*, *Industry*, *Lively*, and *Nancy*, fire vessels; *Aimwell*, *Attack*, *Borer*, *Conquest*, *Force*, *Fearless*, *Pelter*, *Plumper*, *Piercer*, *Swinger*, *Tickler*, *Teazer*, *Musquito* and *Sandfly*, schooner gun boats; together with six other Dutch Hoy gun-boats and armed luggers.

On this expedition Sir Sidney's exploits were of a skirmishing nature; but such as to redound to his fame and excellent seamanship. After several letters had been received from the victor, detailing his conquests, the Secretary of the Admiralty received the sad intelligence of his capture by the French, off Havre de Grace, April 19th, 1796. On the evening of the 18th, Sir Sidney left the *Diamond*, and proceeded with the ship's boats (manned and armed) towards the above-named port, to examine the position and strength of the enemy. About two o'clock in the morning, he boarded and captured a French lugger, of 8 guns, lying at the mouth of the harbour; and in his attempt to tow her away as a prize, he was driven by the flood-tide in a dangerous and exposed direction; where, in fact, he was seen by all the enemy's fleet at daybreak, and to escape was impossible. When the officers of the *Diamond*, and other vessels under his command, heard of his being a prisoner, they sent a flag of truce into Havre, to inquire whether he was wounded; entreating that the gallant captive might have kindness at their hands. The governor returned for answer, that Sir Sidney was well, and that he should be treated with the utmost humanity and attention. As may be supposed, our government made use of every proper method for obtaining the release of one just rising on the glorious wings of unsullied fame. They offered to exchange one or more prisoners for the gallant Sidney; but in vain—the Robespierian Directory would not hear of any exchange, not even for any number of their own captured countrymen. He was now sent to Paris as prisoner of war; and from the Abbaye Prison, a gloomy gothic building, he wrote as follows:—"Separation and confinement are all we have to complain of; but the fortune of war is imperious,

and I learn patience every day by the practice." During the incarceration of Sir Sidney and his companions, they formed an acquaintance by signs, with three women, whose windows faced the prison; and the plan was maturing for an escape when the prisoners were removed to the Temple gaol; there, however, through the kindness of the gaoler, they were allowed many indulgencies; and some of Sir Sidney's friends, disguised as French officers, assisted him in escaping; and he returned to London, May, 1798, after two years' confinement.

In the month of June, 1798, he was appointed to the command of the *Tigre*, 80 guns; and in November sailed for the Mediterranean, where he had a command as commodore on the coast of Egypt.

Sir Sidney repaired to Constantinople, and was received with the most heartfelt satisfaction by the Turks, to whom he was already known.

In the spring of 1799, information was received in England, of Buonaparte marching with a large army upon Syria. The ministry fearing for the safety of our Indian territories, entered into a treaty with Turkey, by virtue of which she was to provide an armed force to harass Buonaparte's rear. St. Jean d'Acre was selected as the Turkish rendezvous, and towards this point Buonaparte hastened with a view of at once crushing the Turkish contingent. Sir Sidney Smith, in order to check this movement, instantly set sail for the relief of Acre with a naval force under his command, and had the satisfaction of arriving there two days before the French.

The defenceless condition of Acre at this period, and its utter inability to withstand anything like a vigorous attack, may be gathered from the following account of an English Artillery officer of considerable experience, who was present at the operations:—"Acre is situated upon a rectangular piece of land, two sides close to the water's edge, the other two terminating and meeting in a square line towards the main land. There is no flanking fire from the place; the wall is not anywhere proof against a 3-pound shot; the ditch does not quite go round it; the gates are worse than good barn-doors in England; the approach is completely covered by ruins, by an aqueduct, and by hollow places so close up to the wall, that the enemy

began to break ground within 400 yards of the place. I am persuaded that most general officers would have declined defending Acre with 5000 good troops." Such was the fortress which, with a small and hastily raised force, aided, or rather countenanced by a few English seamen, had to be defended against the ablest general of the age, and a picked army of 14,000 men, flushed with recent victories. It, nevertheless, was most successfully defended.

While the works of the fort were being strengthened, Sir Sidney Smith hastened with the *Tigre's* boats to intercept the French flotilla of gun-boats. By one of those happy accidents which seemed especially to favour our gallant countryman, he discovered the advanced guard of the French army making along the sea shore. The soldiers were light-hearted and joyous, for they were being led from a hard won victory to what they considered an easy conquest. On the following morning, however, while crossing the ford, Sir Sidney received him with a fire so vigorous and unexpected as to occasion much confusion and considerable loss. Having struck this blow, the *Tigre* set sail in pursuit of the flotilla, which was overtaken and captured; thus not only depriving Buonaparte of his main-stay, but giving the beleagured fortress just the guns and stores it needed.

For seven weeks the siege was carried on with varying success; nine times the French attacked, and nine times they were repulsed with great slaughter; the Turkish garrison suffered in like manner; and the defeat of one side or the other from sheer exhaustion appeared imminent. On the 7th of May, however, the fiftieth day of the siege, a squadron of English vessels hove in sight. The situation of Napoleon now became desperate, and he determined to take the place before the reinforcement could have time to land. With a like spirit of resolve Sir Sidney Smith left his ship, and took with him every man that could be spared to assist the besieged. The sight of our gallant tars armed with pikes was a most welcome one to the Turks and re-animated their courage; the breaches latterly deserted were once more manned, and as the assailants appeared upon the parapet they were either bayoneted or hurled from the walls. The Commodore's secretary describes this extraordinary scene as follows:—

"I shall ever remember the scene of that terrible night. Djézzan (the Turkish General) was sitting on an empty rice bag near the gate, in sight of the tower where the French had lodged themselves—his sword drawn, and his tomahawk lying in front of him. They were bringing in from the trenches the heads of the French slain, which, to the number of about seventy, were all arranged by him like cabbages in a market; his secretary on one side writing down the names of those that brought them in, the cashier on the other side, paying fifty piastres for each. He was so much affected at the death of the first of our brave fellows, that he issued an order that none of the English should be suffered to pass the gates, and that no officer should go near the breaches; and they were so rigorously observed, that Sir Sidney Smith was obliged to force his way sword in hand.

"The amicable contest as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot, and time was thus gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan Bey's troops. All the garrison was now on foot, and a sally was determined on in order to take the assailants in flank; but the Turks were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back with slaughter; the sortie had, however, the good effect of obliging the enemy to expose themselves above the parapet, so that the flanking fire of the ship, killed or dispersed the small number remaining on the lodgment which the enemy had effected in the tower.

"Sunset was now approaching; a group of generals and aides-de-camp were standing on Richard Cœur de Lion's mount, amongst whom Buonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semicircle, gesticulating, and indicating by his movements a renewal of the attack, when a massive column appeared advancing towards the breach with solemn step. The Pasha's decision was not to defend it, but to let a certain number in and close with them. This was Sir Sidney Smith's plan of operation."

The attacking party was thus suffered to mount the breach, and to descend unmolested on the other side. The Turks each armed with a sabre in one hand and a dagger in the other, fell upon them and despatched them before they could gain time to recover their surprise, and use their

arms. This sanguinary struggle, or more properly speaking, massacre, lasted for many hours, and nearly the whole of column were slain.

Buonaparte now determined that a grand final assault should be conducted by the famous corps known as Kleber's Grenadiers. Accordingly, this well-tried and brave regiment advanced in massy columns; as before, they were permitted to mount the walls and descend, then to experience the same fate as their comrades of the preceeding day. While this frightful slaughter was going on, Buonaparte was standing on the breaching battery, following every movement with his glass, and so absorbed as to be unconscious of the balls which every now and then whizzed past him and struck down one of his staff. Being at length convinced from actual observation that it would be useless to protract this struggle further, he gave orders for a retreat, and this closed one of the most humiliating and disastrous enterprises that he ever undertook.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that many honours and presents were showered upon the brave Sidney. The Grand Seignior, who looked upon him as something more than human, presented him with a gorgeous aigrette, and rich sable fur, similar to those bestowed upon Nelson, together with the Turkish Order of the Crescent. His Majesty George, the Third, and the Parliament granted him a pension of £1000 per annum, and the City of London, after the true English fashion, poured out from their rich coffers suitable presents of immense value to the courageous victor.

Sir Sidney Smith rendered subsequent services to his country, he materially aided in the struggle which ended in the expulsion of his old enemies, the French, from Egypt, and was wounded at Aboukir, when the gallant Abercrombie lost his life.

In 1804, he was made a rear-admiral, and a colonel of the marines. In 1806, he commanded with distinguished success, the English squadron at Sicily, and the year following was engaged in Duckworth's expedition against his old friends and former allies, the Turks. In 1821, he attained the rank of Admiral by rotation.

This veteran warrior died in France, May 26th, 1840, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and

his remains were followed to their last resting place by a numerous body of Parisians who had learnt to esteem him for private worth, and also venerated him as a warrior. His wife died at the same place, 16th of May, 1826; she left three daughters, who all married previously to their father's death. Admiral Sir Sidney W. Smith having expressed a desire to be interred in the same grave with his beloved wife, if he should die in Paris; this was strictly attended to. The following lines, on the lower compartment of the tomb, will be read with interest by all Englishmen who visit the last receptacle of the far-famed hero of Acre:—

"Here rests the Hero who undaunted stood,
When Acre's streets were red with Turkish blood;
In warlike France, where great Napoleon rose,
'He man who check'd his conquests, finds repose.
Britain, who claims his triumphs as her own,
Has raised for him her monumental stone;
This tomb, which marks his grave, is now supplied
By friends with whom he liv'd, midst whom he died;
A tribute to his memory.—Here, beneath,
Lies the bold heart of England's Sidney Smith."

A full length statue of the admiral, executed by command of the Parliament at the express desire of the British nation, stands in the Painted Hall, at Greenwich Hospital.

We would fain say in concluding our brief notice of this great man, "He should have died in his own lov'd land;" in the embrace of those grateful associations, called into existence by imperishable worth, but, what matter where sleep the brave?—

"The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and waves,—
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their graves?
Go, stranger,—track the deep,—
Free, free the white sail spread!
Waves may not foam, nor wild winds sweep,
Where rest not England's dead!"*

The services of Sanmarez have been previously adverted to, and now in due order, something further respecting him demands attention, after detailing the fame of his contemporary commanders. He was a native of Guernsey, and was born March 11th, 1757. At the age of thirteen, he

* Mrs. Hemans.

commenced his career as a midshipman on board the Montreal man-of-war. He removed from that ship to the Winchelsea, and from that to the Levant; however, in 1775, he joined the Bristol, Sir Peter Parker's flag-ship, and went out with her to the attack of Sullivan's Island, near Charlestown, America. He was also present at the victory of April, 1782, when Rodney intercepted De Grasse. On board the Orion our hero earned the laurels of fame in the action, off L'Orient, June 23rd, 1795; and as commander of the same ship he played his part in the Battle of St. Vincent, noticed in our sketch of Sir John Jervis. The Orion was one of six ships that attacked the main body of the enemy on that memorable occasion; Saumarez also directed her destructive broadsides against the ponderous Santissima Trinidad, 136 guns, which huge leviathan ship he compelled to strike her colours, and hoist English ones, although she was subsequently rescued by an overwhelming aid of fresh ships.

On the 30th of April, 1798, Sir James Saumarez shared in the dangers and honours of the Battle of the Nile, under the gallant Nelson. He was made Rear-Admiral of the Blue, January, 1801, and created a baronet. For many years, after a life of hazard and continued toil, he commanded the channel fleet; and in 1831 he was raised to the peerage, and being the first native of Guernsey who had been so honoured, his townspeople celebrated the occasion by rejoicings. Saumarez was esteemed for many virtues in that position where Providence had placed him; he was beloved by poor seamen, and venerated by the rich. He died at Guernsey on the 9th of October, 1836, in the eightieth year of his age. His remains rest beneath the humble roof of the small church of his native village; but his name will for ever be associated with those of England's naval warriors.

"What is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some other merit,
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!"

• Charles Swain

We come now to speak of one whose name is of itself synonymous with all that is noble and courageous — HORATIO NELSON. The glorious career of that bold spirit is replete, from its outset to its close, with deeds which bespeak alike singleness of mind, generosity of heart, and nobleness of soul. While recording weightier matters, we purpose noticing some of the minor events of that busy life; and as there is not a single incident but brings with it an awakening interest, we feel sure that our readers will prefer to linger, rather than to hurry over, the page which tells of England's mightiest hero.

Nelson was born in the parsonage-house at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, September 29th, 1758. The High School of Norwich enjoys the honour of having instilled the first rudiments of education into his aspiring mind; and he was then removed to North Walsham. At an early period of life he imbibed from his father such principles of religion and morality as rarely forsook him, though surrounded by those scenes of temptation to which youth, launched into an extensive line of naval duty, are peculiarly subject. His father also inculcated the principles of honour and courage, through a reliance in an over-ruling Providence, which no succeeding peril was able to remove.

On the appearance of hostilities with Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands, in the year 1770, he left the school at North Walsham, and at twelve years of age was received on board the *Raisonable*, 64 guns, commanded by his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling.

The subject of altercation between the Courts of London and Madrid being adjusted, the *Raisonable* was paid off, and our youthful hero was sent by his uncle on board a West India ship, belonging to the house of Hibbert, Perrier, and Morton, under the care of Mr. John Rathbone, who had formerly been in the royal navy with Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*; and after returning from that voyage, we find him again with Captain Suckling, "the brave old man," on board the *Triumph*, then lying at Chatham: this was in July, 1772.

His voyage to the West Indies, in the merchant service, had given Nelson a practical knowledge of seamanship; but it is said that at this period he had a great dislike to

the service of the royal navy. An author of some note, writing about the time of Nelson's rising celebrity, informs us, that Captain Suckling beheld with anxiety the critical situation of his nephew, and was soon convinced from the sentiment which the latter appeared to indulge in, namely—"Aft, the most honour; but forward, the better man," that his too credulous youth had been somewhere acquiring a bias utterly foreign to his character.

The firmness of Captain Suckling, assisted by a thorough knowledge of the human heart, proved in this early season of life, of inestimable value to his inexperienced nephew; and though it was many weeks before his prejudices could be overcome, or that he could reconcile himself to the service on board a king's ship; they at length, however, yielded to the influence of good example, and to those principles which his worthy father had so often and so seriously enforced.

Captain Suckling at first attempted to recover the original bias of his nephew's mind, by working on the ambition, which he possessed in an eminent degree, of becoming a thorough-bred seaman—a task that demanded considerable address. It was accordingly held out as a reward to the aspiring mariner, by his uncle, that if he attended well to his duty, he should be permitted to go in the cutter which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham; this operated on the mind of young Nelson as was expected, and the consequence resulting from it was, that by degrees he became an excellent pilot for vessels of that class, which sailed from Chatham to London, and also down the Swin Channel, and to the North Foreland.

In each subsequent trial of navigating difficult passages or dangerous coasts, he thus became gradually sensible of his own ability, and created that confidence within himself which essentially forms and establishes the undaunted mind.

In April, 1773, a voyage of discovery was undertaken by Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) towards the North Pole. On this occasion instructions were issued that no boys should be received on board; but the enterprising youth, Horatio, was so anxious to be of the party

that he solicited to be appointed cockswain to Captain Lutwidge; and his request was readily granted.

The following anecdote may serve as a proof of the cool intrepidity which the boy possessed, and which afterwards shone so conspicuously in the man. In those high northern latitudes, the nights are generally clear. It was on one of those frosty nights, when the intense cold made the old sailors wince, that young Nelson was missing from the ship. The night passed—he was given up for lost; however, just as the dawn glanced across the distant horizon, they discovered the boy chasing, with the fortitude and daring of a courageous man, an immense bear, as it pursued its way across untrodden regions of polar ice! Nelson's only weapon was an old musket, heavy as the minor shaft of a small steam-engine, the lock of which was injured; but he had pursued the animal for hours, hoping so to weary him, that he would stay to rest; "and then," said Nelson, "I intended to effect my purpose with the butt-end of the useless lumber." Being reprimanded for leaving the ship unconditionally, he apologized, and added, "I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father."

Returning from Greenland, Nelson was next engaged in the Seahorse, 20 guns, Captain Farmer (under the auspices of his uncle, Captain Suckling), and sailed out with a squadron for the East Indies.

There, he felt the effects of that climate so perilous to European constitutions. The disease baffled all medical skill,—he was reduced almost to a skeleton; the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost; and the only hope that remained was in a voyage home. Accordingly, he was brought home by Captain Piggot, in the Dolphin; and had it not been for the fatherly care and kindness of that officer on the voyage, Nelson could never have lived to reach his native shores. With a mind dispirited, and a body broken down with sickness, it is no wonder if his forebodings of the future were none of the brightest. Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. "I became impressed," said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I

possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"

Long afterwards Nelson loved to speak of the feelings of that moment; and from that time, he often said, a radiant orb was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onwards to renown.

On the 8th of April, 1777, Nelson passed his examination for a lieutenantcy. Captain Suckling sat at the head of the Board; and when the examination had ended in a manner highly creditable to the candidate, he rose from his seat, and introduced him to the examining captains as his nephew. They expressed their wonder that he had not informed them of his relationship before; he replied, that he did not wish the youngster to be favoured; he felt sure that his nephew would pass a good examination without any assistance from him, and he had not been deceived. On the following day, Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica.

The following anecdote is related of him while serving on board of this ship:—In a strong gale of wind and a heavy sea, the *Lowestoffe* captured an American Letter of Marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her, which he readily attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to the tremendous sea running; and he returned to the ship. Captain Locker exclaimed,—“Have I, then, no officer to board this prize?” On hearing this, the master instantly ran to the gangway to jump into the boat, but Lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying, “It is my turn now; if I come back it will be yours.”

In 1778, he was appointed third lieutenant of the *Bristol*, from which, by rotation, he became the first. On the 11th of June, in the following year, he obtained his post rank, and was appointed to the command of the *Hinchinbroke*.

In 1780, he assisted in reducing Fort Juan in the Gulf of Mexico. On the 9th of April, he, with his party, reached an island in the river, called San Bartolomeo,

which the Spaniards had fortified with an outpost, with a small semicircular battery, mounting nine or ten swivels, and manned with sixteen or eighteen men. It commanded the river in a rapid and difficult part of the navigation. Nelson, at the head of a few of his seamen, leaped upon the beach. The ground upon which he sprang was so muddy, that he had some difficulty in extricating himself, and lost his shoes: barefooted, however, and sword in hand, he advanced, and, in his own words, *boarded the battery*. The climate of this place had the most injurious effect upon the health of himself and his men. After burying many of the latter, who had been stricken down by fever, he himself was compelled to abandon the baleful conquest he had achieved, and sail for England, where he arrived in a weak and most pitiable condition.

After two or three years on shore, during which time his health became perfectly recruited, he got tired of inaction, and waited upon Lord Howe at the Admiralty, begging for employment. His lordship granted his wish, and Nelson was appointed to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, going to the Leeward Islands, as a cruiser, on the French establishment. His ship was full of young midshipmen, of whom there were not less than thirty on board. His conduct towards these youths was of the kindest and most considerate description. If he perceived that a boy was afraid at first of going aloft, he would say to him in a friendly manner,—“Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast head, and beg that I may meet you there.” The poor little fellow instantly began to climb, and got up how he could — Nelson never noticed in what manner; but, when they met in the top, spoke cheerfully to him, and pointed out that the task was neither dangerous nor difficult. Whenever he paid a visit of ceremony on shore, he made a point of taking some of his midshipmen with him, and, taking them by the hand, he would introduce them to the persons whom he visited, saying,—“I hope you will excuse my bringing my midshipmen with me, but I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea.” The same kind and considerate feeling, as is here displayed, shone conspicuously in every action of our hero’s life.

While on the West India station, a business of serious import engaged his attention. The Americans were at this time trading with our islands, taking advantage of the register of their ships, which had been issued while they were British subjects. This was a clear evasion of the law; and, foreseeing that if the practice were suffered to continue, it would interfere with the rights and privileges of the loyal settlers of Nova Scotia, he determined to do his duty, and correct the abuse.

Nelson accordingly waited upon Major-General Sir Thomas Shirley, governor of the Leeward Islands, and informed him how he intended to act, and upon what grounds. Sir Thomas indignantly replied that "old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen." "Sir," said the young officer, in a firm but respectful tone, "I am as old as the Prime Minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the state."

Acting upon this determination, he soon afterwards seized four American ships which were trading under false colours, and in direct violation of the law. This raised a perfect storm; the planters, the merchants, the custom house, and the Governor were all against him. An action for damages was laid at the enormous amount of £40,000, and Nelson was compelled to keep close prisoner in his ship for fear of being arrested. One of his officers in speaking of the restraint which he was thus compelled to suffer, happened to use the word "pity." "Pity!" exclaimed Nelson; "pity! did you say? I shall live sir to be *envied*! and to that point I shall always steer my course."

After suffering confinement for some time, the trial came on, and the law was so explicit, the case so clear, and Nelson pleaded his cause so well, that the four ships were condemned.

The anxiety which he suffered during these harassing proceedings was, however, not altogether without consolation, for he was all this time wooing the niece of his friend, the president, then in her eighteenth year, the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician. One day, Mr. Herbert, who had hastened half-dressed to receive Nelson, exclaimed on returning to his dressing-room, "Good God! if I did not find that great little man of whom everybody is so

afraid, playing in the next room under the dining-table with Mrs. Nisbet's child!" On the 11th of March, 1787, the young widow and Nelson were married: Prince William Henry, who had come out to the West Indies the preceding winter, being present, by his own desire, to give away the bride.

Shortly after his marriage, Nelson returned to England, and with his wife spent some five or six years in domestic retirement.

At length, in 1793, after repeated and urgent application, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, and ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood; his bravery while under that command has already been adverted to.

We are now about to relate an incident out of many, illustrative of Nelson's personal affection for his more immediate followers, which in every case secured their devoted attachment to himself. Just previously to the battle of Cape St. Vincent, Nelson's vessel, *Minerve*, was under weigh to join Sir John Jervis's fleet. The frigate had scarcely cast round from her anchorage, when two of the three Spanish line-of-battle ships in the upper part of Gibraltar Bay were observed to be also in motion. The headmost of the Spanish ships gaining on the frigate, the latter prepared for action, and the *Minerve's* situation every instant becoming more hazardous, Colonel Drinkwater asked Nelson his opinion as to the probability of an engagement: the hero said he thought it was very possible, as the headmost ship appeared to be a good sailer; "but," continued he looking up at the broad pendant, "before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give the frigate up, I'll run her ashore. Captain Cockburn, who had been taking a view of the chasing enemy, now joined the Commodore, and observed that there was no doubt of the headmost ship gaining on the frigate. At this moment dinner was announced; but, before Nelson and his guests left the deck, orders were given to set the studding sails. Seated at dinner, Colonel Drinkwater was congratulating Lieutenant Hardy, who had been just exchanged, on his being no longer a prisoner of war, when the sudden cry of a "man overboard" threw the dinner party into disorder. There

are, perhaps, fewer passages in naval history of deeper interest than the following account of what then occurred :—

“ The officers of the ship ran on deck, and in an instant the jolly boat was lowered, and into it got Hardy and a party of sailors, and before many seconds had elapsed, the current of the Straits (which runs strongly to the eastward) had carried the jolly boat far astern of the frigate, towards the Spanish ships. Of course the first object was to recover, if possible, the fallen man, but he was never again seen. Hardy soon made a signal to that effect, and the man was given up as lost. The attention of every person was now turned to the safety of Hardy, and his boat's crew. Their situation was extremely perilous, and their danger every instant became more imminent from the fast sailing of the foremost of the Spanish ships, the *Terrible*—which by this time had approached to within gun-shot of the *Minerve*. The jolly boat's crew pulled might and main to regain the frigate, but apparently made little progress against the current of the Straits. At this moment, Nelson casting an anxious look at the hazardous situation of Hardy and his companions, exclaimed, “ by Heaven, I'll not lose Hardy ; back the mizen topsail.” No sooner said than done ; the *Minerve's* progress was retarded, having the current to carry her down towards Hardy and his party who seeing this spirited manœuvre to save them being captured, naturally redoubled their exertions to rejoin the frigate. To the spectators on board the *Minerve*, an action appeared to be inevitable, and so it would appear, thought the enemy, who, surprised and confounded by this daring manœuvre of the Commodore's (being ignorant of the accident that led to it), must have construed it into a direct challenge. Not conceiving, however, a Spanish ship of the line, to be equal to a British frigate, with Nelson on board of her, the captain of the *Terrible*, suddenly shortened sail, in order to allow his consort to join him, and thus afforded time for the *Minerve* to drop down to the jolly-boat, to take out Hardy and the crew, and the moment they were on board the frigate, orders were given again to make sail. The frigate soon regained the lost distance, and in a short time left the Spanish vessels far in her wake. Thus, Nelson escaped to share in the battle of St. Vincent. On

the 14th of February, 1797, the celebrated battle of St. Vincent, (as previously described) was fought. The name of Nelson demands a passing notice here, for although he acted in a subordinate capacity in that engagement, there is not a doubt but his bravery and tact mainly contributed to the glorious victory achieved. In this battle, Nelson commanded the *Captain*, which was placed in a position favourable for watching the enemy's manœuvres. Observing the Spanish admiral making for the leeward of the British line amidst the smoke of the battle, and seeing at a glance its important consequences, Nelson immediately ordered his ship to be placed across the bows of the Spanish admiral's vessel, and by this prompt step, he completely arrested the huge ship's progress, and compelled her to fall back upon the English advanced ship. A part of that advanced squadron then passed to leeward of the Spanish line to prevent a further attempt like that which Nelson had defeated; thus rendering the success of this daring and opportune manœuvre complete. As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis received him on the quarter-deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him.

The part which Nelson had played in this engagement, soon became known and applauded throughout England, and it may be accounted the immediate forerunner of that fame, which he was destined soon after to attain. He was rewarded with the rank of rear-admiral, together with the Order of the Bath. The freedom of his native city, (Norwich) was voted to him, and honours and recognitions poured in upon him on all sides. But of all the numerous congratulations which he received, none could have affected him with deeper delight than that which came from his venerable father. "I thank my God," wrote this excellent man, "with all the power of a grateful soul, for the mercies He has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you Not only my few acquaintance here, but the people in general, met me at every corner with such handsome words, that I was obliged to retire from the public eye. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child,

attain to, and few fathers live to see. Tears of joy have trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded through this city of Bath—from the common ballad singer to the public theatre." The good old man concluded this affecting epistle by telling his son that the field of glory in which he had so long been conspicuous was still open, and by giving him his blessing.

In April, 1797, Nelson, now Sir Horatio, hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was sent to bring away the troops from Porto Ferrajo; having performed this, he shifted his flag to the *Theseus*. This vessel had taken part in the mutiny at the Nore, and the crew being still in a disaffected condition, Nelson was appointed commander with a view of conciliation. This step had the desired effect. Before many days, perfect order and good humour were restored; and to leave no doubt on the point, a paper, signed in the name of all the ship's company, was dropped on the quarter-deck, containing these words: "Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as her captain's."

While Nelson was in the *Theseus*, he was employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. While thus employed, the most perilous service occurred in which he was ever engaged. With a barge containing only ten men, he made an attack upon an armed launch carrying twenty-seven men. The attack resolved itself into a hand-to-hand engagement with swords, Nelson fighting with a desperate courage, which won the astonishment and admiration of his companions; and notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, eighteen of the enemy were killed, all the rest wounded, and the launch taken.

In less than a fortnight after this gallant exploit, Nelson sailed at the head of an expedition against Teneriffe, to gain possession of the Spanish fleet; one of the most daring and dangerous attacks ever planned and executed. The approach by sea to the anchoring place is under very high

land, every point of which bristled with artillery, and was jealously guarded. In this expedition, Nelson took with him four ships of the line, three frigates, and the Fox cutter and a chosen band of officers and men. The plan was that the boats should land during the night, make themselves masters of the fort, and then send a summons to the governor. While in the act of executing these intentions, the wind set dead against them, and prevented their landing; meanwhile, day broke, when they were seen and their intention discovered. In this dilemma it was determined if possible to gain possession of the heights above the fort, a calm and contrary current, however, rendered this second plan impracticable. Thus foiled by circumstances of wind and tide, Nelson, with his accustomed tenacity of purpose, still resolved that some attempt should be made. When the darkness of night therefore again came on, the boats were ordered out to undertake the service originally planned.

At eleven o'clock the boats put off, and proceeded in six divisions towards the town. They were to land on the mole, and thence hasten as fast as possible into the great square; then form and proceed as should be deemed expedient. At about half-past-one, when within gunshot of the landing place they were discovered, and the Spaniards, who were by this time well-prepared, opened a deadly fire of artillery and musketry upon the invaders. Nothing daunted, however, they still advanced, and a portion of the party finding the mole, stormed it instantly and carried it, though it was defended by five hundred men. Its guns were spiked; but such a heavy fire of musketry and grape was kept up from the citadel and from the houses on the heights, that the assailants could not advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

It was in this desperate attack that Nelson lost his right arm; stepping out of the boat, sword in hand, he received a shot through the right elbow, and fell; but, as he fell, he caught his sword in his left hand, determined never to part with it while he had life. His step-son, Lieutenant Nisbet, who was close beside him when this occurred, placed him at the bottom of the boat, and with great presence of mind, took a silk handkerchief from his neck and bound it round tightly above the lacerated vessels. Had

it not been for this timely act, Nelson must have perished. When the boat came alongside the *Theseus*, wounded as he was, and in the greatest pain, he refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return and endeavour to bring back some of the wounded. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round the left hand, saying, "Let me alone; I have got my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, and the sooner it is off the better." The spirit and alacrity he displayed in jumping up the ship's side under these trying circumstances were truly astonishing.

The failure of this enterprise, and the terrible loss it entailed, deeply affected his sensitive nature. He now regarded himself as unworthy of command, and spoke of retiring on shore, and ending his days in some humble cottage.

But a grateful country viewed this affair in a different light, and although success had not crowned the venture, the daring and gallantry that prompted it were not a whit the less apparent. On his return to England, honours were heaped upon him, the First Lord of the Admiralty and his staunch friend, the Duke of Clarence, wrote him letters of congratulation. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were transmitted to him; and whenever he appeared in public, the populace ran after him, and hailed him as their idol. The king complimented him in person, adding a regret that, owing to his mutilated body, the service would lose a fine spirit. Nelson replied—"I can never think that a loss, please your Majesty, which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country." Shortly after this, Parliament granted him a pension of £1000 per annum. Previous to receiving this grant, he (according to custom) addressed a letter to his Majesty, detailing his services; and perhaps no document of the same length ever contained such a catalogue of important actions and brilliant exploits. It ran as follows:—

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.—The memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., and a Rear-Admiral in your

Majesty's fleet. Shews that during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, viz., on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795; on the 13th of July, 1795; on the 14th of February, 1797; in three actions with frigates; in six engagements against batteries; in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours; in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. That during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes; and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times. In which service your memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body. All of which services and wounds, your memorialist most humbly submits to your Majesty's most gracious consideration.

“HORATIO NELSON.

“October, 1797.”

In 1798, Nelson sailed out to the Mediterranean under the auspices of Earl St. Vincent. The government of France had sent an expedition into Egypt, and it became the object of Britain to use every effort to render it unsuccessful. After much cruising, we are now introduced to the circumstances preliminary to the famous battle of the Nile.

The English fleet arrived off Alexandria on the 1st of August, and it was soon discovered that the enemy lay there, numbering seventeen ships, and drawn up in line of battle. When Nelson beheld this sight, his face glowed with pleasure, and he exclaimed aloud,—“Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey!”

The French admiral, Brueys, on descrying the British fleet, endeavoured to lure its vanguard upon the shoal of Aboukir Island, hoping thereby to render the movements of the whole fleet inoperative.

But Nelson, disregarding the bait thrown out, manœuvred his ships in his own way, until he brought them almost abreast of the Aboukir shoal. He then signalled

them to form in order of battle, and hailed the Zealous to know if Captain Hood thought the water sufficiently deep to admit of the British ships passing between the enemy and the shore. Hood replied,—“I don't know, sir; but, with your permission, I will stand in and try.” Nelson had explained his intentions to his flag-captain, Berry, who exclaimed,—“If we succeed, what will the world say?” There is no *if* in the case,” replied Nelson. “That we *shall succeed* is certain: who may live to tell the story is another matter.”

The Zealous sped on her mission, and the other vessels followed, each in turn taking up a position and engaging with the enemy. Both sides fought with the most desperate energy, and prodigies of valour were accomplished; the deck of the enemy's ships were strewn with the dead and dying, and the English also suffered terribly. Ever and anon masts were heard to fall with a fearful crash. In the very heat of the engagement, the French ship, *Orient*, caught fire, and the flames communicating with the powder magazine, the unfortunate vessel blew up with a fearful explosion that shook the ships around. Notwithstanding this terrible catastrophe, the battle continued to rage with unabated fury, until, at length, one by one, the guns of the French ships were silenced, and the enemy was compelled to surrender.

This was the famous battle of the Nile. It lasted continuously for nearly twenty-four hours; and of the whole French fleet, only two line-of-battle ships and two frigates escaped. The loss sustained by the French could scarcely have been less than 2,500 killed and wounded; that of the British amounted to 218 killed and 678 wounded.

In this engagement Nelson was severely wounded on the head. At first, the wound was thought to be mortal, and Nelson was entreated to have it examined immediately, but he declined, saying that he would take his turn with the other brave fellows who were wounded, and who perhaps needed the surgeon's assistance more than he did. When the wound was at length examined, the utmost silence prevailed, and upon word being passed that the hurt was not dangerous, the men exhibited the pleasure they felt at the joyful intelligence; and some of the poor fellows with their dying breath thanked Heaven that their

gallant commander had been spared. On this occasion, as on all others, Nelson displayed his indomitable coolness and courage. The surgeon ordered him to remain quiet, but Nelson disregarded the injunction, and called for his secretary to write the despatches at his dictation; but the secretary, on seeing the blind and suffering state of the admiral was perfectly unmanned and unable to control his feelings sufficiently to write. The chaplain was then sent for, and before he came, Nelson seized the pen and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained.

This glorious and important victory raised Nelson to the summit of his glory; congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered upon him by all the princes, states, and powers who were interested in the issue of this battle. The Sultan of Turkey sent him a suit of sable valued at 5,000 dollars, and a diamond aigrette valued at 18,000. The mother of the sultan also transmitted a box set with diamonds, of the value of £1,000. The Czar of Russia presented him with his portrait, set in diamonds in a gold box, accompanied by a letter of congratulation written with his own hand. The King of Sardinia also wrote to him, and sent him a gold box set with diamonds. Honours in profusion were awaiting him at Naples. In his own country, the king honoured him with especial marks of favour, creating him Baron Nelson of the Nile, with a pension of £2,000 a year for his own life and of his two immediate successors. The King of Sicily created him Duke of Bronte, in Naples. The East India Company voted him a grant of £10,000. The Turkish Company presented him with a valuable piece of plate. The City of London presented a sword to him; and presents of every kind and value reached him from all parts of the globe, and from all conditions of people. And here we think it worthy of a digression to note once more the effect which the splendid career of our hero had upon his venerable father, and which is shown in a letter written by him to a friend about this time, to the following effect:—

“My great and good son went into the world without fortune, but with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue; these have been his compass to steer by; and it has pleased God to be his shield in the day of battle,

and to give success to his wishes, to be of service to his country. This country seems sensible of his services; but should he meet with ingratitude, his scars will plead his cause; for at the siege of Bastia he lost an eye—at Tenerife, an arm—on the memorable 14th of February, he received a severe blow on his body, which he still feels, and now a wound on his head. After this you will believe that his bloom of countenance must be faded; but the spirit beareth up as vigorous as ever. On the 29th of September he completed his fortieth year; cheerful, generous, and good; fearing no evil, because he has done none; he is an honour to his father's gray hairs, which, with other marks of old age, creep fast upon me."

In 1798, Nelson visited Naples, which country above all others felt grateful to our hero for the decisive victory he had gained over its detested enemies. When the Vanguard appeared in sight of Naples, many hundred boats and barges came forth to meet him, with music and streamers, and every demonstration of joy and triumph. The King of Naples came on board, grasped him warmly by the hand, and called him his preserver and deliverer. The Queen, with the warmth of her country and her sex, was transported with gratitude, and exclaimed "O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer. O Nelson! Nelson! what do we not owe you. O conqueror-saviour of Italy!" Upon landing, the multitude surrounded him, greeting him with loud huzzas, and enthusiastic cries; and the Lazzaroni displayed their joy by holding up birds in cages, and giving them their liberty as he passed.

His birthday, which occurred a week after his arrival, was celebrated by one of the most splendid fêtes ever beheld in Naples; and wherever he wended his steps, greater honours awaited him than those which were conferred upon royalty itself.

Nelson made a protracted stay in this city, and during this and the following year, was doomed to a life of comparative inactivity. Meanwhile, happiness was not his lot. About this time domestic differences, which it is not worth our while to enter into, embittered his life, and his health suffered severely, partly from the stump of his arm which had been unskilfully amputated, and partly from fever.

In 1801, he recommenced his active career. An expedition was placed under the orders of Sir Hyde Parker, destined to break a league which had been formed between the Northern powers, known by the name of "The Armed Neutrality," and this gave occasion to the famous battle of Copenhagen.

Although Nelson was second in command in this affair, the post of danger and honour was accorded to him by the Commander-in-chief, and the conception and execution of this action practically devolved upon him.

The approaches to Copenhagen are shoal and very intricate; and Nelson was at great pains in sounding and buoying off the channel. This work being finished, he proceeded with the ships under his orders to Draco Point, whence he made his arrangements for the attack.

The night before the battle, Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers: he was, as he was ever wont to be on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow. After supper Nelson retired to draw up his instructions.

The incessant fatigue of body as well as mind which Nelson had undergone during the preceding three days had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot. This request, after much entreaty, he complied with; the cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About one o'clock the orders were completed; and half a dozen clerks in the foremost cabin proceeded to transcribe them: Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, as the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours' sleep, he was constantly receiving reports on this important point. At daybreak it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson had already risen, breakfasted, and sent for the captains of the several ships.

Nelson's flag was hoisted on board the *Elephant*, 74 guns, and his captains were Thomas Masterman Hardy, and Thomas Foly. Rear-Admiral Graves in the *Defiance*, of 74 guns, was his coadjutor, and the fleet consisted of about twenty-one sail of the line, and bombs, fireships, and every other acquisition for the work intended to be done.

The Danish force consisted of a mixed fleet, manned by about 4,849 seamen. When in line they stretched out to nearly two miles, and they had also batteries formed on piles, called the "Treekroner batteries." One of these fortifications mounted thirty long 24-pounders, and the other thirty-eight long 36-pounders, and furnaces for preparing red-hot shot. There was, in addition, armed boats, and 74-gun ships, protecting the approach to the batteries, also heavy chains sunk round the roads leading thereto.

"Sir Hyde Parker," says Allen, "with his squadron, also weighed and took up a nearer position, but at too great a distance to take any part in the action, even had his assistance been required."

The action was maintained with great spirit on both sides, but it was evident at the expiration, of about three hours, that some of the British vessels were suffering greatly; and Admiral Parker, who, although, as we have just stated, was at some distance, with the aid of his telescope observed the shattered condition of some of the British ships, (the Russell and Bellona had indeed hoisted signals of distress;) and the officer attending the signal department on board Lord Nelson's ship, informed his lordship, that No. 39 (which it seems meant, "leave off action"), was hoisted in the distant commodore's ship, and enquired if he was to echo it to the fleet? "No, but answer it," said Nelson. Soon after this his lordship asked the officer if the signal for close action was still flying aloft; and being told that it was, he said, "Mind you keep it so."

"Lord Nelson now paced the deck, moving the stump of his right arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Furgusson, 'what is shown on board the Commander-in-chief? 'No, 39.' 'What does that mean?' 'To leave off action.' But Nelson, shrugging up his shoulders, repeated the words, 'Leave off action! No, d—n me if I do. You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye, and I have a right to be blind sometimes;' and putting his glass to his blind eye, in that mood which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal.' Presently he exclaimed, 'Keep my signal for close action flying! that is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine

to the mast!"* Some naval authors have stated that Admiral Parker's intention in hoisting the signal of recall, 'leave off action,' was only intended as an intimation that Nelson could do so if he saw there was a necessity for it; however, the tide of affairs soon turned, and the English commenced seizing prizes. Still the batteries kept on playing with fearful effect. Captain Rion of the English 38-gun frigate, *Amazon*, was cut in two by a cannon ball, and the English seamen and marines fell thick for a short time, even in the moment of victory. Nelson was much irritated, and was at one time half inclined to fire the vessels that had surrendered, but on second thought he hit upon the plan of negotiation, and addressed a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark, as follows:—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when no longer resisting. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of England."

On writing this laconic epistle, a wafer was given to him; but he said, this was not a time to be informal and hurried; and ordering a candle to be brought, he very coolly proceeded to seal the letter with wax, affixing his crest on the impression. After a time the Danish adjutant-general approached, bearing a flag of truce, and the action ceased.

On the 15th of August, in the same year, Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *Medusa*, to make an attack on the Boulogne Flotilla; and he ordered the boats belonging to the squadron under his command to form in four divisions for the attack. The order for this expedition was given by Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson acted according to orders; but it was a most unfortunate affair, for the enemy were too well prepared for so slight a force, and they suffered greatly. It was universally admitted that the failure of this expedition could not be attributed to Lord Nelson.

At this point we pause awhile to notice some of the many

* Southey's "Life of Nelson."

estimable traits in Nelson's character. Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affection; they knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny, and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. "Our Nel," they used to say, "is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb." Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school: he never inflicted corporal punishment, if it were possible to avoid it, and when compelled to enforce it, he, who was familiar with wounds and death, suffered like a woman. In his whole life, Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he were asked to prosecute one for ill-behaviour, he used to answer; "That there was no occasion to ruin a poor fellow, who was sufficiently his own enemy to ruin himself." To his midshipmen he ever showed the most winning kindness, encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty, counselling and befriending both. "Recollect," he used to say, "that you must be a seaman to be an officer; and also, that you cannot be a good officer without being a gentleman." The gentleness, and benignity of his disposition never made him forget what was due to discipline. Being on one occasion applied to, to save a young officer from a court-martial, which he had brought about by his misconduct, Nelson's reply was, "That he would do everything in his power to oblige so gallant and good an officer as Sir John Warren," (in whose name the intercession was made) "but what," he added "would he do if he were here? Exactly what I have done, and am still willing to do. The young man must write such a letter of contrition, as would be an acknowledgement of his great fault; and with a sincere promise, if his captain will intercede to prevent the impending court-martial, never to so misbehave again. On his captain enclosing me such a letter, with a request to cancel the order for the trial, I might be induced to do it; but the letter and reprimand will be given in the public order book of the fleet, and read to all the officers. The young man has pushed himself forward into notice, and he must take the consequence. It was upon the quarter-deck, in the face of the ship's company, that he treated his captain with contempt; and I am in duty bound to protect the authority and consequence of every officer

under my command—a poor ignorant seaman is always punished for contempt to his superiors.” He was never happier than when he could promote those who were deserving promotion. Many were the services which he thus rendered unsolicited; and frequently the officer on whose behalf he had interested himself with the admiralty, did not know to whose friendly interference he was indebted for his good fortune. He used to say, “I wish it to appear as a God-send.” The love which he bore the navy made him promote the interests and honour the memory of all who had added to its glories. “The near relations of brother officers,” he said, “he considered as legacies to the service.” Upon mention being made of the name of Rodney, by the Duke of Clarence, “I agree with you,” said Nelson, “that the descendant of such a man ought to be the *protégé* of every officer in the fleet.”

Our attention is next called to that important epoch in British history, 1804.

At the close of 1804, the capture of several Spanish frigates tended to bring about an open rupture between Great Britain and Spain; and a declaration of war was signed at Madrid on the 12th of December. Early in the Spring of 1805, the hero of the Nile was engaged in the Mediterranean; and even as far as the West Indies, his fleets ploughed the main, chasing the enemies of our land, under whatever flag they dared to assume.

In July, having returned to England to mature projects and await the bidding of his king and country, he joined Lord Cornwallis, off Ushant. Several smart exploits by our brave seamen took place in the spring and summer of 1805. Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Calder had a large fleet under his command, and cruized off Cape Finisterre, to bar the progress of the Franco-Spanish fleet from the West Indies; and on the 19th of July, he received a copy of Lord Nelson's dispatch, informing him that the French fleet had quitted the West Indies, stating the probability of its being on the seas, bound for Europe.

Two days after, it was discovered; and Calder immediately formed his fleet in battle order of two columns. A terrible onslaught was carried on for several hours; and when hostilities ceased, the loss of the British amounted to forty-one killed, and one hundred and sixty-two wounded.

The damage effected on the combined fleet of our enemies was immense; and they had four hundred and seventy-six killed and wounded. "No ship, except the Windsor Castle and Agamemnon, lost a mast;"* and our brave mariners seized two ships, and shattered the whole combined fleet of the enemy. Among other incidental matters of this history, we are indebted to the authority just quoted for the recital of the following:—"Mr. Curling's wound was of a very remarkable description. While sucking an orange, with his jaws consequently extended, a musket ball passed through his mouth, entering one cheek and escaping through the other, without touching a tooth."

On the 18th of August, Nelson anchored at Spithead, and went on shore for the first time after two years of arduous and unremitting service. It was now his intention to rest awhile from his labours, and recruit himself after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved. He had purchased a house and estate at Merton, in Surrey; meaning to pass his days there in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. He had enjoyed pleasant dreams when looking forward to this as his place of residence and rest. He pictured himself going to Merton church on Sunday, spoke of farming, sheep rearing, angling, and living in retirement; all his stores, therefore, were brought up from the Victory; and for a short time he found in his retreat all the pleasure he had anticipated.

Many days had not, however, elapsed, before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to be at them!" They had both refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend upon it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give Velleneuve a drubbing." When Blackwood left him, he, in an agitated manner paced up and down one of the garden walks, which he used to call his quarter-deck, revolving in his mind whether he should keep true to his determination

* Allen.

of retirement, or once again take up arms in defence of his country.

His resolution was soon formed. The sea-lion chafed under the idea of another doing the work he longed to do, and within a few hours of Blackwood's visit, he waited upon the admiralty, and tendered an offer of his services. His offer was as readily accepted as it was made; and Lord Barham, giving a list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers, "choose yourself, my Lord," was his reply: "the same spirit actuates the whole profession: you cannot choose wrong."

The state of Nelson's feelings upon leaving his retirement for the toils and glories of conquest, cannot be better told than by the following entry which appeared in his private journal:—"Friday night, (Sept. 13th), at half-past ten. I drove from dear, dear, Merton; where I left all which I hold precious in this world. to go and serve my King and country! And if it be His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks shall never cease being offered up at the Throne of His mercy. If it be His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that he will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and having despatched his business on shore, he endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was responding to their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent the crowd from trespassing on his ground, were wedged among the people; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered his men to drive the people back at the point of the bayonet, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the very last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England.

Of the preliminaries to Nelson's immortal triumph, we have not space for detail, but choose rather to present the reader with extracts from Mr. Allen's account of the great

fight, as being the most authentic and lucid in the British language :—

“Vice-Admiral Collingwood, on the 22nd of August, was cruising before Cadiz with eighteen sail of the line, and continued in command of the blockading fleet until the 28th of September, when Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson joined, in his old ship the *Victory*. The *Euryalus* had been previously sent ahead to apprise Vice-Admiral Collingwood of the approach of Nelson, with orders not to salute, or hoist the colours, by which the enemy might be apprised of the arrival of a reinforcement. Some other ships also joined. The fleet amounted to twenty-seven sail of the line; of which, a squadron of five sail, under Rear-Admiral Louis, was stationed close to the harbour of Cadiz, while the main body cruized about fifteen miles to the westward.

“But Lord Nelson, considering that by withdrawing his ships to the distance of sixteen or eighteen leagues from land, the French admiral, ignorant of the British strength, might venture to put to sea, reduced the in-shore squadron to two frigates, *Hydra* and *Euryalus*; and outside of them, at a convenient distance for signalling, stationed four sail of the line

“On the 1st of October, the *Euryalus* reconnoitred the port of Cadiz, and discovered in the outer harbour, eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish ships of the line, ready for sea. Between the 9th and 13th of October, the *Royal Sovereign*, *Belleisle*, *Africa* and *Agamemnon*, joined the British fleet; but after deducting five sail, under Rear-Admiral Louis, (despatched to Gibraltar), the number amounted only to twenty-seven sail of the line.

“Since the 10th, the enemy's fleet had moved towards the harbour, and evinced a disposition to put to sea. From the 10th to the 17th, the wind continued to blow fresh from the westward, which prevented them; but on the 17th, at midnight, the wind shifted to the eastward; and on Saturday the 19th, at 7h. a.m., the combined fleet weighed, by signal from the commander-in-chief, with a light breeze from the northward. Owing to the lightness of the wind, however, only twelve ships got out, and these lay becalmed until the afternoon, when a breeze sprang up from the westward, and this division of the enemy stood to the northward, closely watched by the British frigates

Euryalus and Sirius, which immediately signaled the cheering news to the British fleet.

"A most remarkable instance of what might be almost termed second sight in Lord Nelson, has been mentioned to us from a quarter which demands the highest respect. On this morning, Nelson was more than usually anxious, and he came on deck under the full impression that the enemy's fleet had put to sea. No signal to that effect had been made by the look-out frigates, but his lordship persisted in his behalf that such a signal was flying. Both the signal Lieutenant, and Captain Hardy, went to the mast-head with their glasses to ascertain whether any such signal was out, but were unable to discover anything leading them to suppose that such was the case. About an hour afterwards, a signal gun announced that the enemy had put to sea! Just previous to the ever-memorable battle, Nelson sent to Collingwood, his old comrade, and second in command, his plan of attack, with the following note:—"I send you my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend

"NELSON & BRONTE."

As this is the most glorious victory ever achieved by England upon the seas, and as the altered state of our navy renders it improbable that such another will again be recorded, it may not be uninteresting to give here

NELSON'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

"Thinking it almost impossible to form a fleet of forty sail of the line into a line of battle, in variable winds, thick weather, and other circumstances which must occur, with a loss of time, that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive, I have, therefore, made up my mind to keep the fleet in that position of sailing

(with the exception of the first and second in command) that the order of sailing is to be the order of battle; placing the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-decked ships; which will always make, if wanted, a line of twenty-four sail, on which ever line the commander-in-chief may direct. The second in command will, after my intentions are made known to him, have the entire direction of his line, to make the attack upon the enemy, and to follow up the blow until they are captured or destroyed.

"If the enemy's fleet should be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advancing squadron could fetch them, they would possibly be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should, therefore, probably make the second in command's signal to lead through about the twelfth ship from their rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to get so far advanced. My line would lead through about their centre; and the advanced squadron to cut two, three, or four ships ahead of their centre, so as to ensure getting at their commander-in-chief (supposed to be in the centre) to the rear of the fleet. I will suppose twenty sail of the enemy's line to be untouched: it must be some time before they could perform a manœuvre to bring their force compact to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to succour their own ships; which, indeed, would be impossible, without mixing with the ships engaged. The enemy's fleet is supposed to consist of 46 sail of the line: British 40: if either is less, only a proportionate number of the enemy's ships is to be cut off. If the van of the enemy tack, the captured ships must run to leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wear, the British must place themselves between the enemy and the captured and disabled British ships; and should the enemy close, I have no fear for the result.

"The second in command will, in all possible things, direct the movements of his line, by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will permit. Captains are to look to their particular line as their rallying point; but in case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, *no captain can do very wrong if he place his ship alongside that of an enemy.*

"Of the intended attack from to windward, the enemy in the line of battle ready to receive an attack :

_____ } British
 _____ } Lines.

Enemy's Line of Battle.

"The division of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the enemy's centre; the signal will then most probably be made for the lee line to bear up together; to set all their sails in order, to get as quickly as possible to the enemy's line, and to cut through, beginning at the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear. Some ships may not get through their exact place, but they will always be at hand to assist their friends. If any are thrown round the rear of the enemy, they will effectually complete the business of 12 sail of the enemy. Should the enemy wear together, or bear up and sail large, still the 12 ships composing, in the first position, the enemy's rear, are to be the object of attack of the lee line, unless otherwise directed by the Commander-in-chief, which is scarcely to be expected as the entire management of the lee line, after the intentions of the Commander-in-chief are signified, is intended to be left to the Admiral commanding that line. The remainder of the enemy's fleet, 34 sail of the line, are to be left to the management of the Commander-in-chief, who will endeavour to take care that the movements of the second in command, are as little interrupted as possible."

Soon after day break, on this never-to-be forgotten 21st of October, Nelson appeared on deck. He at once repaired to the different decks of the *Victory*, and appropriately addressed the men as to their behaviour in the approaching conflict. He then went below, and while alone in his cabin, wrote the following prayer.

"May the great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my

country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me defend. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

After this he drew up a memorandum bequeathing his adopted daughter to the generous care of his King and country, and then once more went on deck. He was dressed in his Admiral's uniform with his stars and orders glistening on his breast. Some of his officers fearing that so conspicuous an attire might render him a mark for the enemy, tried to prevail upon him to change his dress, but he refused to listen to the suggestion, and pointing particularly to his orders, exclaimed, "In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them." It may here be remarked that Nelson all along entertained a strong presentiment that this would be his last battle.

At 8h. 30m. Villeneuve made the signal for his fleet to wear and form a line in close order on the larboard tack: but owing to the light air of wind and the great swell, it was not until 10h. that this movement was accomplished, and even then, the line, if such it could be called, was very irregularly formed; so much so, that it was nearly in the shape of a crescent; and instead of the ships being in the line ahead, some were at a distance to leeward, and others to windward of their proper stations. For the most part, the ships were two, and, in some cases, three abreast, and they were generally under topsails and topgallant sails, with maintop sails to their masts.

The following is a statement of the British ships in the relative order in which they went into action:—

Weather Division.

VICTORY—100 guns.

Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson; Captain T. M. Hardy.

TEMERAIRE AND NEPTUNE—98 guns.

Captain Eliab Harvey; Captain Thomas F. Freemantle.

LEVIATHAN AND CONQUEROR—74 guns.

Captain Henry W. Bayntun; Captain Israel Pellew.

BRITANNIA—100 guns.

Rear-Admiral Earl Northesk; Captain C. Bullen.

AGAMEMNON AND AFRICA—64 guns.

Captain Sir Edward Barry; Captain Henry Digby.

AJAX, ORION, MINOTAUR, AND SPARTIATE—74 guns.

Captain John Pilfold; Captain Edward Codrington; Captain
C. J. M. Mansfield; Captain Sir F. Laforey.

EURYALUS AND NAIAD—38 guns.

Captain Hon. H. Blackwood; Captain Thomas Dundas.

PICKLE SCHOONER.

Lieutenant J. R. Laperotiere.

*Lee Division.***ROYAL SOVEREIGN.—100 guns.**

Vice-Admiral C. Collingwood; Captain E. Rotherham.

BELLEISLE AND MARS—74 guns.

Captain William Hargood; Captain George Duff.

TONNANT—80 guns.

Captain Charles Tyler.

BELLEROPHON, COLOSSUS, AND ACHILLE—74 guns.

Captain John Cooke; Captain J. N. Norris; Captain Richard King.

DREADNOUGHT—93 guns.

Captain John Conn.

POLYPHEMUS—64 guns.

Captain Robert Redmill.

**REVENGE, SWIFTSURE, DEFIANCE, THUNDERER AND DEFENCE—
74 guns.**

Captain Robert Moorson; Captain George Rutherford; Captain
Phillip C. C. H. Durham; Capt. John Stockham; Capt. George Hope.

PRINCE—98 guns.

Captain Richard Grindall.

PRIZE AND SIRIUS—36 guns.

Captain Hon. Thomas B. Capel; Captain William Prowse.

ENTREPRENANTE CUTTER.

Lieutenant John Purver.

It will thus be seen that Nelson constituted his own vessel the Victory, the leading ship of the column. Captains Blackwood and Hardy recognizing the extreme danger of this position, and knowing how highly England prized her greatest hero, endeavoured to persuade him to allow the Temeraire, then close astern, to sail ahead. Lord Nelson, smiling significantly at Captain Hardy, replied, "Oh yes, let her go ahead," and the Temeraire. But, at about the same moment, Lieutenant Yule, who then commanded upon the forecastle of the Victory, observing that the lee or starboard lower studding sail was improperly set, caused it to be taken in for the purpose of setting afresh. The instant this was done, Nelson ran forward, and rated the lieutenant severely for having as he supposed, begun to shorten sail without the captain's orders. The studding sail was quickly replaced; and the Victory, as the gallant chief intended, continued to lead the column. When the Temeraire ranged up on the Victory's quarter, with the view of moving ahead, Lord Nelson hailed her with, "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is *astern* of the Victory."

It was about this time that Nelson concerted the famous signal which has since formed one of the most remarkable passages of English history; and a little before 12, there floated from the Victory's mizen top-gallant mast the celebrated telegraphic signal—

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

This signal, so soon as its purport became known, was answered by three hearty ringing cheers from the whole fleet, and thus the ships went into action.

To give a full account of this memorable battle would be a voluminous undertaking, and to afford even a slight sketch of the various movements during the action, is not within the scope of the present work; but we shall not do justice to such a scene of world-wide fame, if we pass over, unnoticed, the period when England lost her gallant Nelson.

"The Victory," says Allen, "had arrived within five or six hundred yards of the enemy, when her mizen-topmast was shot away, and also her wheel, so that she was obliged to be steered by the relieving tackles below. A shot about

this time killed eight marines on the poop ; after which, Captain Adair, by Lord Nelson's request, ordered his men to lie down, a caution that was observed in the *Belleisle* and many other ships before the enemy opened their fire.

"Shortly afterwards, a splinter from the forebrace bits passed between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, and a part of it tore away the buckle from the shoe of the latter. Both looked anxiously and earnestly at each other, each fearing the other to have been injured. Lord Nelson smiled and said, 'This is too warm work to last long, Hardy.'

"Captain Hardy remarked to Lord Nelson the impossibility of getting through the cluster of ships ahead without running foul of one of them ; to which Nelson quickly replied, 'I cannot help it, it does not signify which we run on board of ; go on board which you please—take your choice.' By this time, the *Victory* (whose sails were hanging in ribands) had lost full fifty men killed and wounded ; but it was now her turn to begin.

"Having at length determined to pass under the stern of the French 80-gun ship. *Bucentaure*, as she poured her well-directed and tremendous broadside into that ship, the effect of it was so great, that the French ship was observed to heave two or three streaks when receiving it. The *Victory* then hauled round as close under the stern of the 80-gun ship as was practicable, in the hope of bringing her to action to leeward, but this was prevented by the advance of the *Redoubtable*.

"Lord Nelson continued pacing the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, their walk being bounded abaft by the wheel, and forward by the companion ladder, a distance of about twenty-five feet only. At 1h. 25m. his lordship was about to turn to walk aft, when he received the fatal bullet.

"Captain Hardy, turning, observed his admiral in the act of falling ; and before he could prevent it, his lordship fell on his knees, with his left hand just touching the deck, very near to the same spot whereon his secretary, Mr. Scott, had fallen. On Captain Hardy expressing a hope that his lordship was not severely wounded, Lord Nelson said, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy.' 'I hope not,' replied Captain Hardy. 'Yes,' continued Nelson, 'my back-bone is shot through.'

"A musket ball had entered the left shoulder, through the strap of the epaulette, and descending, had lodged in the spine. Serjeant Secker, of the marines, and two seamen conveyed the wounded hero to the cockpit. The direction taken by the bullet proves that it must have been fired from aloft; and it, doubtless, came from the mizen-top of the Redoubtable; but there is scarcely sufficient reason for believing that it was aimed in particular at Lord Nelson. It was most probably a chance shot: but notwithstanding this, the direction from whence it came led to the destruction of every man in the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, by the enraged crew of the Victory.

"Captain Adair immediately snatched up a musket, and with a midshipman, Mr. John Pollard, and many others, continued to fire at the men in the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, until, one by one, they were observed to fall. Lord Nelson was scarcely known by the enemy to be on board the fleet; indeed, it was believed, at the time, that he was in England."

It is well known that the tide of battle was at this moment in favour of the British fleet; and that fame spread the laurels of conquest over the dying chief and the force under his command, at the same important period. The particulars of the dying hero, and his last orders are thus graphically described by the authority we have before quoted:—

"As he was being conveyed to the cockpit, in which he breathed his last, he caused his face and star to be covered by his handkerchief, in order that he might pass unnoticed by the crew. On reaching the cockpit, the dying hero was laid upon a midshipman's mattress, and stripped of his clothes, when the surgeon proceeded to probe the wound, which he soon ascertained to be mortal—an opinion which Nelson had from the first entertained. We have heard it from authority which we cannot question, that Nelson had a firm presentiment that he should not survive the battle. The sufferings of his lordship from pain and thirst were very great. He frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper.

"In about an hour and ten minutes after Lord Nelson had been carried below, Captain Hardy, availing himself of a moment's respite from his duties, visited his dying admiral.

"They shook hands very affectionately; and Lord Nelson said, 'Well Hardy, how goes the battle?—how goes the day with us?' 'Very well, my lord,' replied Captain Hardy; 'we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have, therefore, called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said his lordship, 'none of our ships have struck, Hardy?'" 'No, my lord,' replied Captain Hardy, 'there is no fear of that.' Lord Nelson then said, 'I am a dead man, Hardy: I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon.'

The gallant captain was now called away to give orders on deck, and shortly after, the vessel opened a heavy fire upon the enemy. The noise and motion thus caused, so affected the dying admiral that he exclaimed "Oh Victory, Victory, how you distract my poor brain!" Adding after a moment's pause, "How dear is life to all men!"

By this time he had lost all feeling below the breast, and having directed the surgeon to ascertain this, he said to him, "you know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Dr. Beatty inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great that I wish I was dead." Yet, he added in a lower voice, "One would like to live a little longer too." Nearly an hour had elapsed since Captain Hardy's return to the deck, and he now again presented himself before his revered chief. Taking Lord Nelson's hand, the Captain congratulated him on having gained a glorious victory, which he said was complete, and that not less than fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships had surrendered, Nelson answered "That is well, but I bargained for twenty;" and then emphatically exclaimed, "Anchor, Hardy, Anchor!"—"I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs," said Captain Hardy,—“Not while I live, I hope, Hardy,” cried Nelson, making an ineffectual effort to raise himself. “No, do *you*, anchor, Hardy.” Presently, calling the Captain back he said to him in a low voice, “Don't throw this poor carcase overboard,” and expressed

a desire that he might be buried by his parents, unless the King should think fit to order otherwise." He was then silent for a few moments, and evidently in great pain, "Kiss me, Hardy," he said at length. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. Nelson then said, "now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment, and then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" asked Nelson; and being informed, he replied "God bless you, Hardy."

Nelson now expressed a wish to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." To the Chaplain he said, "Doctor, I have not been a *great* sinner;" Life was now ebbing fast, his articulation grew more and more indistinct, but he was heard frequently to repeat "Thank God, I have done my duty." These were the last words he uttered; and without a struggle or a groan, Lord Nelson breathed his last, at half past four on the 21st of October, 1805.

Tidings were immediately forwarded by Captain Hardy to Vice-Admiral Collingwood (in such terms as not to harrow the feelings of so dear a coadjutor) of the mortal wound received by their commander; and upon Collingwood now devolved the important task of completing the duties at Trafalgar: but as the sun set upon the concluding work of Nelson, the great conqueror—victory! immortal victory! threw its coronal upon the dying hero, and the winds wafted the intelligence quickly to the furthest confines of anxious Europe; for it was a most important period in the destiny of nations. That the slaughter on both sides was almost beyond any accurate numbering, may be traced by the varied accounts.

A writer and traveller of that period, who was sojourning on the coast of Spain, has given us a description of the scenes he witnessed at Cadiz, ten days after the battle of Trafalgar. He says—"When, by the carelessness of the boatmen and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore. On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were being carried away to the hospitals in every shape of human

misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile, their companions, who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes; whilst women sat on heaps of arms, broken war furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees!

"On leaving the harbour, I passed through the town to the Point, and still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye can reach, the sandy side of the isthmus bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a topmast, marked with the name of the *Swiftsure* and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral and half their fleet. Surrounded by wrecks, I mounted the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance, several masts, dead bodies, and portions of the wreck floating about. I learned that every hospital in Cadiz being already full of the sick, convents and churches were obliged to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder!"

The total loss of the British in this celebrated engagement has been most generally admitted to be not less than one thousand five hundred and eighty. But in that loss old England told a plain story to her enemies, that has been well understood.

"Long may she own the glorious right!
And when through circling flame
She darts her thunder in the fight,
May justice guide her aim!
And when opposed in future wars,
Her soldiers brave—her gallant tars—
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land!"

When the action was concluded, Cape Trafalgar was in sight, or distant about eight miles, hence the name given to this celebrated battle. The loss sustained on both sides was heavy; but to us, the triumph was purchased at a sacrifice which made all England weep. Nelson was the polar star to every naval exploit during his successful

career; and in the words of Dr. Beatty, we may add, "His splendid example will operate as an everlasting impulse to the enterprising genius of the British navy."

The names of the ships taken possession of at Trafalgar were, as follows:—

Santissima Trinidad—130 guns.

Santa Anna—112 guns.

Neptuno, Argonaut, and Bucentaure—80 guns.

Achille	Intrepide
Berwick	San Augustin
Swiftsure	Monarca
Aigle	Bahama
Algesirus	San Ildefonso, and
Fougeux	San Juan Nepomuceno
Redoutable	74 guns.

"The victory of Trafalgar," says Allen, "was most complete; and since that day the enemies of England have not been able to fit out a fleet at all equal to contest with her navy—the rule of the ocean. Although the preponderance of force was considerably on the side of the combined fleets, a chance of victory did not remain to them after the first shot fired by the British. Never, perhaps, were more cool and determined bravery and skill evinced than on this occasion; and the dismasted and shattered ships of the enemy afforded a proof, melancholy to them, yet glorious to British sailors, of what steadiness and discipline can effect."

Directly after the battle the corpse of Lord Viscount Nelson was placed in spirits, for the purpose of being conveyed to England. It was, at first, the intention of Lord Collingwood to send home the body in the *Euryalus*; but the crew of the *Victory* manifested the strongest reluctance to part with it: and having, in a respectful manner, remonstrated against its removal, the *Victory* sailed for England, and arrived with the precious charge on the 10th of December, off Sheerness.

Nelson's coffin was made out of the mainmast of the *L'Orient*; and when the body had been deposited therein, another outer envelope befitting the occasion was found in the colours of the *Victory*; they were bound round the coffin. Tars, who had served in the hero's own ship, bore

his body into the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, where it lay in state until the 9th of January, 1806, when a public funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral closed upon the immortal Nelson's

“Strange, eventful history.”

The monument at St. Paul's Cathedral, erected by the British nation; the tall column of victory in Trafalgar Square; together with the many costly memorial statues of the HERO, erected at Liverpool, Birmingham, Yarmouth Beach, and other places throughout the empire, attest the universal admiration which his genius and matchless daring called forth. Perhaps, however, of all the trophies erected to perpetuate his fame, we may not find a more elegant and appropriate one than that placed in the Guildhall, by the corporation, merchants, and other citizens of London, in the year 1810. The *IN MEMORIAM* beneath the sculptured tribute was written by the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and runs as follows:—

TO HORATIO, VISCOUNT AND BARON NELSON,

Vice-Admiral of the White, and Knight of the Most Honourable
Order of the Bath.

A man amongst the few who appear

At different periods to have been created

To promote the grandeur and add to the security of nations;

Inciting by their high example their fellow mortals,

Through all succeeding times, to pursue the course

That leads to the exaltation of our
imperfect nature.

Providence, that implanted in Nelson's breast an ardent passion for renown, had bounteously endowed him with the transcendent talents necessary to the great purposes he was destined to accomplish. At an early period of life he entered into the naval service of his country; and early were the instances which marked the fearless nature and enterprise of his character, uniting to the loftiest spirit, and the justest title to self-confidence, a strict and humble obedience to the sovereign rule of discipline and subordination. Rising by due gradation to command, he infused into the bosoms of those he led, the valorous ardour and enthusiastic zeal for the service of his king and country, which animated his own; and while he acquired the love of all, by the

sweetness and moderation of his temper, he inspired a universal confidence in the never-failing resources of his capacious mind. It will be for history to relate the many great exploits through which, unsolicitous of peril, and regardless of wounds, he became the glory of his profession! But it belongs to this brief record of his illustrious career to say, that he commanded and conquered at the battles of the NILE and COPENHAGEN — victories never before equalled, yet, afterwards, surpassed by his own last achievement, the battle of TRAFALGAR, fought on the 21st of October, 1805. On that day, before the conclusion of the action, he fell, mortally wounded; but the sources of life and sense failed not, until it was known to him that the destruction of the enemy being completed, the glory of the country and his own had attained their summit. Then laying his hand on his brave heart, with a look of exalted resignation to the will of the Supreme Disposer of the fate of man and nations, he expired.

The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the
City of London,

Have caused this monument to be erected,
Not in the presumptuous hope of sustaining
The departed hero's memory,
But to manifest their estimation of the MAN
And their admiration of his deeds.

This testimony of their gratitude, they trust,
Will remain as long as their own renowned CITY shall exist.

The period to Nelson's Fame can only be

THE END OF TIME!

Captain Blackwood said of Nelson, "He governed those who were under him by the most gratifying acts of kindness, endeavouring to make all sorts of service as pleasant as circumstances would admit. His discernment also made him assign to every officer that service for which his abilities were best calculated; and though he would have duty done, yet he never drew the cord too tight. He carried on the duty of a commander-in-chief, by addressing himself to the feelings of those under him, on which he so well acted, that every officer and man vied who should do his best; and I am quite persuaded he succeeded in making bad officers so satisfied with themselves, that he reformed many, and from *all* produced more real service

than any other admiral ever did, or ever will do." But volumes might be written in praise of such natural worth and heroism as that which distinguished our Nelson ; for, to transpose the words of the poet—

" FAME threw his mantle o'er the world,
And pinned it with a star ! "

The meeting of Nelson and Wellington has been the subject of a beautiful national picture ; and it may not be out of place here to mention, that the two celebrated heroes met by mere accident. The duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, had already seen much service in India, and had returned from that scene of his early career to the metropolis ; and it happened that Horatio, Lord Nelson, was waiting in the minister's office for important instructions at the same time. The maimed " ocean child," with his one eye, was instantly known to Sir Arthur ; but the physiognomy of the latter had not become so common a feature in the shop windows at that time, and Nelson did not recognize him. The news of an action having just been received, it formed a subject for them, left alone as they were in the ante-room ; and they conversed together freely, Sir Arthur paying the naval worthy his due mark of courtesy. Nelson enquired afterwards respecting the stranger, and eagerly returned to explain to him a plan for occupying Sardinia. Nothing of importance, however, marked their brief interview. Directly after, Nelson sailed—Trafalgar was the goal—and our two great warriors never met again.

As time collects the dusty weeds of history about the events of 1805, the bright flowers that formed the wreath of our Nelson's fame will peer through all, delighting the eye of every noble-minded foreigner, and gratifying the best feelings of all patriotic Englishmen. Illustrative of this, we may here relate a single instance of what the learned and philosophical Thomas Carlyle would designate " hero worship."

During the time that the Crystal Palace brought its thousands of eager-eyed wanderers to England's metropolis — when the steamboat and crowded car seemed instinct with the life that everywhere and round about us

gave a never-to-be-forgotten interest to the great "world's fair,"—one sweet morning saw us entering the gates of Greenwich Hospital with a small party of our sight-seeing country friends. As may be conceived, the crowd of visitors that thronged every avenue of the great naval asylum at that time, consisted of people from various countries; however, among the rest, a French lady, not unknown to the polite circles of St. Cloud, ascended the steps of the Painted Chamber, and from her sudden exclamation of delight, made no secret of the great joy she experienced by the grandeur which there bursts upon the sight from walls that seem alive with animated artistic excellence. She was evidently an enthusiast; and after she had occupied some time in examining the coat worn by the hero of Trafalgar, and stained with blood, together with the fatal ball, there encased as national treasures, a veteran officer passed by, and one of the old seamen pointed to him, and informed her that he was along with Nelson, a boy on board the Victory! With an exclamation of joy and surprise, the fair Gaul rushed forward to gaze upon the old British tar; on she went—jostling and elbowing all who were in the way; determined to have a fairer look at the old gentleman as he halted along with his wooden leg. Her friends were now seen following, to repress her eagerness; but at that instant, she stumbled, and fell headlong down the steps! A slight confusion ensued; happily, however, the gentle Parisian was not bruised, though she had received a severe shock; but she had no sooner recovered her breath than she pleasantly declared that "fifty such falls were of little consequence, weighed with the gratification she had received, by seeing a man who had breathed the same atmosphere as Lord Nelson, and had trod the deck of the Victory in the great battle!"

And when Britons ramble to shrines that remind them of their own illustrious dead, allowing nature and feeling to be their guide, what sophist shall tell us that their enthusiasm is vain, so long as they cherish a noble appreciation of the great and good, revealed to them by the voice of historic truth? To gaze upon those monumental tributes of a nation's gratitude; to examine with curious eye, while the volume of the past seems to lie open before us, those sad relics of our venerated naval worthy must

have its usefulness; for they, indeed, are the pictorial illustrations to the volume of our common observation.

We conclude this notice of the greatest man that ever hoisted his flag on a British man-of-war, by quoting the words of a reviewer:—"Melancholy experience has never ceased to show that great warlike talents of any kind may be united with a coarse and ignoble heart. But in Nelson, the sterner qualities of a conqueror were embellished by all that is elevated in a sense of honour, and tempered by all that is soft and romantic in human affections. Time has abated the first glow of our admiration for his exploits; exploits of a more exciting character have occupied men's thoughts, and cast his glories partially into the shade. The period is advancing when the naval superiority which he completed will pass away, but Nelson's name will always occupy a section in the history of the world, and be pronounced, wherever it is understood, as that of a **HERO!**"

As Admiral Collingwood was the intimate colleague of the immortal Nelson, there is no need of introductory delay in giving a brief notice of such a distinguished seaman.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, September 26th, 1750. His first promotion after being made captain of the *Hornet*, sloop-of-war, was from Admiral Graves, in 1775, during the American War. In 1778, when Nelson was removed into the Bristol flag-ship, Collingwood succeeded him in the *Lowestoffe*; and in the same year, Nelson being appointed commander of the *Badger* brig, Collingwood took his place in the Bristol. Sir Peter Parker was the friend of both the young officers, and thus it happened that whenever Nelson got a step in rank, Collingwood succeeded him.

In 1781, he was made Post into the *Hinchenbrook*, and in 1783, he was appointed to the *Mediator*, and went out to the West Indies, at which station he and Nelson laid the foundation of a friendship which lasted through life.

It should be borne in mind that this young seaman was not overburdened with wealth, nor had he the advantage of influence at court; so that his services of fourteen years before he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, are the gilding to his early laurels. During the period our hero

remained in the West India Station, he co-operated with Nelson in compelling the citizens of the United States, to hold a close observance of the navigation laws. When the Admiralty fitted out an expedition against Spain, Captain Collingwood, was appointed to the command of the *Mermaid*; and after a short cruise, he joined the flag-ship of Admiral Bowyer, as captain of the *Barfleur*. He was present in the action of the 1st of June, 1794. At the blockade of Toulon, he was engaged in the *Excellent*, whence he proceeded to reinforce the fleet under the command of Sir John Jervis. In the memorable battle fought off Cape St. Vincent, the *Excellent* engaged the *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 guns, and soon compelled her to strike. Collingwood, however, left her to be secured by other ships, and vigorously turned his attention to the *San Isidro*, 74 guns; this ship struck to the *Excellent* in ten minutes. The fighting seaman again signalled another ship to come up and secure the prize, while he passed on with the *Excellent* to the relief of his gallant friend, Nelson, whom he found, as he said, "dreadfully mauled;" and having poured his effective broadsides upon the *San Nicholas*, 84, and the *San Josef*, 112, he moved into contentious quarters with the tremendous four decker, *Santissima Trinidad*, only leaving her when a complete wreck. As a proof that in the midst of the battle he thought of those whom he had left to mourn his absence with anxious fears in the land he loved best, we may mention that he preserved for his father-in-law, from the wreck of the last named vessel, a double-headed Spanish shot, weighing fifty pounds, to place among the curiosities at home; and for his "ace of hearts," (the beloved Sarah, of whom he said, "and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more,") the image of Isidore, the patron saint of San Isidro.

Captain Collingwood continued in the command of the *Excellent* until 1799; the ship was then paid off, and he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White. In the spring of the following year he was appointed to the *Triumph*, under Lord Bridport, commander in the Channel; and in 1801, he was further promoted to the dignity of Rear-Admiral of the Red. Other promotions followed in naval order, until at length he was found as the

coadjutor of Admiral Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. After that celebrated victory he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood, of Calburne and Hethpoole, in the county of Northumberland. A suitable pension was also settled upon him by government.

It was in 1803 that he bid adieu to his "dear darlings at home;" and the heavy business at Trafalgar was no sooner ended than the command of the fleet called for the continued sea service of Lord Collingwood; and his time was fully occupied in watching and blockading the enemy. "How I long," said he "to have a peep into my own house, and a walk in my own garden!"—Seasons rolled away, however, and the veteran was far from home and home's delights. At length nature rebelled against his long ocean servitude, and he wrote to the first Lord of the Admiralty as follows:

"VILLE DE PARIS, Feb. 22, 1810.

"It has given me much concern that I have been under the necessity of writing to the Admiralty, stating the ill condition of my health, and requesting their lordships' permission to return to England; and this I can assure your lordships, I have not done until I am past service, being at present totally incapable of applying to the duties of my office. My complaint is of a nature to which I apprehend it is difficult to apply a remedy, for I have hitherto received no benefit from medical advice. Since November it has been daily increasing, so that I am now almost past walking across my cabin; and as it is attributed to my long service in a ship, I have little hope of amendment until I can land." &c. &c.

On the 3rd of March following he surrendered his command to Rear-Admiral Martin. Contrary winds assailed the *Ville de Paris*, in being warped out from Port Mahon; and on the morning of the 7th. as the swell was very considerable, Captain Thomas, one of the veteran's intimate friends, enquired if the motion of the vessel disturbed his lordship? "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more,—I am dying—and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." He spoke of his family, his country,

and of his resignation to the Almighty's fiat,—and about six o'clock of the evening of that day, he calmly expired, having attained the age of sixty-nine years. His remains were conveyed to England, and deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Nelson's, where a monument was erected by a vote of Parliament. There is also a splendid cenotaph raised to his memory, in Newcastle, his native town.

Collingwood possessed many of the attributes of his friend and brother in-arms, Nelson. He was firm, yet mild in command, was most considerate of the comfort and health of his men, and averse to flogging and all violent and brutal exercises of authority, such as were at that time but too commonly practised in the royal navy. As a scientific seaman and naval tactician, he had few, if any equals, and in action his judgment was as cool as his courage was warm.

Admiral Duckworth, though not so famous as his contemporary stars of the same galaxy, was, nevertheless, a gallant commander. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Duckworth, Rector of Fulmer, in Buckinghamshire, and was born on the 21st of February, 1740. He went to sea at an early age, and obtained his lieutenant's commission in June, 1770. He served for some time in the *Princess Royal*, 98 guns,—and in June, 1780, was made Post Captain. In 1794, Captain Duckworth was present, as Commander of the *Orion*, 74, at Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June, and in 1798 he distinguished himself under Admiral Lord St. Vincent, at the reduction of Minorca, hoisting his broad pendant in the *Leviathan*, 74 guns. During the summer of the following year he was created Rear-Admiral, and appointed to the command of our fleet in the West Indies. It was after his conquests of St. Bartholomew and St. Martin, that he was created a Knight of the Bath, with a pension of one thousand a year.

On the 19th of February, Admiral Sir John Duckworth forced the passage of the Dardanelles, which was defended by the forts of Sestos and Abydos,* and numerous batteries which had been erected in various directions: he had

* In the gardens at Cassiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex, near Watford, are preserved two granite balls, (one of them weighing seven hundred weight,) which were fired from the Castle of Abydos, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, into the *Ændymion* Frigate.

also the opposition of several line-of-battle ships, moored in line, and thus forming a considerable barrier. This formidable wall of ocean battery, however, he speedily passed, and conqueror-like, left the wreck to be towed by others while he swept along, a terror to the enemy, making flag after flag strike to the royal colours he maintained. Sir John was for many years an active co-operator with Sir Sidney Smith and others; also holding for several years previous to his death, command in the Mediterranean, as well as on the station of Newfoundland. He died on the 14th of April, 1817, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared between Great Britain and the United States; and a few days afterwards the first indication of hostilities exhibited itself in a smart chase. when Captain Byron gallantly defended himself in the British frigate *Belvidere*, against a squadron of American war ships under Commodore Rodgers.

Other slight actions marked the period of which we now speak, but the most importance has always been attached to the single combat between the 36-gun frigate, *Chesapeake*, and the British 38-gun frigate, *Shannon*. Of that memorable rencontre, Mr. James, the naval historian, has, perhaps, given the most impartial account. As a British writer, the late Fennimore Cooper, the celebrated American novelist, also gave lights and shadows to this interesting sea contest; but, as always will happen in matters of this kind, either from patriotic or less noble feelings, the author's pen has ever a bias towards the land of his birth: and to steer fair under heavy sail on both sides, it is necessary to wade through reviews and historical siftings of different dates, and by various writers, to look without prejudice on such nautical matters of precedence. However, in the present instance, we disavow anything that warps the judgment, and present the reader with Mr. James's statement. He says—

“ Among the captains of 38-gun frigates who longed, ardently longed, for a meeting with one of the American 44's., was Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, of the *Shannon*. This desire was not founded on any wish for a display of personal valour, but in order to show to the world what apparent wonders could be effected, where the

ships and the crew were in all respects fitted for battle. It was not since the late American war, that Captain Broke had begun to put his frigate in order, and to practise his men at the guns.

"The Shannon, from the day on which Captain Broke joined her (September 14, 1806), began to feel the influence of her commander's skill and intelligence.

"Early on the morning of the 1st of June, 1813, Captain Broke addressed to the commanding officer of the Chesapeake a letter of challenge, which, for candour, manly spirit, and gentlemanly style, stands unparalleled. The letter begins—

"As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. The Shannon mounts 24-guns upon her broadside, and one light boat gun,—18-pounders upon her main deck, and 32 pound carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys, (a large proportion of the latter,) besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of re-captured vessels lately." After fixing the place of meeting, and providing against all interruption, Capt. Broke concludes—"I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity by the wish of meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives: you will feel it as a compliment, if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favor me with a speedy reply; we are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

The letter was given by Captain Broke to a discharged prisoner, then about to proceed in his own ship's boat, to Marblehead, a port a few miles north of Boston. Shortly afterwards, the Shannon, with colours flying, stood in close to Boston lighthouse, and there lay to. The Chesapeake was now seen at anchor in President Roads, with royal

yards across, and apparently ready for sea. The American frigate presently loosed her foretop-sail, and shortly afterwards all her topsails, and sheeted them home. The wind, blowing a light breeze from west by north, was perfectly fair.

"Between twelve and one, while the men were at dinner, Captain Broke went himself to the mast-head, and there observed the Chesapeake fire a gun, and loose and set top-gallant sails. She was soon under way, and made more sail as she came down, having a light breeze in her favour.

"While aloft, Captain Broke saw that Captain Slocum (the discharged prisoner, to whom he had entrusted the letter) had not reached shore in time to accomplish his mission; however, the Shannon now filled, and stood out from the land under easy sail till four o'clock, when the Chesapeake having hauled up, and fired a gun, as if in defiance, the Shannon hauled up also, and reefed topsails. Both ships, now about seven miles distant, again bore away,—the Shannon with her foresail brailed up, and her maintop-sail braced flat and shivering, that the Chesapeake might overtake her.

"At a few minutes past five, Boston lighthouse bearing west, distant about six leagues, the Shannon again hauled up, with her head to the southward and eastward, and lay to under topsails, top-gallant sails, jib, and Spanker, having barely steerage way.

"The Chesapeake came down upon the Shannon's starboard quarter, with three ensigns flying,—one at the mizen-royal mast head, one at the peak, and one in the starboard main rigging. She had also, flying at the fore, a large white flag, inscribed with the words,—'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights; upon a supposition that their favourite American motto would paralyze the efforts or damp the energy of the Shannon's men. The Shannon had only an old rusty blue ensign at the peak, nor was her outside appearance at all calculated to inspire a belief of the order and discipline that reigned within. Captain Broke thought at one time that the Chesapeake would pass under his stern, and engage him upon the larboard side, he therefore directed his men, as she passed, to lie down flat, so as to avoid, in some degree, the raking fire;" but we are

informed by Allen, that "at 5h. 40m. the Chesapeake luffed to upon the Shannon's starboard and weather quarter, with her main-topsail to the mast, at the distance of about 50 yards, and her crew gave three cheers. The captain of the Shannon's fourteenth gun, William Windham, received orders to fire as soon as his gun would bear upon the Chesapeake's second port from forward, and this order he strictly obeyed."

And now came the tug of war; broadside followed upon broadside, until at length Captain Broke saw signs of a meditated run, and he gave orders for grappling and boarding the proud American Chesapeake. "At two minutes past six," says Allen, "Capt. Broke, at the head of not more than twenty men, stepped from the waist of the rail hammock netting to the muzzle of the after carronade of the Chesapeake, and sprang from thence upon her quarter deck. Here not an officer or man was visible, but some twenty or thirty men assembled in her gangways, made a slight resistance, but fled forward upon the approach of the British. They were pursued with eagerness, but so great was the panic which had seized them, that they tumbled over one another in endeavouring to descend the fore-ladders, and some it is believed fell over the bows, and either crept in at the bow-ports or fell overboard in the attempt; the remainder lay down their arms." This was the grand movement, but after the boarding, dreadful work succeeded,—hand to hand met the furious combatants, and Captain Broke was severely wounded among others of the British, while the American Captain, James Lawrence, as well as his first, second, and third lieutenants, were mortally wounded; however, the short space of eleven minutes only had elapsed between firing the first gun and the boarding, and in four minutes more the Chesapeake was completely the Shannon's prize.

On the 18th of February, 1815, a treaty of peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States.

The principal naval event of 1816, commonly known as the Bombardment of Algiers, introduced to the pages of naval warfare Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth. This distinguished Commander was born at Dover, April 19th, 1757. At the age of thirteen, he went to sea in the Juno frigate, and sailed for the Falkland Islands. At the com-

menacement of the war with the American Colonies, he became Midshipman of the *Blond* frigate, with Captain Pownall. In 1780, for services in various quarters of the globe, he was advanced to the rank of Post-Captain, and appointed to command the *Hazard* sloop-of-war. In 1793, on being presented to the king as an officer of merit, he was knighted,—and we next find him as Sir Edward Pellew, Commander of the *Arethusa*, of 44 guns.

In the year 1796, Sir Edward Pellew, then in command of the *Indefatigable*, performed in the cause of humanity, an action which may be accounted the most glorious of his whole career. On the 26th of January, he was driving with Lady Pellew, to a dinner party near Plymouth Harbour, when his attention was directed to a crowd of persons running towards the shore, ascertaining that it was a wreck which caused this excitement. Sir Edward instantly alighted from his carriage, leaving his wife to be driven on. Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board of the wreck, between 500 and 600, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port, to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed "Then I will go myself." A single rope by which *the officers*, and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and, by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and Sir Edward by this means received an injury in the back, which he felt for some time afterwards. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, made himself known, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one should be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he himself would be the last to quit the wreck, but, that he would run any one through with his sword, who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were re-echoed by the throng on shore, and his

promptitude at resource, soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed.

His officers, in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr. Esdell, signal midshipman to the Port Admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of a merchant vessel succeeded at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass backward and forward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime, a cutter had, with great difficulty, worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dockyard, under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and received the more helpless of the passengers who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task, the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. Among the number was an infant only three weeks old, and nothing in the transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next, the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and, finally, Sir Edward himself, who was almost the last to leave the wreck. Every one was saved, and very shortly afterwards the vessel went to pieces.*

The modesty with which Sir Edward Pellew acknowledged his share in this transaction, serves only to shed a

* Osler's Life of Lord Exmouth.

brighter lustre on his heroism; in his letter to Vice-Admiral Onslow, he says:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I hope it happened to me this afternoon to be serviceable to the unhappy sufferers on board the Dutton; and I have much satisfaction in saying that every soul in her was taken out before I left her, except the first mate, boatswain, and third mate, who attended the hauling ropes to the shore, and they eased me on shore by the hawsers. It is not possible to refrain from speaking in raptures of the handsome conduct of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, who, at the imminent risk of his life, saved hundreds. If I had not hurt my leg and been otherwise bruised, I would have waited on you; but hope this will be a passable excuse.—I am, with respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“ED. PELLEW.”

But, as a matter of course, so brave an action as this, of which thousands were the eye-witnesses, could not be concealed from the general public. It soon became the theme of conversation on every tongue, and compliments, congratulations, and honours were lavished upon him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him by acclamation the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following, he was created a baronet, and received an honourable augmentation of his arms.

On the 28th of April, 1808, Sir Edward was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. After bravely serving in different engagements, he was raised to the dignity of Baron Exmouth of Conontaign, with the usual pension of £200 per annum; this honour was conferred May 14th, 1814; he was also favoured with the riband of the Bath.

In the month of March, 1816, Lord Exmouth was sent to the several States of Barbary, to demand the liberation of all Christian slaves who were subjects of our allies. After all was ready, he sailed out from Plymouth Sound on the 28th of July, and on the 9th of August anchored the fleet in the Bay of Gibraltar.

On the 27th of August, 1816, when lying becalmed, the

British fleet discovered the city of Algiers, and a lieutenant was ordered to approach with conditions for the Dey's assent; and in the afternoon of the same day, no answer having been returned, Lord Exmouth made signal for every ship in the fleet to prepare for action.

Algiers was strongly fortified: upon the various batteries on the north side, 80 pieces of cannon and 8 heavy mortars were mounted, but the water was so shoal that a large ship could not approach within reach of them. Between the north wall of the city and the commencement of the pier (which is about 250 yards in length, and connects the town with the lighthouse) were about 20 guns, and a semi-circular battery mounting two tiers of guns, about 44 in all, stood on the northern projection of the mole. To the southward of that, and nearly in line with the pier, was the lighthouse battery of three tiers, mounting 48 guns; next to which was the eastern battery, mounting 66 guns, in three tiers, flanked by four other batteries of two tiers, mounting altogether 60 guns; and on the mole head were two long 68-pounders, described as being 20 feet in length. The total number of guns on the whole amounted at least to 220, composed of 32, 42, and 18-pounders. The fish-market battery, about 300 yards west from the south mole head, mounted 15 guns, in three tiers. Between that and the southern extremity of the city, were two batteries of 5 guns each. Beyond the city in this direction was a castle and three other batteries, mounting 70 guns. In the rear of the city, and on the heights, were several other batteries, so that the total number of guns mounted for the defence of this fastness of robbery, oppression, and cruelty, exceeded 1000.*

Lord Exmouth's ship on this memorable occasion was the *Queen Charlotte*, of 100 guns. Rear Admiral Milne commanded the *Impregnable* of 98 guns, and eight ships of the line, together with brigs, bombs, and every necessary acquisition for destroying the stronghold of the pirates who had so long defied all Europe. The result is best told in the words of his own despatch:—

“*Queen Charlotte*, Algiers Bay, August 28th, 1816.

“In all the vicissitudes of a long life of public service,

* Allen.

no circumstance has ever produced on my mind, such impressions of gratitude and joy, as the event of yesterday. To have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Providence, for bringing to reason a ferocious government, and destroying for ever the unsufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, can never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it. I may, I hope, be permitted under such impressions, to offer my sincere congratulations to their lordships, on the complete success which attended the gallant efforts of his Majesty's fleet in their attack upon Algiers of yesterday, and the happy result produced from it on this day, by the signature of peace.

"My thanks are justly due for the honour and confidence his Majesty's ministers have been pleased to repose on my zeal on this highly important occasion. The means were by them made adequate to my own wishes, and the rapidity of their measures speak for themselves. Not more than one hundred days since I left Algiers with the British fleet, and unsuspecting and ignorant of the atrocities which had been committed at Bona; that fleet on its arrival in England, was necessarily disbanded, and another with proportionate resources, created and equipped; and although impeded in its progress by calms and adverse winds, has poured out the vengeance of an insulted nation, in chastising the cruelties of a ferocious government, with a promptitude beyond example, and highly honourable to the national character, eager to resent oppression or cruelty, whenever practised upon those under their protection.

"From the continuance of adverse winds and calms, the land to the westward of Algiers was not made before the 26th, and the next morning, at daybreak, the fleet was advanced in sight of the city, though not so near as I had intended. As the ships were becalmed, I embraced this opportunity, of sending a boat under cover of the Severn, with a flag of truce, and the demands I had to make, in the name of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, on the Dey of Algiers, directing the officer to wait two or three hours for the Dey's answer, at which time, if no reply was sent, he was to return to the flag-ship.

"The fleet, by this time, by the springing up of the sea-breeze, had reached the bay, and were preparing the boats

and flotilla for service until close upon two o'clock, when, observing my officer was returning, with the signal flying that no answer had been received, I instantly made the signal to know if the ships were already, which being answered in the affirmative, the Queen Charlotte bore up, followed by the fleet for their appointed stations; the flagship, leading in the prescribed order, was anchored at the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards' distance.

"At this moment, not a gun had been fired, and I began to suspect a full compliance with the terms which had been so many hours in their hands. At this moment of profound silence, a shot was fired at us from the mole; two at the ships to the northward then following; this was promptly returned by the Queen Charlotte, who was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig, fast to the shore in the mouth of the mole, and which we had steered for as the guide to our position.

"Thus commenced a fire as animated and well supported as, I believe, was ever witnessed, from three o'clock until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past eleven.

"The ships immediately following me were admirably and coolly taking their stations, with a precision even beyond my most sanguine hope, and never did the British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. To look further on the line than immediately around me was perfectly impossible; but so well grounded was my confidence in the gallant officers I had the honour to command, that my mind was left perfectly free to attend to other objects, and I knew them in their stations only by the distinctive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed.

"I had, about this time, the satisfaction of seeing Vice-Admiral Van de Cappellan's flag in the station I had assigned to him, and soon after, at intervals, the remainder of his frigates keeping up a well-supported fire on the flanking batteries, he had offered to cover us from, as it had not been in my power, for want of room, to bring him in the port of the mole.

"About sunset, I received a message from Rear-Admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the Impregnable was sustaining, having then one hundred and fifty killed

and wounded, and requesting I would, if possible send him a frigate to divert some of the fire he was under. The Glasgow, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to to anchor again, having obtained rather better position than before. I had at this time sent orders to the explosion vessel, under the charge of Lieutenant Flemming and Mr. Parker, by Captain Reed, of the Engineers, to bring her into the mole; but the Rear-Admiral having thought she would do him essential service if exploded under the battery in his front, I sent orders to this vessel to that effect, which were executed. I desired also, the Rear-Admiral might be informed, that many of the ships, being now in flames, and certain of the destruction of the whole, I considered I had executed the most important part of my instructions, and should make every preparation for withdrawing the ships, and desired he would do so as soon as possible with his division.

"There were awful moments during the conflict, which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasionally firing the ships so near us, and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave into; and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze. Mr. A. S. Symes, a gallant young midshipman in the rocket boat, No. 8, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit, to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded; his brother officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two.

"The enemy's batteries around my division were silenced about ten o'clock, and in a state of perfect ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible, to save powder, and reply to a few guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shell during the whole time. Providence, at this interval, gave

to my anxious wishes the usual land wind, common in the bay, and my expectations were completed. We were all hands employed warping and towing off, and by the help of the light air, the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells, about two in the morning, after twelve hours incessant labour. The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared to the full extent of their power, in the honours of the day, and performed good service. The sloops of war, which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line, and prepare for their retreat, performed not only that duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion. The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the royal marine artillery; and although thrown directly across and over us, not an accident that I know of, occurred to any ship. The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer, I never heard in any part of the line; and that the guns were well worked and directed will be seen for many years to come, and remembered by these barbarians for ever.

“EXMOUTH.”

(Loss.—English, 128 killed, 690 wounded. Dutch, 13 killed, 52 wounded. Total 883.)

The admiral himself had more than one narrow escape. His coat was pierced with bullets in several places.

For this brilliant achievement, Lord Exmouth was made a Viscount.

On the 15th of February, 1832, Lord Exmouth was appointed Vice-Admiral of England, and in all his transactions, at sea and on shore, he ever retained the esteem of all who knew him. His lordship departed this life at Teignmouth, on the 23rd of January, 1833, and his remains were interred at Christowe, on the 6th of February. His lordship married on the 28th of May, 1783, Susannah, second daughter of James Frowd, Esq., of Knowle, in Wiltshire.

As a coadjutor of the gallant Howe, and other like spirits of the same period, the name of Admiral Gambier is familiar to every reader of British naval history. He was the youngest son of Samuel Gambier, Esq., who was for some time Lieutenant-Governor of the Bahama Islands; and in

he was made commander of the *Speedy*, brig of war; and as his lordship states himself in his "Observations on Naval Affairs," was employed in protecting convoys and carrying despatches, and at times cruising on the coast of the enemy. We have also further information, that "on the 6th May, 1801, when occupied on the last-mentioned service, within a few miles of the port of Barcelona, the said brig, being one of the smallest in the royal navy, (mounting fourteen 4-pounders, and having on board only 54 men,) encountered the *Gamo*, a Spanish Zebec frigate of 32 heavy guns, and 319 men, which was captured by boarding; the Captain, Don Francisco de Torres, and fifty-three of his crew having been killed previous to her surrender. The *Gamo* was carried off, and safely anchored in Minorca, although attacked immediately after the engagement by gun boats from Barcelona. In the space of fourteen months, the *Speedy*, under the same commander, took, burnt, or destroyed vessels of war, privateers, letters of marque, gun boats, and merchantmen, mounting together 122 guns: and also during the same period, retaken nine vessels from the enemy, and in company with other of His Majesty's ships was joint captor of eleven privateers, gun boats, and merchant vessels." The thanks of his admiral were, however, the only bright leaves in our hero's chaplet of fame. The rapid advancement which rewarded others whom we have brought within the present sketch, seemed not to await the gallant deeds of the unwearied Cochrane: nevertheless, he pursued his calling with unabated zeal and with undiminished lustre. We must not, however, while relating his lordship's successes, overlook one particular instance of his reverses,—although such as no valour, perhaps could have counteracted. On the 3rd July, 1801, the trim barque, *Speedy*, was sailing on her way, and Lord Cochrane, after so many valorous enterprises, rode the seas like one of old Neptune's crowned warriors,—

"With all his blushing honours thick upon him,"

when a French squadron, under the command of Admiral Linois, spied the victorious little craft, and instantly gave chase. Every thing was done that British courage and seaman-like endeavour could attempt, but escape was impossible, and the *Speedy* was taken by the enemy.

However, when Captain Cochrane stood as a captive commander on the deck of the French Admiral's ship to give up that sword he had often wielded for "Altar, throne, and home,"—it was returned with a complimentary request (a circumstance unparalleled in war), that the prisoner should continue to wear it, though, *ad interim*, in captivity! Shortly after, when Sir James Saumarez, during a negotiation with the enemy, offered an exchange of prisoners, our hero was liberated; and on the 8th of August, 1801, having returned to England, was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain. In 1803, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Arab*, 22 guns, and sailed out to join the blockade off Boulogne, from whence he was removed by the Admiralty to protect the Northern fishery. On the 24th of November, 1804, the gallant captain was again removed to the *Pallas* frigate, 32 guns, and soon after joined the squadron forming the blockade of Rochefort. On the 15th May, 1805, the *Pallas* gave chase and attacked the *La Minerva*, 44 guns; also three other vessels of 18 guns each,—namely, the *Palinura*, the *Sylph*, and the *Lynx*. The first named vessel was totally disabled, and her guns deserted, but it would have required an effort more than human to have added her capture to the feat, for she was defended by the other three, and two other large frigates, all of which were made to feel the superior skill and courage of British seamen.

In the same year, and the same ship, he effected a capture, which afforded a rich recompense to his valour. While cruising off the coast of Spain, he came up with a Spanish galleon, the *Fortuna*, laden with specie to the amount of £150,000, and a cargo of merchandise of nearly equal value. This capture is, however, chiefly memorable for a noble act of generosity displayed on the occasion by Lord Cochrane, his officers, and crew. The Spanish captain and supercargo stated, that they had been engaged for nearly twenty years in commercial pursuits, in the burning clime of South America; they were returning to their families in Spain, there to spend the evening of their days, on the hard-earned fruits of their industry; that the whole of their property in goods and specie, amounting to about 30,000 dollars each, had been embarked in the *Fortuna*; and by the capture of that ship, they found themselves reduced to a state of indigence and beggary. It was added too,

as possible, and thus this formidable force was signally repulsed, leaving behind them their storming equipage, and losing their commanding officer, and every man who attempted to mount the breach.

The gallantry of his lordship in this instance did not fail to call forth appropriate praise. "The heroic spirit and ability," says his commander-in-chief, "which have been evinced by Lord Cochrane in defending this castle, although so shattered in its works against the repeated attacks of the enemy, is an admirable instance of his lordship's zeal." One of the Spanish Gazettes, also, after noticing his preceding services in the handsomest terms, concluded by saying—"It is a sufficient eulogium upon his character to mention, that, in the defence of the castle, when the Spanish flag, hoisted on the wall, fell into the ditch, under a most dreadful fire from the enemy, his lordship was the only person who, regardless of the shower of balls flying about him, descended into the ditch, returned with the flag, and happily succeeded in placing it where it was before."

Despite, however, this transient success, Lord Cochrane soon became convinced of the futility of so weak a fortress, inadequately manned and armed, holding out against a determined, numerous, and well-appointed enemy. After defending it for fourteen days, and having three of his men killed and seven wounded, he advised the Spaniards to surrender, blew up the powder magazines, and, with the remnant of his gallant band, returned on board his ship.

In March, 1809, Lord Cochrane was consulted by the Admiralty as to the best means of destroying or disabling the powerful squadron formed by the enemy in the Basque Roads. His lordship suggested that explosion vessel should be sent among them; and when the matter had been maturely considered, and such a mode of attack determined upon, the Imperieuse was charged with dispatches for the Admiral (Gambier) of the squadron, off Rochefort, which destination his lordship made on the 3rd of April, 1809. Of this expedition we learn from "*The Summary*," that on the evening of the 11th, all preparations being complete and the Imperieuse being anchored as near the enemy as prudence would permit, *the Captain personally embarked in an explosion vessel*, and conducted it closely to windward

of the fire-boom which the enemy had constructed to ward off the attack: the train was there kindled, and in about ten minutes the explosion took place, which burst the boom, and cleared the way for the succeeding fire-ships, covering the surrounding sea with a shower of shells and grenades. The enemy imagining that each successive fire-ship would explode, were seized with a panic, cut their cables, and drifted on shore. Lord Cochrane now signalled to the commander-in-chief, Admiral Gambier, that with the assistance of half the fleet, the enemy might be utterly destroyed.*

Lord Gambier's disregard of this suggestion led to serious results, and on their return to England the naval worthies made no secret of their mutual dislike. Circumstances arose which cannot be briefly related, militating against the fair fame of the gallant and noble captain, and he was precluded from serving his country in the capacity for which he was so eminently qualified. Other matters of a most unpleasant nature occurred about the same period, but of such a character as not to come within the limits of our naval sketch. Suffice it to say, that they had the effect of severing for a time, his lordship's connection with the British navy, and he in consequence found employment in foreign service.

Accordingly, in 1818, he accepted the command of the fleet of the infant State of Chili, then contending for its national independence. Victory followed him here, and the success of the cause he espoused was mainly attributable to him, notably by the taking of Valdivia, the last stronghold left to the Spaniards. His cutting out of the *Esmeralda* frigate from under the guns of the castle of Callao, was an exploit unsurpassed by any of his former deeds of daring. We transcribe a short account of this achievement from Captain Basil Hall:—

“While the liberating army under General San Martin was removing to Ancon, Lord Cochrane, with part of his squadron, anchored in the outer roads of Callao, the seaport of Lima. The inner harbour was guarded by an extensive system of batteries admirably constructed, and bearing the general name of the Castle of Callao. The merchant-ships as well as the men-of-war, consisting at that time of the

* The Calcutta of 60 guns surrendered to the Imperieuse.

Esmeralda, a large 40-gun frigate, and two sloops of war, were moored under the guns of the Castle, within a semi-circle of fourteen gun-boats, and a boom made of spars chained together. Lord Cochrane, having previously reconnoitred these formidable defences in person, undertook on the 5th of November, 1820, the desperate enterprise of cutting out the Spanish frigate, although she was known to be fully prepared for an attack. His lordship proceeded in fourteen boats, containing 240 men, all volunteers from the different ships of the squadron, in two divisions: one under the immediate orders of Captain Crosbie, the other under Captain Guise,—both officers commanding ships of the Chilian Squadron.

“At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol at his head, the alternative of ‘Silence or Death!’ No reply was made; the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the Esmeralda’s side, was the first to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired, but was instantly cut down by the coxwain; and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped upon the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter-deck, and also by Captain Crosbie, the after-part of the ship was soon carried, sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the fore-castle, where they made a desperate resistance, till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines, headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made for a long time on the main-deck, but before one o’clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole north face of the castle. The Spaniards had upwards of one hundred and twenty men killed and wounded, the Chilians eleven killed and thirty wounded.

“This loss was a death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world; for, although there were still two Spanish frigates, and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane, undisputed master of the coast.”

Lord Cochrane, was subsequently employed in the service of the Brazils, the emperor of which, Don Pedro, created him Marquis of Mavorham, in 1823. When peace was recognized between Portugal and Brazil, his lordship returned to England, and on the accession of William the Fourth to the throne, he was reinstated in his place in the British navy; the order of the Bath was again conferred upon him; and in November, 1841, he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. In 1851, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West India stations.

When the war between England and Russia broke out in 1854, the necessity for a naval commander of courage and ability became manifest, and the name of Lord Cochrane—or rather Dundonald—was suggested. But the gallant veteran was now in his eightieth year, the infirmities of age had begun to creep on him, and whatever the vigour of his mind, and the energy of his spirit might be, it was evident that he was bodily unfitted to undertake the cares and responsibilities of Commander of the British fleet in the Baltic.

On the 31st of October, 1860, a protracted and glorious career was closed by death. He was buried with public honours, and his name will for ever appear conspicuous in the muster-roll of England's naval heroes.

Associated with our naval exploits of 1827, the name of Lord Codrington stands alone in the annals of that period as the hero of Navarino. His ancestors were men of renown in Gloucestershire as far back as the time of Henry the Fourth. He was born in April, 1770, and in 1783 he commenced his naval career on board the *Augusta* yacht. In 1793, and about that time, he served under the gallant Howe in actions that are recorded in this work. It is not our privilege, for want of space, to follow this gallant seaman through all the gradations of rank, but we may just inform the reader that in 1814, while actively employed in America, as commander of the fleet, Captain Codrington was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in the following year he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath.

The long period of peace dispensed with the active ser-

voices of our naval worthies; however, in 1825, Sir Edward Codrington was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and in 1826, he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and hoisted his flag on board the *Asia*, 84 guns.

The Greek revolt against Turkish oppression was the war-cry that summoned some of the Great Powers to arms. England, France, and Russia combined in the cause of Greece, while Egypt, with a powerful fleet, sided with Turkey. In the Autumn of 1827, the allied fleets anchored in the Bay of Navarino, while the usual measures were being taken to bring about a settlement of differences, and if possible, avert the horrors of war. An accident, however, provoked hostilities, a general engagement ensued, and hence the famous battle of Navarino, of which the following is an abridged account from Sir Edward's despatches:—

“The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, the smaller ones in succession, within them, filling up the intervals. The combined fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns, the British and French, forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line. The *Asia*, which was the admiral's ship, led in, followed by the *Genoa* and the *Albion*, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line, bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate, each thus having their opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The four ships to windward, part of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the French squadron, commanded by Admiral de Rigny, and those to leeward, on the right of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates. The French frigate *Armide*, was directed to place herself alongside of the outermost frigate, on the left hand entering the harbour; and the *Cambrian*, *Glasgow*, and *Talbot* next to her, and abreast of the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*; the *Dartmouth*, the *Mosquito*, the *Rose*, the *Brisk*, and the *Philomel*, were to look after six fire-vessels at the entrance of the harbour. Positive orders were given that

no gun should be fired, unless guns were fired by the Turks, and these orders were strictly observed. The three English ships were permitted to pass the batteries, and to moor, as they did with great rapidity, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation for it in all the Turkish ships. A boat was sent soon after from the Dartmouth, to one of the fire-vessels, when Lieutenant Fitzroy and several of her crew were shot with musketry. This produced a defensive fire of musketry from the Dartmouth and Admiral de Rigny's ship, the *Cyrene*. The latter having soon received a cannon-shot from one of the Egyptian ships, immediately answered it with her broadside; and then very shortly after the battle became general. The ships opposed to the *Asia* were the last to fire, and Moharem Bey, sent a message that he would not fire at all, and no hostility took place with his ship till some time after the *Asia* had returned the fire of the Capitan Bey. A pilot was sent by Sir Edward Codrington, to interpret to Moharem his desire of avoiding bloodshed, who, while still in the English boat, was killed by the Moharem's men. His ship soon after fired into the *Asia*, her fire was returned, and she soon shared the fate of the other admiral's ship to the starboard, and fell to leeward a mere wreck. These ships being out of the way, the *Asia* became exposed to a raking fire from vessels in the second and third line, which carried away her mizen-mast by the board, disabled some of her guns, and killed and wounded several of her crew. The proceedings of the other ships resembled those of the *Asia*. The *Cambrian*, *Glasgow*, and *Talbot*, with the *Armide*, who was opposed to the leading frigate of that line, effectually destroyed their opponents, and silenced the batteries, to which also they were opposed. This bloody and destructive battle was continued with unabated fury for four hours, and the scene of wreck and devastation which presented itself at its termination, was such as has been seldom before witnessed. The Turkish and Egyptian fleets had disappeared, and only a few scattered ships escaped into the inner harbour. The carnage on board of their crowded ships was immense, for in two of their ships of the line, two-thirds of their crew were killed or wounded. As each ship became effectually disabled, such of her crew as could escape from her,

endeavoured to set her on fire, and it was wonderful how the combined fleets avoided the effects of their successive and awful explosions. The British ships having sustained the brunt of the action, suffered the greatest damage. Their loss was seventy-five men killed, and one hundred and ninety-seven wounded. Among the killed was Captain Bathurst, who commanded the *Genoa*. The *Asia*, *Albion*, and *Genoa* had suffered so much, that it was found necessary, after repairing them temporarily at Malta, to send them to England. The *Talbot*, also, and several of the smaller vessels, suffered considerably: 'I console myself', said Sir Edward Codrington in his despatches, 'with the reflection that the measure which produced the battle was absolutely necessary for obtaining the results contemplated by the Treaty, and that it was brought on entirely by our opponents. When I found that the boasted Ottoman word of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage devastation, and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, I own, I felt a desire to punish the offenders. But it was my duty to refrain, and refrain I did; and I would still have avoided this disastrous extremity, if other means had been open to me.'"

In this action, the admiral had a narrow escape of his life, a musket-ball knocked his watch out of his pocket and battered the case; at another juncture a cannon ball passed through a roll of sheeting on which he stood, and then, as if to threaten him still further, rebounded and just cleared his hat; he was also twisted round by the concussion, and his coat rent by the splinters, Captain Bathurst was wounded first by a splinter, which struck off his hat and lacerated his face; another shot took off the tails of his coat, and he was at length mortally wounded by a grape shot, which, entering his side and passing through his body, struck the opposite bulwark.

Sir Edward gained great renown by this victory. On his return to England, he was honoured with the dignity of Grand Cross of the Bath; the Emperor of Russia also conferred upon him the Grand Cross of St George, and the Grand Cross of St. Louis was awarded him by the King of France.

The Hon. Robert Stopford, third son of the Earl of Courtown, was born on the 3rd of February, 1768. He

entered the navy while yet a mere child, and at the early age of twenty-two, obtained post rank, with the command of the *Lowestoffe*, then employed in the Channel. In 1794, he co-operated with the fleet under Lord Howe, and had the honour of repeating the signals of the rear division on the memorable "first of June." In the *Phæton* of 38 guns, he formed part of Cornwallis's detachment which fell in with the French squadron, and which executed one of the most masterly retreats of modern times.

In 1799, he was appointed to the command of the *Excellent*, 74 guns, and took several vessels. In 1804, he joined Nelson in the Mediterranean; and 1806, played a conspicuous part in Sir John Duckworth's victory off St. Domingo. In 1808, he was created rear-admiral, and was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet, rendering in that situation, material assistance in the affair of the Basque Roads, and other engagements. In 1810, Admiral Stopford was employed at the head of a squadron off the Cape of Good Hope, and in this capacity, conducted the naval portion of the armament which subjugated Java. In 1815, he was created a K.C.B., and in 1831, a G.C.B.

In 1840, the four Great Powers formed an alliance to rescue Syria from Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, who had revolted against his master, the Sultan of Turkey. Sir Robert Stopford was appointed to the command of the British fleet, and while on this service, conducted the celebrated siege of Acre.

On the 30th of October, a council of war, was held at which an immediate attack on Acre, was decided upon; the same evening the supernumerary marines were embarked, and on the following day, about 3000 Turkish troops, each ship taking a portion according to her size; General Sir C. F. Smith accompanying them. In the afternoon, the steamers *Gorgon*, *Vesuvius*, *Stromboli* and *Phoenix*, started for their destination.

On the 3rd of November, the whole naval force anchored off the town; at two o'clock, the *Phoenix* opened her fire; the *Powerful*, closely followed by the *Princess Charlotte*, *Thunderer*, *Bellerophon*, and *Pique* stood to the northward; and then bore up and anchored off the north-west angle of the town, in the order before-named. The *Castor*, the *Carysfort*, *Talbot*, *Benzow*, *Edinburgh*, Turkish Admiral,

Hazard, Wasp, and an Austrian frigate, stood in to the south. The *Revenge* was ordered to keep under weigh as a reserve. At a quarter past two o'clock, the batteries to the south, opened upon the *Castor*, as she most gallantly, and to the admiration of the whole fleet, took up her station within about 700 yards of the batteries, where she and her consorts opened their fire, as had also by this time the northern division. The steamers were placed between the two divisions under the weigh, and thus the action became general, the Egyptian troops who manned the batteries standing to their guns with heroic valour and perseverance. About three o'clock, the *Revenge* was ordered in by Commodore Napier, to support the *Powerful's* division, and took up an admirable position ahead of that ship. At twenty minutes past four, the action being at its height, a terrific explosion took place in the town, which for a time wholly concealed it and the southern division from view. Its appearance was truly awful, and "I can compare it to nothing," says an eye-witness, "but as if a huge yew tree had been suddenly conjured up from the devoted town; it being for many minutes a mighty pall over those hundreds it had hurled into eternity; and then slowly owing to the lightness of the wind, drifted to the southward."

This awful report and appearance, proved to be the explosion of the principal magazine of the place, one-third of which it destroyed, and it is supposed that from 1500 to 2000 persons perished in the ruins, besides an incalculable number of horses, camels, bullocks, &c., and an enormous store of material. The southern batteries were silenced by this casualty, and those on the western side soon ceased firing. At half-past five the battle was at an end, and the Egyptians abandoned the town to the undisputed possession of the attacking force.

After effecting a treaty with Mehemet Ali, Admiral Stopford returned to England, and in the Sailor's haven of rest — Greenwich Hospital, of which he had been appointed Governor, he shortly afterwards closed his honourable and eventful career.

Sir George Cockburn entered upon his naval career March 12th, 1781; about the year 1802, he became the fellow seaman and intimate friend of the great NELSON, and even long subsequent to the death of our hero, played an

active part in many great naval feats. He particularly distinguished himself in 1813 during a cruise in the Elk river, by landing, and partially destroying the town of Havre-de-Grace, at the entrance of the Susquehanna, and rendering other important services during his appointment in North America.

As commander of the Northumberland, 74 guns, he conveyed the fallen Emperor Napoleon to the lonely rock where that ambitious spirit pined away. In 1819, Sir George was created Vice-Admiral; and on the 5th of April he was honoured with the title of General of Marines. Sir George's honours, like his long and arduous services, were numerous: as Admiral of the fleet, he died August 19th, 1853, in the 82nd year of his age; and on the 3rd of September, we saw his remains followed to the grave by veteran naval officers, as the yellow leaves rustled on the pathway of Kensall Green Cemetery,

He fell in the yellow autumn time,
Like ripe fruit for the tomb;
The sun had set on his wasting prime—
The reaper call'd him home.

The following may be considered a just tribute to his memory:—"The friend of the immortal Nelson—the gallant Cockburn—has passed away. A rigid disciplinarian of high and honourable sentiments, he was always kind and affable when off duty—generous as a prince: and while afloat he never lost an opportunity of advancing the interests of those officers who had gained his confidence and esteem by their strict attention to their duties, and the zeal with which they carried out his orders against the enemy. On one occasion, when his flag was flying during the American war, he found his repeated commendations in favour of an officer whom he deemed worthy of promotion, unattended to. He then wrote as follows to the First Lord of the Admiralty:—"If I have not an opportunity of rewarding those officers by whose exertions I have been enabled to carry my plans into execution, I must beg leave to resign a position so painful to my feelings." No set of men were ever more devoted to their chief than those officers who had the honour of serving under him. Whatever he ordered, they knew to be practicable, and

accordingly carried it out at all risks. "Impossible," was a word that found no place in his vocabulary; and this, all who served with him, knew full well. In his numerous encounters with our transatlantic brethren, the humblest of his crew was not exposed to greater fatigue and hardship than the Admiral himself. We have known him, after a sharp fight, followed by a sultry march, skirmishing with the enemy the greater part of the time, dismount from his horse, and take the muskets from two marines who were overpowered with heat and fatigue, and carry them himself! These, and similar acts, were the traits that endeared him, not only to his own, but also to the sister service.*

The name of Sir Charles Napier, is familiar to every Englishman as belonging to as bold and dashing a naval officer as ever trod the quarter-deck. He was born in 1787, and counted among his ancestors, many who rendered distinguished services to the crown.

He entered the navy as a boy, and gave early promise of his future career. The services he rendered up to 1833, cannot be better detailed than in Sir Charles Napier's own language, who, in the year mentioned, offered himself as a candidate for Parliamentary honours, and by way of banter was asked by his opponent who he was? He replied, "I have been asked who I am. I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who, twenty-five years ago, commanded the Recruit brig, in the West Indies, and who had the honour of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships flying from a British Squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the Hawk brig, was from five to six miles astern the greatest part of the time. I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of the ships (the Hautpolt) was captured by the Pompey and Castor, the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit*, were ordered to beat up in the night between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward, the abandonment of which was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men I landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the

* Naval and Military Gazette.

Union Jack on the ramparts. Fortunately, I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about a hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night. Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir Alexander, saying, that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives, and shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune to receive a 'precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished. I afterwards served a campaign with the army in Portugal, as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco, I had the honour of carrying from the field, my gallant friend and relative Colonel Napier, who was shot through the face. On my return to England, I was appointed to the Thames in the Mediterranean; leaving my mark upon every part of the coast, and bringing off with me upwards of a hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honour of running the Thames and Furieuse into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended; and before they could recover from their surprise, I had captured the island without losing a man. I was then removed to the Euryalus, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner. I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the island of Orsica, passing close under the stern of one of the frigates, and plumpering her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots an hour, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside, standing athwart my hawse; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her. The Euryalus wore round, and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed. These ships were afterwards ascertained to be *armées en flûte*, mounting 22 guns each, and the schooner 14. From the Mediterranean, I was ordered to America, and I believe I did my duty on that long and arduous service up the Potomac. In a tremendous squall, the Euryalus lost her bowsprit and all her

topmasts, nevertheless, in twelve hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck—That's who I am."

In the service of Portugal, he held the post of admiral and achieved many brilliant exploits, chief of which was the capture of the fleet of the Don Miguel party. In this action, Napier, with 6 ships, and 176 guns, was opposed to ten ships, and 372 guns. The following interesting description of this affair is taken from one of his own letters:—

"At two o'clock the signal was made for battle and close order; the boats were lowered, and the squadron, led by the Rainha de Portugal, displaying the constitutional flag at the mast head, gradually edged away under their courses and top-gallant sails. The enemy were under their topsails, and as we approached, the lee line closed up in the intermediate spaces, but a little to leeward, forming a double column of two line-of-battle ships, a 50 gun ship, a 50 gun frigate, three heavy corvettes, two brigs, and xebec. Previous to this, the frigate being to leeward, tacked, and had all the appearance of coming over; but, after fetching in the wake of the 50 gun ship, she again tacked, and took her station.

"The enemy kept their line close, and reserved their fire till well within musket-shot; the frigate then threw out a signal which we concluded was for permission to fire.

"The Commodore's answer was hardly at the mast head, ere the frigate opened her broadside, which was instantaneously followed by the whole squadron, with the exception of the Don John, whose stern and quarter guns could only bear.

"The men were lying down at their quarters; few were struck down on the main-deck; but the three foremast guns on the quarter-deck were nearly dismounted. At this time we had not fired a shot, and I ordered a few to be thrown on board, to check as much as possible, their taking a deliberate aim. Our example was followed by the Don Pedro, and we soon passed the frigate and Martin Freitas, the latter losing her fore topmast. At this time, the stern-

most line-of-battle ship luffed to, her helm was put up to avoid her broadside, and the Don John bore up across her bows; intending to place us between the two line-of-battle ships. This was just what I desired, and when she passed too far to leeward to recover a weather position, our helm was put suddenly down. The frigate flew to, grazing the Rainha's stern with her flying jib-boom; the foremast guns were poured into her, crammed to the muzzle with round and grape shot; the helm was then shifted, and we ran alongside under a heavy fire, which struck down my secretary, master, and many men. The ships were lashed with the main sheet, and Commodore Wilkinson and Captain Charles Napier, heading the boarders, passed from the bower anchor to her bulwark, driving the men across the forecastle, along the larboard gangway.

"I had not intended to board, having enough to do to look after the squadron; but the excitement was too great, and I found myself, without hardly knowing it, on the enemy's forecastle, supported by one or two officers. There I paused, till several men rushing on board, we rushed aft with a loud cheer, and either passed through or drove a party down upon the break of the quarter-deck. At this moment, I received a blow from a crowbar, the owner of which did not escape unscathed. Barradas, the captain of the ship, came across me, wounded in the face, and fighting like a tiger. He was a brave man. I saved his life. The second captain came next, and made so good-natured a cut at me, that I had no heart to hurt him; he also was spared. Barradas took up arms again, and was finally killed in the cabin.

"The Commodore and Captain Charles Napier, after driving a whole host before them, fell severely wounded on the quarter-deck; the former with difficulty regained his ship; the latter, being stunned, lay some time, until the noise of friends coming to his assistance, aroused him from his stupor.

"The quarter-deck was now gained, but the slaughter still continued, notwithstanding the endeavour of the officers to subdue it. The main and lower decks were yet unsubdued, and as the Don Pedro ranged up on the opposite side to board, both ships fired. I hailed Captain Globe to desist, as we had carried the upper deck, and

desired him to follow the Don John, who had made off; at the same time, a ball from the lower deck struck him, and in a few minutes he was no more. Lieutenants Edmunds and Woodridge jumped down with a party on the main deck, which they carried, but both fell under mortal wounds. In a few minutes all was quiet; the lower deck gave in, and many of the Portuguese seamen rushed on the quarter-deck for safety, with white courass on their left arms, having discovered that was the badge worn by our men in boarding. Others got on board my ship, amongst whom several little boys found their way into the gun room, and employed themselves wiping glasses.

"The men were now ordered back to the Rainha, with the exception of those appointed to remain, and in the hurry, the ships separated, leaving me in the prize. I, however, soon got back to the flag-ship. The fore topsail, which was cut to rags, was shifted in half an hour (the mainsail was also useless, and was in the act of being shifted,) all was set, and we were fast approaching the Don John, the Don Pedro being still nearer, when, seeing no chance of avoiding an action, she luffed to, and hauled her colours down.

"The Don Pedro was directed to secure her, and I followed the Martin Freitas, who had been too strong for the Portuguese (whose captain, Blackstone, was mortally wounded) and the Villa Flor, though much disabled, was making off; by ten, she was in my possession. The Princess Real, corvette, coming across a steamer, surrendered also. A little after, I got alongside of the Rainha, Captain Peak, in the Donna Maria, passed under the 50-gun frigate's stern, raked her, luffed to, and after firing a few broadsides, ran his bowsprit into her mizen rigging, and carried her in gallant style.

"Thus finished the action of the 5th of July, 1833, leaving in our possession two ships of the line, mounting 86 guns each, including four 48-pounders for throwing shells; one frigate of 52 guns, a 50-gun ship, and a corvette of 18 guns; two corvettes, and two brigs escaped. The enemy were amply found in every species of warlike stores, and mounted stern-guns, in addition to the full complement of their broadsides.

"The loss of the squadron was about ninety killed and

wounded. The enemy lost between two and three hundred.

"It is not for me to comment upon this action; I shall leave that to the world, simply observing that at no time was a naval action fought with such a disparity of force, and in no naval action was there ever so severe a loss in so short a time."

It says but little for the generosity of those for whom Sir Charles Napier fought, that, although this brilliant achievement brought about the final triumph of their cause, he gained no substantial reward, he received in the moment of victory a meed of empty praises, but was shortly afterwards treated with neglect and absolute discourtesy. Disgusted with this treatment, Sir Charles Napier left Portugal for his native country.

In 1839, he was appointed to the command of the *Powerful*, 84 guns, and in the following year, he hoisted the broad pendant of Commodore, and was appointed to be second in command under Admiral Stopford. It was during this term of employment that Napier earned his brightest laurels.

On the 9th of October, he accomplished his famous march upon Beyrout. On the heights near this place, a force of 3,000 men was posted. This position was immediately attacked; the enemy was conquered before they could recover their surprise. They fled, leaving all their baggage, ammunition, and provisions, and between six and seven hundred prisoners. The victors then marched onward to Beyrout, but the panic-stricken Egyptians, just defeated, had been there before them, the town was found evacuated, and passed into the possession of the combined forces, without striking a blow.

One of a series of brilliant achievements about this time was the taking of Saida. With one line-of-battle ship and the *Austrian*, Napier attacked the place, and took it after two hours' cannonade. The whole of the enemy's troops took to flight, and between 4,000 and 5,000 prisoners fell into the Commodore's hands.

At Sidon, Sir Charles accomplished one of those dashing affairs, for which he had now become specially famous. Of which the following account appeared in the *Malta Times* :—

"Off Alexandria, October 5th.

"The smartest affair yet remains to be told. Charles Napier, on Friday, the 25th, talking with the admiral, remarked that Sidon was not in our possession, and said to him, 'If you like, I will go down and take it, and be back again in forty-eight hours.' He started, and was as good as his word. He had the Thunderer, Cyclops, Gorgon, and Hydra, with 800 Turks, and 500 marines. On their way, he fell in with the Stromboli, from England, with a detachment of 200 marines: these he took with him, and after firing shot and shells at the town for a couple of hours, he made a breach, and landed at the head of his men. It was a sharp struggle; but, after destroying a great number of the enemy, who would neither give nor receive quarter, they at last killed the Egyptian commander. With two marines' bayonets at his breast he refused quarter, and resisted, so they fired, and he of course died, when his troops threw down their arms to the number of 500; fifteen hundred were afterwards taken, and the whole 2000 have been brought round to the fleet at Dijournia. Napier was most daring—on the tops of the houses he made his way, waving his hat on the point of his sword, and cheering the men on. Our loss amounted to fifteen marines killed and wounded; two mates badly wounded; and a mate of the Revenge, with five seamen since dead; and one of the Thunderer's launchers killed. The *Caster* and *Pique* took Tyre."

In the memorable siege of Acre, which terminated this war, Sir Charles Napier, was second in command to Admiral Stopford, and performed brilliant services. He headed one of the two divisions, and continued to fire incessantly upon the town—until every gun was silenced.

Peace having been restored, mainly, through the decisive steps taken by Sir Charles, his duties were at end, and he returned to England to rest awhile from his labours. He was cordially welcomed by his Queen and countrymen. The former, granted him the honour of an interview, and created him Knight Commander of the Bath, and the latter invited him to banquets and other entertainments, and welcomed him by a variety of demonstrations.

On the breaking out of the Crimean War, Sir Charles was appointed to the command of the English fleet in the

Baltic. The appointment was endorsed by public approval, and the departure of Sir Charles was signalized by a grand banquet which was given in his honour at the Reform Club, and at which Lord Palmerston, and the principal ministers were present. Queen Victoria went to Spithead, for the purpose of reviewing the fleet, and bidding it God speed; and in her little yacht the *Fairy*, her Majesty literally headed the fleet as it sailed away, darting on ahead, and passing the stately ships in succession as she returned.

On the 28th of March, at Kiel, in Holstein, Sir Charles issued the following characteristic address to the fleet. "Lads—war is declared. We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they offer us battle you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them. Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire. Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own."

In the month of August, Sir Charles Napier, with his fleet took part in the bombardment of Bomarsund. A battery was manned by seamen and marine-artillery from some of the ships, and Sir Charles Napier in his despatch, relating to this part of the business, summed it up in these brief words "Their fire was beautiful!" On the 16th of August, the day when the final conquest of Bomarsund was determined on, the English ships took a still more active part, seven of them that happened to be within range with their 10-inch guns, were ordered by Sir Charles to "give them shot and shell every five minutes"—as if he were speaking of pills and powder for a sick man. This iron torrent, in conjunction with that which was being poured out by the French breaching battery, was too much to be borne long: a flag of truce was held out, and the place surrendered.

But what the English people expected Sir Charles Napier would do, and what he had half promised to perform, still remained unaccomplished, was the destruction of Cronstadt. Long delays and hesitations took place with regard to the attack on this formidable place. But in answer to impatient inquiries and protests, it was urged, firstly, that Cronstadt possessed natural advantages which rendered it difficult of access, secondly, that the Russians had brought to bear

upon it all their engineering skill, and rendered it impregnable, and, thirdly, that the channels leading to it were so blocked up and destroyed by rows of piles, stones, and other obstructions, that no vessels could get near, save gun-boats of a peculiar construction, and that for a man-of-war to attempt to approach, would involve its certain destruction and the massacre of the crew. Sir Charles Napier, a man of fiery and impulsive temperament, chafed under reiterated murmurings of the non-taking of Cronstadt, and expressed his indignation publicly through the medium of the press, and privately to the Admiralty. It will occasion little surprise, therefore, to learn that in the middle of the month of September, he, with the principal part of his fleet, were ordered home.

The few remaining years of this gallant officer, were embittered by an unhappy difference between himself and the Government, and one or two members of it especially, by whom he considered himself to have been greatly ill-used.

On the 5th of November, 1860, within a week of the decease of his brave contemporary, Lord Dundonald, Sir Charles Napier, departed this life.

Edmund Lyons entered the navy as a first class volunteer in 1800. At the age of 10½ he was sent on board the *Royal Charlotte*, then stationed in the Mediterranean. He accompanied Sir J. Duckworth's expedition to the Dardanelles, and assisted in the attack of the redoubts, on Point Pesquies, on the Adriatic Shore. In 1807, he returned to England. He served five years in the East Indies, during which time he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In the Indian Seas he gained considerable distinction, and among other exploits he was the first to scale the Castle of Belgica, on the island of Banda. Neira, in 1810. For this service he was appointed flag-lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Drury.

In 1811, he particularly distinguished himself in the attack on Fort Marrack; indeed, his gallant conduct on this occasion merits some notice in detail. The commander of the naval forces in the Straits of Sunda, having satisfied himself that the harbour of Marrack was the only anchorage to which certain French frigates, daily expected: with reinforcements from Europe for the Dutch allies;

could run for safety, had determined by a night attack with the boats of the *Minden* and *Leda*, under Lieutenant Lyons, to attempt to make himself master of a strong fort, which stood on a promontory, and defended the anchorage, and thus deprive the French ships of their port of refuge. At half-past twelve, on the night of the 29th of July, Lieutenant Lyons, with the launch and cutter of the *Minden*, proceeded to the attack. On gaining the point, the sentinels challenged them, and at the same moment a volley of musketry from the enemy precluded all hopes of taking the fort by surprise. Lieutenant Lyons, therefore, ran the boats aground in a heavy surf, under the embrasures of the lower tier of guns, and placed the ladder against them, which were mounted, and the fort entered without a moment's delay, several of the enemy being killed, and others flying from their posts. The lower batteries having been thus taken possession of, an attack was made upon the upper one; here the garrison was drawn up to receive them, and a brief but desperate conflict took place. The line of the enemy being broken, they fled in all directions. The captors, however, were not long allowed to remain in quiet possession, for shortly afterwards a battery in their rear and two gun-boats opened their fire. Their fire was well-delivered, and as the whole of the Dutch troops in the barracks, only half a mile distant, were now under arms, the situation of the assailants was rendered extremely critical.

The work of devastation was still going on when the enemy, proceeded by two field-pieces, advanced, in hopes of blowing open the postern-gate, and retaking the fort. Anticipating their intentions, Lieutenant Lyons, placed two 32-pounders, loaded up to the muzzle, near the entrance leaving the gate invitingly open, so that when the head of the column arrived within about ten yards and perceived their apparent advantage, they rushed on with a cheer; at the same instant the guns were discharged with murderous effect, and completely scattered the Dutch troops; who retreated down the hill, while the gate was again closed, and the British left to complete their task of destruction unmolested. By the dawn of day they had spiked the last gun, and Lieutenant Lyons thought it prudent to retire, having first hauled down the enemy's colours from

the fort, and planted those of England there instead. The numbers of the contending parties were widely disproportionate, the English amounting to only 35, including officers, while the Dutch garrison consisted of 180 soldiers, and the crews of the gun-boats. When Lieutenant Lyons reached his ship, in the middle of the night, he proceeded to the Captain's cabin, to report what he had done. Captain Hoare, at first refused to believe him; but when he was convinced by seeing the colours taken from the fort, which Lieutenant Lyons held in his hand, he jumped out of his cot, and exclaimed, "I should as soon have thought of your having snuffed the moon, so impossible does it seem." Lieutenant Lyons' gallantry was fully appreciated by his brother officers, and the Admiralty soon after promoted him.

In 1828, he was employed in cruising about the Mediterranean, and afterwards in the Black sea, his ship being the first British vessel that ever passed the Bosphorus. In 1835, Captain Lyons received the honour of knighthood, and exchanged the naval for the diplomatic profession, being appointed minister to the court of Athens up till 1847. In 1849, he was British Minister to the Swiss Confederation, and in 1851, was sent to Stockholm, in the same capacity. In November 1853, war with Russia appeared imminent, he was appointed second in command of the Mediterranean fleet, and in this capacity he may be said to have been the ruling spirit of the British fleet.

In the summer of the following year, Admiral Lyons made many cruises to the Circassian Coasts, first as a matter of reconnoissance, but, after the declaration of war, as a means of conquest and destruction. Fort after fort was visited, and the exact state of each ascertained. On the 19th of May, he appeared with his ship, the *Agamemnon*, off Redoubt Kalé; he saw Russian officers on the parapet of the fort, and Cossacks galloping at full speed from the beach towards the town; he sent a flag of truce, demanding the immediate evacuation of the place. The Russians remitted an evasive answer to gain time; and just before the ships were about to open fire, masses of smoke began to ascend from the town—the Russian had fired it. Redoubt Kalé was the most important of all the Russian forts between Anapa and the Turkish frontier; it was on

the Georgian coast, commanding the communication between Tiflis and the Black Sea, and was the place of landing for many of the troops of the Russian army in Asia. Redoubt Kalé, or what remained of it, was handed over to the keeping of the Turks as soon as the Allies had frightened the Russian from it.

At the famous siege of Sebastopol, Admiral Lyons did signal service not only in directing the operations of others, but by a display of extraordinary activity and energy; it was a common saying in the fleet, that the Agamemnon was "here, there, and everywhere at the same moment." On the morning of the 17th of October, the attack by the siege-batteries commenced, and at about half-past twelve the English squadron advanced under fire of the batteries of Sebastopol, which they stood against at first during more than half an hour, without replying. A few minutes afterwards they replied vigorously to the fire, and shortly afterwards the attack became general. When night closed in and put an end to the firing, it was found that the Agamemnon had received sixteen shots near the water-line, but none had gone through; several had penetrated the main and lower-decks; the masts, sails, and rigging were perforated in all directions; the mainsail had been three times on fire. Nevertheless, in this dread encounter, although Admiral Lyons' ship bore the brunt of the fire, his casualties were only 4 killed and 25 wounded—an exemption which is universally stated to have been attributable to the mastery with in which the vessel was handled.

The name of Admiral Dundas is associated with the Crimean war. To this officer was entrusted the command of the British fleet in the Black Sea; and all his operations were conducted with considerable discernment and judgment. In the spring and summer of 1854, he was chiefly employed in reconnoitring cruises, for the purposes of acquainting himself with the strength and position of the enemy's forts, and other points of defence along shore. Admiral Dundas took part in the siege of Sebastopol, having previously arranged the plan of attack with his coadjutor, Admiral Hamelin, commander of the French fleet. The ships' fire, however, was not able to make any great impression upon the walls of the enemy's forts, while the loss sustained was 44 killed and 266 wounded, inde-

pendently of considerable damage to the vessels. If no great exploit is attached to this officer's name, it must be assigned rather to the want of opportunity than the will to do. Certain it is, that in his responsible post he conducted himself so as to win the respect of those under his command, and to gain the approbation of the authorities at home.

Having thus brought down to the most recent date the biographical sketches of our most eminent naval commanders, we proceed to relate a few noteworthy achievements of officers in subordinate command, from the year 1800, downwards.

In December, 1808, Captain Thomas, in command of the *Grappler*, set sail from Guernsey to Granville for the purpose of landing some French prisoners at the latter port. A violent storm, which arose on the day of departure, compelled the *Grappler* to put in for shelter among a group of rocks about ten miles short of his destination. On the storm abating, Captain Thomas prepared to leave his retreat, but in doing this, the vessel struck upon a rock, and soon after parted in two amid-ship. Notwithstanding this misadventure, the energy and presence of mind of the captain were equal to it. He landed his crew, thirty-four in number, on the rocks, and, with incredible labour, succeeded in removing from the wreck three guns, together with small arms, ammunition, and provisions. Scarcely had these arrangements been effected when several fishing-smacks were seen in company, making directly for the rocks. As the safety of the shipwrecked party from being taken prisoners, depended upon their situation being kept secret from the French Authorities at Granville, Captain Thomas set out in a cutter with fourteen men, to secure and detain these fishing vessels. No sooner had he rounded the rocks, than he came full upon three boats filled with armed men. Although the odds were greatly against Captain Thomas, he determined upon an attack, hoping to be able first to gain possession of one of the boats, and with that to take the other two. While advancing to the attack, however, an unexpected fire was opened upon the boat, by a body of soldiers who had previously landed from the rocks, immediately above their heads. In this fire, a musket-ball wounded Captain Thomas, passing through his lower

jaw and tongue and incapacitating him from taking any further part in the attack. The boats' crew endeavoured to make for the rocks and defend themselves there, but after a short chase, they were overtaken and compelled to surrender. The French force consisted of 160 men, under the command Captain Ession, who so highly esteemed Captain Thomas's gallantry, not, on receiving that officer's sword, he immediately returned it, and begged that it should be worn as a sword of honour.

Although every effort was made to obtain Captain Thomas's release, diplomatic difficulties stood in the way, and it was not until after ten years of weary imprisonment that he was suffered to return to his native country. On arriving there, however, he was courteously received by the Admiralty, and promoted, while the City of London, voted him a sword valued at 200 guineas.

Among England's minor heroes, Sir Nesbit Willoughby, shines conspicuous; this gallant officer loved and courted danger, and was never so happy as when using his sword against the enemy, hence the complimentary cognomen, by which he was generally known of "Fighting Willoughby." One of his first exploits was at the battle of Copenhagen, where he boarded a man-of-war, under a heavy fire from her lower-deck guns, and, with no more than thirty men, succeeded in keeping possession of the ship under the most adverse and trying circumstances. By the exercise of immense exertion and wonderful address he saved 900 souls on board the French frigate, *Clorinde*, from destruction. At Curagoa, in 1804, he led the charge against the advanced batteries, and with a view of making his men to face the terrific fire, he had a table and chair placed in the most exposed situation, and here he partook of his meals; and it is a remarkable fact, that although the earth around him was ploughed up, and other officers, who, for a time, dared to occupy the dangerous seat, were wounded, Captain Willoughby escaped unhurt.

At Curagoa, also, Captain Willoughby, with a force of eighty-five men, defeated 500 of the enemy, and when afterwards compelled to retreat by an accession of the foe, he was the last to leave, as he had been the first to land. Once, when on the sick-list, his vessel, the *Hercule*, was caught in a fearful hurricane, and when none dare venture

up the shrouds, Captain Willoughby, ill and feeble as he was, dragged himself from his cot, mounted to the top, and clear away the wreck of the fore-topmast, and thus saved his ship. When the *Ajax* was destroyed by fire of Tenedos, Captain Willoughby, in a boat, went to the rescue of the sufferers, and approached so near the flames as to be severely scorched. In a desperate attack on a party who had sheltered themselves in a convent, he was struck by two pistol balls, one of which, entering his head, lodged in the region of the brain during his lifetime, while the other cut his cheek in two.

In 1810, Captain Willoughby assumed the command of the *Nereide*. With a party of 105 men he stormed a battery in face of a most destructive fire, attacked and carried a guard house defended by troops and militia, the wading across a river, captured another battery, and bore off the enemy's standard. While in charge of *Isle de la Passe*, which he had assisted in capturing, he discovered two French frigates, *Bellona* and *Minerve*, and the *Vieille* corvette, passing the island. Captain Willoughby, in company with two English frigates, decided on attacking the enemy; but as his consorts were accidentally prevented from acting, the brunt of the engagement fell upon the *Nereide*, which fought so long and desperately, that, of a complement of 281, she had 230 killed and wounded (including the captain) while her hull was riddled from end to end. Then, and then only, she struck her colours. For these, and numberless other services, Captain Willoughby received the honour of knighthood, and several other testimonials to his bravery and daring.

In 1805, while the *Kingfisher* and the *Loire* lay at Muros Bay, watching the movement of the enemy, information was received of a privateer of 26 guns fitted out at Muros. It was consequently determined that the *Loire* should be prepared for engaging at anchor, and the officers and men who could be spared from working the guns, and anchoring the ship, fifty in number, were appointed under Lieutenant Yeo, to land and storm the fort, of the strength of which a very incorrect idea had been formed. On the morning of the 4th of June, 1805, the sea-breeze setting in, the ship stood in for the bay; but before rounding the point, they were much annoyed by

battery of two guns, which opened fire upon the ship. Lieutenant Yeo, therefore, pushed towards shore with the intention of spiking the guns. He succeeded in landing under the battery, but met with no resistance, as the soldiers quitted on their approach. Meantime the Loire stood further in, and opening the bay more fully, discovered a very large corvette of 26 ports apparently ready for sea, and a large brig of 20 ports in a state of fitting; but as they neither of them fired, it was concluded that they had not their guns on board, and that nothing remained to cope with but a heavy fort, which at that moment opened to their view, and at the same time commenced a wonderfully well-directed fire, almost every shot taking effect on the hull. Hopeful for the result, but anticipating a very warm engagement, the Loire was anchored with a spring upon her cable, and the firing commenced; but the honours of the capture were not for the ship, for although their fire was admirably directed, the enemy was so completely covered by their embrasures as to render the grape almost ineffectual, and the whole merit of the success must be attributed to Lieutenant Yeo and the small party on shore. This officer, having, as already stated, obtained possession of the battery on the point, had hardly completed spiking the guns, when, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, he perceived for the first time a regular fort, ditched, and with a gate, which the enemy, fortunately, not suspecting their landing, had neglected to secure. Observing the heavy fire opened from it upon the ship, and judging it practicable to carry it by storm, Lieutenant Yeo called upon his men to follow him, and in a very short time reached the outer gate, when the French sentinel fired, and retreated into the fort. The attacking party entered together with him, and at the inner gate were opposed by the governor, with such Spanish troops as were in the town, and the crews of the French privateers.

Mr. Yeo was the first who entered the fort, and with one blow laid the governor dead at his feet, and broke his own sabre in two; the other officers were despatched by such of the attacking party as were most advanced and the narrowness of the gate would permit to push forward; the remainder instantly fled to the further end of the fort, and many were seen from the ship to leap from the em-

brasures, a height of above 25 feet; such as lay down their arms received quarter, but the slaughter among those who resisted was very great. As soon as the British flag was displayed in the fort, the privateer and the brig were taken possession of, and the Loire again put out to sea. In this attack, there was no loss of life on the part of the victors. Mr. Yeo and four of the shore party were wounded, and eleven of those who remained on board, while of the Spanish, twelve were killed and thirty wounded. The after career of Lieutenant Yeo was an honourable and successful one, and ultimately he was knighted.

In the month of March, 1804, Captain Hardinge, in the command of the *Scorpion*, was ordered to reconnoitre at Vlis, and perceived a couple of the enemy's brigs at anchor in the roads. Despairing to reach them with his ship on account of the shoals that surrounded the entrance, Captain Hardinge determined upon a dash in one of the boats, if a good opportunity could be made or found. It came unsolicited: on the 31st of March, while preparing to embark, the *Scorpion* was accidentally joined by the *Beaver* sloop, who offered her boats to act in concert. The reinforcement was accepted under the impression that it would spare lives and shorten the contest. At half-past nine in the evening, three boats put off from the *Scorpion*, and two from the *Beaver*. The party consisted of nearly sixty men, including officers, and was headed by Captain Hardinge in the foremost boat. After rowing for two hours, they got alongside of the enemy, and Captain Hardinge was the first who boarded her. She was prepared for the attack with boarding nettings up, and with all the customary implements of defence, but the noise and the alarm so intimidated her crew, that many of them went below in a panic, leaving their more courageous comrades to fight it out on deck. The decks were slippery in consequence of the rain, so that Captain Hardinge, in grappling with his first opponent, the mate, fell, but recovered his position, fought him on equal terms, and killed him. He then engaged the captain, who disarmed him, and was on the point of killing him, when one of his seamen rescued him at the peril of his own life, and enabled him to recover his sword. At this time all the men had come from the boats, and were in possession of the deck; two were going to fire

upon the captain at once. Captain Hardinge ran up, held them back, and adjured him to accept quarter; but he would not; so that his antagonists were compelled to kill him, and he fell covered with wounds. The vessel was now in possession of the English, and the hatches were secured; scarcely was this done, when a sudden gale arose, the wind shifting against the party and impeding all the efforts they could make. But as the capture had been made, it was determined, at all hazards to sustain it or perish. The Dutch below were made to surrender, forty of them were put into their own irons. Captain Hardinge's men were stationed to their guns, and all the necessary arrangements were made to attack the other brig. But as the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, she was off at such a distance, and in such a position, that there was no chance of reaching her.

In this extremity of peril they remained for eight and forty hours. Two of the boats had broken adrift from the vessel, two had succumbed alongside. The wind shifted again, and they made a push to extricate themselves, but found the navigation so difficult that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. The point was carried at last, and the prize conveyed to England. She was found to be the *Atalante*, a Dutch war-brig of 16 guns, and with 76 men on board. The *Atalante's* captain and four others were killed and eleven wounded; the English had none killed, and only two slightly wounded.

The hero of this action, a gallant and noble-hearted young man, did not long survive this affair. The *San Fiorenzo*, under his command, captured the *Piedmontaise*, a French frigate, which had long infested the Indian Seas, it occasioned an engagement which was renewed for three successive days, and just at the moment victory was assured, Captain Hardinge fell.

During the war with Russia, in 1809, the *Implacable* was sent to watch the operations and movements of the Russians in the Gulf of Finland. An armed ship and some gun-boats were found to have taken up a defiant position off Porcola Point. As soon as Captain Martin, of the *Implacable*, discovered the situation of the enemy's flotilla, he determined to attempt something against it,

"in order," as he expressed himself, "to impress these strangers with that sense of respect and fear which his Majesty's enemies are accustomed to show to the British flag." All the boats were accordingly manned for this enterprise, and commanded by Lieutenant Hawkey, a young officer of great talent and bravery. The boats of the other ships having previously assembled round the Implacable, they all pushed off after nightfall, and proceeded towards the enemy, to attack a position of extraordinary strength, within two rocks, serving as a cover to their wings, whence they could pour a destructive fire of grape on our boats, which, notwithstanding, advanced with perfect coolness, and never fired a gun till actually touching the enemy, whom they boarded, sword in hand, and carried all before them. The result of this attack was the capture of six gun-boats, together with the whole of the vessels under their protection—laden with powder and provisions for the Russian army—a large armed ship taken and burnt, and one gun-boat sunk. The gallant young Hawkey, who headed the boarding party, had succeeded in taking one ship, and was about to secure another, when he was struck, and fell mortally wounded, but as he did so he called out to his men, "Huzza, push on, England for ever!" and so died. The British loss amounted to 17 killed, and 37 wounded, while the Russians in addition to a large number who were drowned, had 63 killed, and 51 wounded.

The services performed by Captain Ussher were numerous and meritorious, but none of them, for daring and brilliancy, could eclipse an exploit of his when in command of the Redwing. At daylight on the 7th of May, 1808, while cruising off the Spanish coast, the Redwing fell in with seven armed Spanish vessels, having twelve merchant ships under their convoy. The hostile armament, exclusive of the merchantmen, consisted in all of 22 guns, and 271 men, while the British ship carried only sixteen 32-pound carronades, and had a complement of 98 officers and men. The disparity was further increased by the enemy having some long guns, namely, one 36-pounder, and seven 24-pounders, and they had the additional advantage of smooth water, and very light airs—the description of weather in every respect favour-

able for the operations of vessels of the class now opposed to the Redwing. As the enemy appeared very desirous of trying their strength, Captain Ussher was not the officer to disappoint them, and he immediately made sail to close, and at the same time cut off their retreat to leeward. About seven o'clock in the evening, the Redwing got within point-blank shot of the enemy, who opened their fire, formed line abreast, and swept towards her with resolution and confidence, and with the apparent intention of carrying her by boarding. Aware how much depended on his first fire, Captain Ussher directed all the guns to be carefully loaded with round shot, as well as grape and canister, and 500 musket-balls in each, tied up in a bag. The best marksmen having been stationed at their respective guns, he gave orders that they should all be pointed at the Diligente, the Spanish Commodore, but not to fire until they were certain of hitting her. The boarding nettings were let down in order to encourage the Spaniards to attack, while every man of the British was stationed in the most effective position. Thus prepared, the Redwing's crew gave three hearty cheers, which seemed to have the effect of daunting their hitherto boldly approaching foe, and caused them to back water until the Commodore again urged them on. Again they advanced, and when within pistol-shot, the Redwing's broadside was delivered with prodigious effect, and as one gun; the shots all struck the Diligente at the water-line, cutting her open, fore and aft, so that after giving one or two heavy rolls, she turned over and went down with all on board. The same fate awaited the Boreas, a vessel of similar force and size to the Diligente, and in a short time, two other vessels had also disappeared, they having pushed through a heavy surf for the shore, thereby sacrificing all their wounded men. Four of the merchant ships, following their example, were likewise sunk, while seven others were captured, together with three gun-boats. When the Boreas sunk, Captain Ussher despatched his only boat to save as many of the Spaniards as possible; but the gun-vessels, disregarding the flag of truce, which, for the sake of humanity, he had hoisted, and continuing their fire, compelled him to recall the gallant men he had sent to the rescue of their antagonists. In this affair, the Redwing's

loss was almost nominal, amounting to only one man killed, and two officers and one man wounded, while the Spaniards acknowledged to 240 killed, drowned, and taken prisoners.

In July, 1810, Captain Maurice was appointed governor of the Island of Anholt. Originally it was a Danish settlement, and shortly after its occupation by the British, it seemed to occur to the Danes that they would endeavour to gain possession of the island. Waiting, therefore, for the following spring, and taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, a force, numbering 4,000 men, effected a landing upon the island, in the dead of the night. Their presence was shortly discovered, the alarm was given; and with all due haste, the garrison turned out. On reconnoitring, it was found that the enemy was advancing rapidly, and in great force; thereupon, the Massareene battery and Fort York opened such a fire upon the assailants, that they were obliged to fall back, and shelter themselves behind the sand-hill. Daybreak revealed the enemy's flotillas of eighteen gun-boats, which had taken up a position on the south side of the island, at point-blank range. These opened a heavy fire upon the British works. Meanwhile a column of the enemy, crossing the island to the westward, took up a position on the northern shore, covered by hillocks of sand and inequalities of ground, and at the same moment another column essayed several times to carry the Massareene battery by storm, but were repulsed. The column on the northern side, covered by the sand-hills, approached within fifty paces of the lines, and made another desperate effort to carry the Massareene battery by storm. The column to the south-east also pushed on, and the reserve appeared on the hills ready to support them. At this juncture, the Danish commanding officer, while in the act of leading on his men, fell mortally wounded. This event appeared to have the effect of paralyzing the enemy, who endeavoured to retreat, but finding an English force in their rear, ready to intercept their flight, they laid down their arms and surrendered. The body of Danes who had attacked Fort York also submitted, and the prisoners were now far more numerous than the garrison. The remainder of the attacking force, finding it useless to endeavour to take the

feet, withdrew in their gun-boats. The English garrison consisted of 350 marines. The contest lasted four hours and a half. The enemy had 500 prisoners taken, 50 killed and 70 wounded. The British loss was 2 killed and 30 wounded.

The successful defence of the island under such unfavourable circumstances, manifested both gallantry and skill on the part of Captain Maurice. His conduct was highly praised, and he was shortly after promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

During the war with France, in 1811, a large force of gun-boats was stationed off the coast of Holland, to intercept British commerce. To destroy and disperse this force became, therefore, an object of great importance. On the 3rd of August, an attack was determined upon, and a force of ten boats, containing 117 officers and men, was placed under the command of Lieutenant Blyth, of the Quebec. This officer proceeded on his enterprise, and soon came up with four gun-boats, each containing twenty seamen besides soldiers, and armed with a long 12-pounder and two smaller guns, loaded with grape and canister. The prevailing calm and the stillness of the waters, were all in favour of the enemy's flotilla; when, therefore, the English boats advanced, they were met by a fire, which did considerable mischief. Taking no heed of this, however, Lieutenant Blyth held on his course, until he ran alongside the Commodore's gun-boat, and directly he set foot on deck, he killed one man and wounded two others. Those who followed him were equally vigorous in their assault, so that in a few minutes the crew was overpowered and surrendered. Lieutenant Blyth, now in possession of the gun-boat, caused the 12-pounder to be pointed on the other three boats, which were so placed that they could not fire on him without killing their own people. An unlooked-for catastrophe now occurred, which had well-nigh jeopardised the success of the enterprise. When the gun of the captured boat was about to be fired, no lighted match could be found, and in the emergency, the gunner of the Quebec flashed his pistol over the touch-hole; in doing this, several sparks fell among some loose powder lying close by, the fire communicated with some cartridges on the deck, a terrible explosion took place, by which nine-

teen persons were killed and wounded, and Lieutenant Blyth was blown into the sea. Nothing daunted, however, the English boats made for the other three gun-boats, and with such vigour, and impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes, the whole squadron was in their hands. It would appear strange that the enemy should suffer themselves to be conquered, upon such easy terms, by a force so vastly inferior. But it is supposed that their astonishment at the temerity of the English, coupled with excitement attendant on the disaster just referred to, deprived them for a time of the power of action.

In less than two hours from the time of starting, Lieutenant Blyth, (whose injuries were happily of a trifling character) rejoined his fleet, accompanied by the three captured gun-boats, and a number of prisoners exceeding their own force. It is almost unnecessary to say that this action gained for the brave young officer universal applause, and prompt promotion from the Admiralty.

Sir Peter Parker was one of those officers who love their profession for itself, and who enter with enthusiasm into every duty they are called upon to perform. During the last American War, Sir Peter, while stationed in the Chesapeake, with his ship, the *Menelaus*, received information of a large body of militia, with artillery, &c., having taken up a secure and sheltered position on shore, with a view of surprising any parties that might be landed from the ship, and ultimately endeavouring to force their way across the bay to the relief of Baltimore. To prevent the accomplishment of this design, it was resolved to attack the enemy by night, surprising them, and storming the camp. About midnight, on the 30th August, 1814, Sir Peter Parker landed at the head of a party of seamen and marines, numbering in all about 140; these were formed into two divisions, respectively headed by Lieutenants Crease and Pearce, the whole commanded by Sir Peter himself. Just previous to quitting his vessel, he addressed the following affecting farewell note to his wife:—

“*Menelaus*, August 30, 1814.

“I am just going on desperate service, and entirely depend upon valour and example for its successful issue. If anything befalls me, I have made a sort of will. My country will be good to you and our adored children. God

Almighty bless and protect you all !—Adieu, most beloved Marianne—adieu !

“ Peter Parker.”

On landing, the party advanced in close column and in death-like silence. After a march of four or five miles, the enemy was discovered drawn up in a line on a plain, surrounded by woods, with their camp in the rear, comprising a total force of 500 men, a troop of horse, and five pieces of artillery, all perfectly prepared to meet their foe.

Notwithstanding this immense disparity, Sir Peter Parker determined on a prompt attack. A vigorous charge was made, accompanied by a smart fire; this had the effect of routing the enemy, and compelling them to take refuge in the rear of their artillery. A more trying situation can scarcely be conceived than that of this devoted handful of men, marching straight on to the hostile guns; onward, however, they went with a rapid but steady step, Sir Peter Parker at their head, animating his men by encouraging words and gestures. At this moment, the gallant leader was struck by a ball, which entered the right thigh, and cut the main artery. On receiving his mortal wound, he turned towards his lieutenant, and said with a smile,—“ They have hit me, Pearce, at last; but it is nothing. Push on, my brave fellows, and follow me !” So saying, he cheered his men on, and they as enthusiastically responded to his cheer. He advanced at their head a few paces further, when, staggering under the rapid flow of blood from his wound, he fell into the arms of Lieutenant Pearce, and faintly desiring him to sound the bugle to collect the men, and leave him on the field, he expired !

This sad event was followed by one of the most affecting incidents. The men formed about the dead body of their leader, and swore never to deliver it up to the enemy but with their lives. And in this defence many bled and died around him. The conflict was now who should bear off from the enemy the cherished remains of their captain. Lieutenant Pearce placed him on the shoulder of his men, who, relieving each other by turns, bore their loved burden a distance of five miles to the shore. Such was the termination of an enterprise which, although unsuccessful, served to display, in the highest degree, intrepidity mingled with the purest loyalty and devotion.

A few brief sentences will suffice to describe the naval operations of England, with their results, during the last eight or nine years.

On the 8th of September, 1855, the great Siege of Sebastopol, which had been in progress nearly a year, terminated; and some idea of the gigantic defence and attack may be gathered from the fact that it involved the construction of seventy miles of trenches, and the employment of 60,000 fascines, 80,000,000 gabions, and 1,000,000 sand-bags; and during which, more than 1,500,000 shells and shot had been fired at or into the town from the mortars and cannon of the besiegers.

The capture of Sebastopol brought the Crimean war to a termination, and terms of peace were concluded on the 10th of January, 1856.

Of the war with China—one of the most unpopular and unsatisfactory contests in English annals—little need be said. After a tedious and harassing conflict, in which British blood was spilt, and British gold expended upon an unworthy cause, a treaty was entered into with China on the 19th of June, 1858, which secured—or rather promised to secure—certain advantages to England in connection with trade and commerce.

At the present moment, England is happily at peace; but circumstances unforeseen, or complications uncontrollable, may again plunge her into war. At that hour, when the signal for action shall again be seen flying, we have no fear that British courage and prowess will be found undiminished, and that the issue will leave our dear country in possession of its ancient and glorious heritage—THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS!

COLLECTION OF NAVAL ANECDOTES FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

THE Anecdotes comprised in the following collection have all of them some connection with the persons and events alluded to in the foregoing pages. A separate place has been assigned them in order that they might be more readily lighted upon, and also to prevent their interrupting the regular flow of the narrative.

AN AGGRESSIVE QUAKER.

IN the war between England and America, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among other passengers was a stout quaker, who, although he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length, the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put into execution; and the quaker, being on the look-out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and, grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said,—“Friend, thou hast no business here,” at the same time hoisting him over the ship’s side. He served several others in the same way, and thus materially aided the cause, which was ultimately successful.

CRUEL TO BE KIND.

WHEN Lord St. Vincent was cruising in the British Channel, the ship’s crew were one day ordered to bathe.

On returning to their duty, Lord St. Vincent observed a favourite seaman in tears, surrounded by a group of his comrades. He called his secretary and said,—“There’s my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go, see what’s the matter.” It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on, and had forgotten that all he possessed in the world consisted of bank-notes in one of his pockets. The water reduced them to a useless pulp. The admiral went into the cabin, but presently returned, and ordered all hands to turn out. Odell was summoned, and the admiral assuming a stern look, thus addressed him:—“Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears! What have you to say?” The poor fellow, overpowered by distress, could only plead, “that he had lost all he had in the world; that he had been many years saving it; and that he could not help crying a little.” The admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said,—“The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears.” Then softening down his tones, he proceeded:—“Roger Odell, you are one of the best men in the ship: in my life I never saw a man behave better than you did in the Victory, in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your commander-in-chief will never pass over merit wheresoever he may find it, there is your money, sir,” giving him £70, “but no more tears, mind—no more tears.” The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hand, astonished and confused, but becoming by degrees sensible of the reality, said, in a hurried manner, “Thank ye, my lord, thank ye!” and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears of gratitude.

A FEMALE SUBSTITUTE.

DURING the heat of the action in which Rodney gained a complete victory over the French under Count de Grasse, a gunner being disabled and sent below, a woman was found supplying his place at the gun. After the battle she was brought before the admiral, when it turned out that she was the sailor’s wife, who had been concealed on board. She declared she was not afraid of the French.

and thought it her right to supply her husband's place. Rodney threatened her for a breach of the rules, but privately sent her a purse of ten guineas.

SCORNING AN ADVANTAGE.

At the capture of the Spanish fort St. Fernando de Omoa, a sailor, unaccompanied, scrambled over the wall of the fort with a cutlass in each hand, and thus equipped fell in with a Spanish officer just aroused from sleep, who, in the hurry and confusion, had forgotten his sword. The tar, disdaining to take advantage of an unarmed foe, and willing to display his courage in single combat, presented the officer with one of the cutlasses, saying,—“I scorn any advantage—you are now on a footing with me.” The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and the facility with which a parley took place when he expected to be cut to pieces, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relating the story excited in his countrymen. Upon this circumstance being mentioned to Sir Peter Parker, on the return of the squadron, he appointed this intrepid fellow to be boatswain of sloop-of-war.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the gallant and sanguinary action fought between the English brig, *Swallow*, and the French ship, *Reynard*, in 1812, the following melancholy occurrence took place:—One of the seamen of the *Swallow*, named Phelan, had his wife on board; and during the action she was stationed (as is usual when women are on board in the time of battle) to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the *Swallow* engaged the enemy, yard-arm and yard-arm, the wounded were brought below in quick succession; among the rest, a messmate of Phelan's (and consequently of her own), who had received a musket-ball through his side. Her exertions were being used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies, and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard that her husband was wounded on deck; her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be re-

strained; she rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded seaman in her arms; he faintly raised his head to kiss her; she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage, as all would yet be well; but had scarcely pronounced the last word, when a shot took her head off. The poor fellow, who was closely enfolded in her arms, opened his eyes once more, and then closed them for ever. What rendered the circumstance the more affecting was, that the poor woman had only three weeks before given birth to a fine boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of both father and mother. As soon as the action was over, and natural feelings took their place, the interest of the sailors was aroused for the fate of poor little Tommy, for so he was called. Many said, and all feared he must die; they agreed that he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute for a nurse and a mother? Suddenly they recollected that there was a goat on board, the property of the officers, which gave an abundance of milk. The expedient was no sooner hit upon than resorted to. The animal proved tractable, and in course of time learnt to lie down, when little Tommy was brought to be suckled by her. He grew up to be a fine lad, and, in course of time, a seaman in the royal navy.

AN IMPROVISED STANDARD.

DURING the confusion of the battle on the 1st of June, the Marlborough was mistaken by several English ships for a Frenchman, as the whole of her colours had been shot away but one white ensign, which was then hoisted. This circumstance occasioned much destruction from the fire of the ships which fell into the mistake. At length the solitary ensign was also shot away. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck, an idea which operated on the mind of a common seaman named Appleford so forcibly, that he loudly exclaimed—"The English colours shall never be doused where I am." Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head. He instantly stripped the body of its red coat, stuck it on a boarding-spike, and exalted it in the air; meaning that Englishmen would not desert their

colours, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoist blue jackets. This conduct infused fresh spirits into his comrades.

NELSON'S SMART MONEY.

WHEN Nelson returned to England after the loss of his eye, he went to the Admiralty to receive a year's pay as smart money; but could not obtain payment, because he had neglected to bring a certificate from a surgeon, that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that the form should be insisted on, because, though the fact was not apparent he thought it was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate at the same time for the loss of his arm; saying, that they might just as well question one as the other. This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk, finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed, he thought it had been more. "Oh!" replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." Accordingly, he soon afterwards went, and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate for the loss of his arm.

FIGHTING ON A FULL STOMACH.

On the morning of the glorious 1st of June, the French, confident in the superiority of their ships and crews, began to imagine that the English admiral did not desire an action. Captain Troubridge was at that time a prisoner on board the *Sans Pareil*, and Rear-Admiral Neuilly remarked to him, "Your people do not seem disposed to fight." Troubridge who had noticed the signal flying for breakfast on board the ships of the British fleet, was at that time partaking of the same meal, and, dropping the loaf he held, he placed his hand on the French officer's shoulder, saying, "Not fight! stop till they have had their breakfasts. I know John Bull well, and when his belly is full, you will get it. Depend upon it, they will pay their respects to you in half an hour." A few minutes afterwards the British fleet bore up to engage. During the

action Troubridge was sent below, where for some time he leaned against the foremast. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast, as if struck by a shot, and heard it fall over on the other side, when grasping with both hands the astounded Frenchman appointed to guard him, he began to caper about with all the antics of a maniac, exclaiming, "Didn't I say so? didn't I say so?"

OLD ENEMIES AND NEW FRIENDS.

CAPTAIN BOWEN fell in the expedition against Teneriffe, in 1797, and his gold seals, chain, and sword found on his person were for some years preserved as trophies in Town-house, at Teneriffe. In 1810, the magistrates of the island sent these memorials of the dead to his brother, Commissioner Bowen, saying that they conceived it would be gratifying to his feelings to receive them, and that, as the two nations were now united in a cause which did equal honour to both, they did not wish to retain a trophy which could remind them that they had ever been opposed to each other.

A PITHY SPEECH.

At the battle of the Nile, General Savage commanded the marines on board of the Orion, and just as the ship was going into action, he pointed out to his men the line of French ships on the one side, and the low shore of Egypt on the other, and said—"There, my lads, you see the enemy's ships, and there," pointing on the other side, "is the Land of Egypt; and, by Jove, if you don't fight like lions, and give the Frenchmen a good licking, to-morrow you will find yourselves in the House of Bondage." The part which the Orion played in that ever memorable engagement, and the proud share which the marines especially took, was the best answer to their gallant commander's pithy address.

HE WOULD BE A SAILOR.

LORD ST. VINCENT's determination as a boy to become a sailor is well described in his own words, as follows:—"When about twelve years of age, Strachan, father of the

late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, came to the same school as myself, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of sea-life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent from home. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on my inpropriety of conduct, and assured me that my master would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, inasmuch as I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor. Next day my mother spoke to me upon the subject, and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity; and in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief in a flood of tears to Lady Archibald Hamilton. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did; that she considered the sea a very honourable and good profession, and promised she would get me a situation in a ship-of-war. Shortly afterwards, Lady Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the Gloucester, as commander-in-chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarter-deck. The commodore, in a very rough and uncouth voice, asked me how soon I should be ready to go to sea. I replied, 'Directly.' 'Then you may go to-morrow morning,' said he. I did go, and thus commenced my naval career."

NELSON NEGLECTED.

For some unaccountable reason or other, Nelson's services were, for a long time, overlooked and unrewarded. Naturally he felt himself neglected; and, in writing to a friend, thus gives vent to his feelings:—"One hundred and ten

days," says he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy: three actions against ships; two against Bastia in my ships; four boat actions; two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who, at the same time, were actually in-bet, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice. But, never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

DURING the battle of Camperdown, a marine, of the name of Coney, was brought down to the surgery, deprived of both his legs, and it was necessary to amputate still higher. "I suppose these scissors will finish the business of the bullets, master mate," says Coney. "Indeed, my brave fellow, there is some fear of it," answered the surgeon. "Well, never mind," cried Coney, "I've lost my legs, to be sure, and may lose my life; but we beat the Dutch, my boy—we have beat the Dutch; this blessed day my legs have been shot off, so I'll have another cheer for it—huzza, huzza!" Coney recovered, and was cook of one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth, where he died in 1805.

DEBT AND DUTY.

IN the reign of Charles I., his Majesty, who was then contemplating a war with Spain, came down to Plymouth in order to inspect the naval preparations making there. Sir Thomas Monk had a great wish to pay his duty to his prince, but his debts, derived, however, rather from his ancestor's extravagance than his own, made him somewhat afraid of arrest. To avoid this, he sent his son (George afterwards Duke of Albermarle) to the under-sheriff of Devonshire, with a handsome present, desiring that, on so extraordinary occasion, his person might be safe. The sheriff took the present, and acceded to the request; but soon after, receiving a larger bribe from one of his creditors, arrested him. George, whose youth led him to think

this a strange action, went to Exeter, and after endeavouring to make him sensible that he had committed an act of treachery, gave him such a sound caning as utterly disabled him from following in pursuit. The adventure caused young Monk to take refuge on board the fleet, which shortly after sailed for Cadiz. Monk was then in his seventeenth year, and this circumstance had a material influence on the career of that illustrious naval and military commander.

NELSON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

THE following is Prince William Henry's account of his first impression of Lord Nelson:—"I had the watch on deck," says His Royal Highness, "when Captain Nelson came in his barge alongside; he appeared to me to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, or what he came about. In his address and conversation, however, there was something irresistibly pleasing, and when speaking on professional subjects he betrayed an enthusiasm and knowledge which showed that he was no common being.

POLITENESS IN ACTION.

IN 1756, Lord Howe having received instructions from the Admiral of the fleet to watch and intercept certain French ships which were to form a powerful armament destined for America, he repaired to Rochefort with his ship, the *Duakirk*, and there fell in with a French vessel, the *Alcide*. Lord Howe, hailing the captain, delivered his orders that he should go immediately under the English admiral's stern. Hoquart quaintly asked "whether it was peace or war?" Howe repeated his orders, and generously exclaimed—"Prepare for the worst, as I expect every moment a signal from the flag-ship to fire upon you for not bringing to." The ships being now close together, Howe

had an opportunity of seeing the officers, soldiers, and ladies who were assembled on the deck. On this, he took off his hat, and told them in French, that as he presumed they could have no personal interest in the contest, he begged that they would leave the deck, adding, that he only waited their retiring to begin the action. Howe, then, for the last time, demanded that the Frenchman should go under the English admiral's stern. Hoquart, still refusing, was informed that the signal was out to engage. He replied, with the civility and *sang froid* of his nation, "*Commencez, s'il vous plait!*" to which Howe replied, "*S'il vous plait, Monsieur, de commencer!*" Orders were then given, almost at the same moment on both sides, to commence the action.

At the siege of Acre, in 1840, in the midst of the firing a white flag being hoisted on the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended, and on a boat proceeding to the shore, the Indian Mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer with Suleiman Pacha's compliments to Admiral Stopford. The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the Pacha, and accompanied it with a package of foreign wine which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel, directed to Suleiman. Firing was again resumed.

A STRANGER TO FEAR.

LORD HOWE was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, in great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the gun-room. "If that be the case," said this resolute officer, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and instantly returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid, sir, the fire is extinguished!" "Afraid!" exclaimed Howe—what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "How does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

A DARING PILOT.

ON board the *Immortalité*, one of the squadron, which was appointed to watch Brest harbour, was a pilot, who spoke French extremely well. He frequently requested the captain of the *Immortalité* to permit him to go ashore on the coast of France, that he might learn some particulars respecting the fleet at Brest. The captain was at length prevailed to give his consent. He accordingly repaired on shore, it having been previously agreed upon that, in a few hours, a boat should be sent to bring him back. For five successive nights the boat was sent to the place appointed, but he was not there. Three days more passed away, when he came alongside the *Immortalité* in a French boat, rowed by two men. The following is his narrative:—"As I was apprehensive that I should be taken and treated as a spy, I gave up all idea of attempting to get on board in the manner and at the time agreed upon, and came to the resolution of hiring a boat to go into Camaret Bay. I accordingly hired a boat; but when we came near Camaret Bay, I told the men I did not mean that bay, but Bertheaume Bay, which was much nearer the ship; the men rowed me towards the place, and when we came near it, I again told them I wished to go to Point St. Matthew, only within two gun-shots of the frigate; upon hearing this, the men flew into a violent passion, telling me that they would take me back to Brest. I immediately took a brace of pistols from my pocket, and pointing one at each of them, exclaimed, 'I am an Englishman; if you do not put me on board of my ship, without delay, I will blow your brains out.' The Frenchmen judged it best to comply with my request." This man had actually been on board several of the French ships of war, and gave a particular and accurate account of their force and condition.

ONE OF NELSON'S WORSHIPPERS.

DURING the peace of Amiens, when Nelson was passing through Salisbury, and received there with those acclamations which followed him everywhere, he recognized among the crowd a man who had assisted at the amputa-

tion of his arm, and attended him afterwards. Nelson beckoned him up the stairs of the Council-house, shook hands with him, and made him a present, in remembrance of his services at that time. The man drew from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated limb, saying, he had preserved it, and would preserve it to the last moment, in memory of his old commander.

POVERTY AND PURITY.

At one time, Lord Rodney (then Sir George) became so embarrassed in his circumstances, owing chiefly to an expensive election contest, that he was compelled to seek refuge in France from his creditors. During his exile, the distress of this brave officer at length so much increased, as to become a subject of public notoriety. It had long been suspected by the keen observation of Monsieur de Sartine, who was no stranger to Sir George's merit; he accordingly communicated his ideas to the Duke de Biron, and persuaded him to make the admiral an offer of the command of the French fleet in the West Indies; and also to proffer a very liberal supply of money for the immediate settlement of his debts. In order to accomplish this infamous design with the greater ease, the Duke immediately sent a very civil invitation to Sir George to spend some weeks at his house. One morning, during a walk in the gardens, the Duke, with great caution, sounded the admiral on the subject, but so far was the ingenious mind of Sir George from being able to discover what this strange preamble could lead to, that he at length imagined his Grace must be deranged, and, in consequence, began to eye him with some degree of consideration for what might happen. The Duke, who had not been accustomed to such unyielding principles, now came at once to the point, and openly declared "that as the king, his royal master, intended the West Indies should become the theatre of the ensuing war, he was commissioned to make the most unbounded offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and accept the command of a French squadron." Rodney, with an indignant air, made this memorable reply:—"My distresses, sir, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of

my country, but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but (referring to the kingly attribute) I am glad to learn it proceeds from a source that *can do no wrong!*" Some little time after this, Rodney was happily relieved from his embarrassments by his friends in England.

A GOOD SEAMAN BUT A BAD DRESSER.

COMMODORE THOMSON, an excellent seaman, but noted for being slovenly and careless about his dress, was one day espied by Sir John Jervis in a boat, clad in a purser's duck frock, and a common straw hat. As the commodore neared the stern of the flag-ship, the admiral called out, pretending to take him for a common sailor, "In the barge there! Go and assist in towing the transport!" A commodore is second in rank only to a rear-admiral, and this was a duty usually performed by the lowest class of seamen. But Commodore Thomson received the gentle rebuke as his chief intended it. Standing up in the boat, and taking off his hat, he answered the hail in proper style.—"Aye, aye, Sir!" and actually proceeded to execute the order.

PAYING THEM BACK IN THEIR OWN COIN.

DURING the blockade of Alexandria, some French officers were sent off to Captain Hallowell, to offer a supply of vegetables, and observe, of course, the state of the blockading squadron. They were received with all possible civility. In the course of conversation, after dinner, one of them remarked that we had made use of unfair weapons during the action, by which probably the Orient was burnt; and that General Buonaparte had expressed great indignation at it. In proof of this operation, he stated, that in the late gun-boat attack, their camp had been twice set on fire, by balls of unextinguishable matter, which were fired from one of the English boats. Captain Hallowell instantly ordered the gunner to bring up some of those balls, and asked him whence he had received them. To the confusion of the accusers, he related that

they were found on board of the Spartiate, one of the ships captured on the 1st of August; as these balls were distinguished by particular marks, though in other respects alike, the captain ordered an experiment to be made, so as to ascertain the nature of them. The first that was tried proved to be a fire-ball, but of what materials composed could not be ascertained. As it did not explode (as was at first apprehended), it was rolled into the sea, where it continued to burn under-water; a black pitchy substance exuding from it, till only an iron skeleton of a shell remained. The whole had been carefully crusted over with a substance which gave it the appearance of a perfect shell. On setting fire to the fusee of the other, which was differently marked, it burst into many pieces, fortunately doing no hurt. The probability is, therefore, that the fire which occurred on board the French admiral, were from some of these fire-balls, left perhaps carelessly on the poop, or cabin; and this is confirmed, by the fact of several pieces of such shells having been found sticking in the Bellerophon, which she most probably received from the first fire of the Orient.

LORD EXMOUTH'S COURAGE AND AGILITY.

ON one occasion, during a severe gale, in which it became necessary to take in every reef, furl most of the sails, and strike the top-gallant masts and other spars, the midshipmen being on the yards as well as the men, and Lord Exmouth (then Captain Pellew) sometimes at their elbow, in close reefing the maintopsail, there was much difficulty in clewing up the sail for the purpose of making it quiet; the captain issued his orders from the quarter-deck, and sent the men aloft. On gaining the topsail-yard, the most active and daring of the party hesitated to go out upon it, as the sail was flapping about violently, rendering it a service of great danger. A voice was heard amidst the roaring of the gale, from the extreme end of the yard-arm, calling on the seamen to save the sail, which would otherwise be lost in pieces. A man said, "Why, that is the captain—how the deuce did he get there?" The explanation is, that the instant that Captain Pellew had given his orders, he laid down his speaking-trumpet, and clambered

like a cat by the rigging over the backs of the seamen ; by the time they had reached the main-top, he had gained the head of the topmast, and thence he had slid down by a single rope to the outer end of the yard beneath.

A SAILOR'S BIBLE.

THE following transcript from the fly-leaf of a brave officer's Bible, narrates a touching tale of the dangers of a seaman's life, and the source of his confidence in the hour of trial and danger :—

“ This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January, 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and good behaviour when there. And after being my companion 53 years, 41 of which I spent in the sea-service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burned out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times, this Bible was my consolation ; and was newly bound for me by James Bishop of Edinburgh, on the 26th October, 1834, the day I completed the 60th year of my age, as witness my hand.”

“ N.B. During the whole time but one leaf has been lost : the last of Ezra and beginning of Nehemiah. I gave it to my son on the 1st of January, 1841, aged four years, after it had been in my possession 60 years, and he being enabled by the grace of God to read it at that age. And may the Lord bless it to him, and make him wise unto salvation.”

HOW SIR CHARLES NAPIER PRESENTED HIMSELF TO THE ELECTORS OF GREENWICH.

IN 1837, Sir Charles Napier stood candidate for the representation of Greenwich. He polled 1153 votes, but was defeated by a majority of 39. The following characteristic personal sketch of him appeared in the newspapers of the day :—“ Captain Napier is a stout man, with an intelligent face, the head poked rather forward, and with dark hair, now becoming grey. On the occasion of his election, he appeared in an old blue frock-coat, with brass navy

buttons; duck trowsers, not rivalling the snow in whiteness; shoes patched, but very easy; and white cotton socks, carefully, if not comfortably darned. On his left breast dangled a profusion of orders, blazing in their brilliancy, yet serving only to render more striking the general appearance of 'seediness,' which the true British Tar presented to the admiring crowd of the 'beauty and fashion' of Greenwich and Deptford. The whole was crowned by a round hat with a bent and broken brim, the colour of which, originally white, it would be difficult to define."

NELSON'S EARLY REGARD FOR HIS HONOUR.

On one occasion after the Christmas holidays, Nelson, with his brother William, set off on their journey to return to school. Having advanced a short distance from their father's house, they found that a great deal of snow had fallen. William, who did not like the journey, persuaded Horatio to return to the parsonage, when William represented to Mr. Nelson, that the snow was too deep to venture on. "If that be the case," observed the father, "you certainly shall not go, but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road should be found dangerous, you may return; yet remember, boys, I leave it to your honour." They accordingly proceeded, but William still reluctant to go on, saw or imagined he saw unsurpassable difficulties, which offered a plausible excuse for their return home. In vain did he endeavour to persuade his brother to do so. "We must go on," exclaimed Horatio. "Remember, brother, it was left to our honour!" So saying, onward he went, with his brother William by his side, shamed into acquiescence.

A ROYAL ADJURATION.

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON was a great favourite of William the Fourth. At the time of the battle of Navarino, William, then Duke of Clarence, was Lord High Admiral, and in transmitting the official instructions from the ministers to Sir Edward, he added, as if to encourage him not to spare his powder, "Go it, Ned!"

A MIDSHIPMAN'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

IN the year 1810, when a squadron of light frigates and sloops were blockading Corfu, the Kingfisher sloop. Commander Ewel Tritton, was stationed off the island of Fano, at the entrance of the north channel of Corfu. At daybreak one morning (after a strong north-west wind had been blowing throughout the night), a fleet of Trabaccolas, which had left Brindisi the evening before, was descried making for the channel, and chase was immediately given. The jolly-boat manned by a young midshipman, a corporal of marines, and four boys, with a musket and a few cartridges, were lowered down in passing, to take possession of the nearest vessel, which had lowered her mainsail, while the Kingfisher, under a crowd of sail, pursued the remainder in shore. The youngster, on nearing the stranger, saw only a woman on deck, and she was making signs with her finger on her lips, to preserve silence. He immediately boarded, and found, on looking down the main hatchway, that the hold was full of troops. To secure the hatch was but the operation of a moment, and lowering the foresail, he placed a hand at the helm to keep the vessel in the trough of the sea, increasing thereby the motion, and with it the sea-sickness evidently prevailing among the troops below; in this situation he kept them till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when his ship returned, having been unsuccessful in capturing either of the others, when he was hailed by his captain, and asked what the vessel was laden with. "Troops, troops," was his reply. "Why, boy, what do you mean—soldiers?" "Yes, sir." "How many?" "I have not ventured to count them."

The cutter was soon on board, and search made, when upwards of a hundred officers and men were discovered to be the cargo. The most remarkable occurrence in this affair was, that the lady on deck was the wife of the surgeon, and had accidentally met the midshipman some months before, while he was at Prevesa in a prize, to which place she had accompanied her husband and some French officers from the garrison of St. Maura, on a shooting excursion, when an acquaintance and exchange of civilities, not uncommon in those war-days, had

taken place. She stated she knew him directly in the boat.

A PRUDENT COOK.

WHEN Commodore Anson, in the *Centurion*, was about to engage a Spanish treasure-ship, he called his men together on the quarter-deck, and announced to them his determination to capture the enemy. He addressed the men in confident terms, promising a glorious victory, and plenty of prize money; the crew answered with a hearty cheer, and already counted the Spanish galleon as their own. So assured were they of victory in the coming struggle, that when one day, the Commodore, knowing his supply of mutton was not exhausted, asked why none had lately appeared on his table, the cook replied, "It is true, your honour, there are still two sheep left, but I thought your honour would wish them kept for the dinner of the Spanish captain, whom your honour is going to take prisoner!" The anticipation indulged in by all on board, from the commodore down to the cook, was a few days afterwards fully realized.

GENEROUS TESTIMONY.

DURING a discussion in the House of Lords, in which the patronage of the Government was called into question, Lord Hawke met the question with this manly and sailor-like answer:—"It was I," he said, "who recommended Lord Howe for promotion. I have put him to the trial on many important occasions. When ordered to do anything, he has never asked how it was to be done, but has immediately gone and done it."

THE NAVAL FORCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ENGLISHMEN have just cause for congratulation in the fact that the naval force of Great Britain is superior, both as regards strength and numbers, to that of any other nation in the world. Strenuous efforts have been made, and still are making, by our rivals and our neighbours to vie with us in this particular, but, notwithstanding all they can do, England still stands, as she ever did,—aye, and ever will,—pre-eminent as a maritime power.

This must be so, because every Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, is conscious that the safety, prosperity, and honour of the nation mainly depend upon its naval defences. No opportunity is lost, therefore, no cost begrudged for the building, equipping, and manning of our ships. Enormous taxes are cheerfully paid to provide for this contingency; and a large share of the wealth, energy, industry, and skill of the nation is devoted to this purpose.

Within the last ten years, especially, extraordinary exertions have been used to bring the British navy to a state of the utmost efficiency. In our ship-building yards, in our docks, in our iron-foundries, the sound of labour has been heard ceaselessly day and night, all employed in one absorbing task—the construction and fitting out of English ships, to protect England's interests, and to defend England's territories.

Having made these few introductory remarks we proceed to lay before our readers the most recent official returns of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, shewing the present aggregate strength of the British Navy.

The total number of effective ships of all classes, was on the 12th of January, 1864, 975, excluding, however, a number of vessels doing duty in several home and foreign ports, and which could easily be converted into block ships for coast defence; and also a number of mortar boats at Chatham. Of the 975 vessels indicated, 72 rank as line-

of-battle ships, each mounting from 74 guns to 121 guns; 42 vessels of from 60 guns to 74 guns each; 94 steamers and other ships, carrying an armament of from 22 to 46 guns each, and the majority of which are of a size and tonnage equivalent to line-of-battle ships; 25 screw corvettes, each carrying 21 guns; and 500 vessels of all classes, including iron ships of great power and tonnage, carrying an armament of from 4 to 21 guns each. There is also a squadron of 185 screw gun-boats, mounting 2 Armstrong guns each, and nearly all fitted with high-pressure engines of 50 horse-power. The ships in commission, of every class and in all parts of the world, exceed 300 at the present time.

On the interesting subject of the building and launching of war vessels, the Admiralty return supplies the following particulars:—

Vessels completed and launched at the several dockyards during the year: The Achilles, ironclad, 35, 6,080 tons, 1,250 horse power; and the Salamis, 4, 885 tons, 250 horse power, paddle-wheel steamer, at Chatham; the Ocean 34, 4,045 tons, 1,000 horse power, armour-plated frigate, at Devonport; the Research, iron-cased ship, 4 guns, 1,253 tons, and 200 horse power, at Pembroke; the Minotaur, iron-clad, 50, 6,621 tons, 1,350 horse power, at Blackwall; the Hector, 32, iron-clad, 4,063 tons, 800 horse power, at Glasgow; the Valiant, 34, iron-clad; 4,063 tons, 800 horse power, and the Tamar, 3, 2,812 tons, 500 horse power, iron troop-ship, at Millwall; and the Wolverine, 21, screw corvette, 1,702 tons, 400 horse power, at Woolwich.

Vessels (iron or iron-cased) commenced at the several dockyards during the year: The Lord Warden, 34, 4,067 tons, 1,000 horse power, and the Bellerophon, at Chatham; the Lord Clyde, 36, 4,067 tons, 1,000 horse power, at Pembroke; and the Pallas, 6, 2,372 tons, 600 horse power, at Woolwich. The ironclads now building for the Admiralty, in addition to those above enumerated, are the Northumberland, 50, 6,621 tons, 1,250 horse power, at Millwall; the Agincourt, 50, 6,621 tons, 1,250 horse power, at Birkenhead; the Royal Alfred, 35, 4,045 tons, 800 horse power, at Portsmouth; the Zealous, 20, 3,716 tons, 800 horse power, at Pembroke; and the Favourite,

8; ironcased corvette, 2,186 tons, and 400 horse power, at Deptford, together with the ironcased shield ship *Enterprise*, 5, 990, and 160 horse power, building at Deptford; and the *Royal Sovereign*, 3,963 tons, and 800 horse power, which is being converted into an ironcased cupola ship at Portsmouth.

Vessels (not iron or ironcased) now on the stocks at the several dockyards: The *Bulwark*, 91, 3,716 tons, 800 horse power, the *Belvidera*, 51, 3,627 tons, 600 horse power; the *Menia*, 22, 1,857 tons, the *Reindeer*, 17, 951 tons, 200 horse power, and the *Myrmidon*, 4, 695 tons, 200 horse power, at Chatham; the *Dryad*, 51, 3,027 tons, 600 horse power, the *Harlequin*, 6, 950 tons, 200 horse power, and the *Helicon*, 4, 835 tons, at Portsmouth; the *Dartmouth*, 36, 2,478 tons, 500 horse power, the *Repulse*, 89, 3,716 tons, 800 horse power, and the *Sylvia*, 4,695 tons, 200 horse power, at Woolwich; the *Robust*, 89, 3,716 tons, 800 horse power, the *Ister*, 36, 3,027 tons, 500 horse power, and the *Bittern*, 4, 669 tons, 150 horse power, at Devonport; the *Endymion*, 36, 2,478 tons, 500 horse power, at Deptford; the *North Star*, 22, 1,623 tons, 430 horse power, at Sheerness; the *Tweed*, 51, 3,027 tons, 600 horse power, the *Trent*, 6, 950 tons, 200 horse power, the *Newport*, 5, 425 tons, 80 horse power, the *Nassau*, 4, 695 tons, 200 horse power, and the *Tartarus*, 4, 695 tons, 200 horse power, at Pembroke; and the *Prince Albert*, 5, 2,529 tons, 500 horse power, ironcased cupola ship, at Millwall.

Vessels ordered by the Admiralty to be built at the several dockyards, but whose names have been removed from the "Navy List:" The *Circassian*, 4, 669 tons, 150 horse power, and the *Sappho*, 6, 950 tons, 150 horse power, ordered to be built at Deptford; the *Alligator*, 22, 1,857 tons, 400 horse power, at Woolwich; and the *Guarney*, 4, 695 tons, 200 horse power, at Pembroke.

There is also, in addition to the vessels above enumerated, a squadron of screw gun-boats in course of construction at Portsmouth dockyard.

This force is divided into squadrons, and stationed in the various parts of the world. At East India and China there are 51 vessels-of-war; at the North American and West India Station, 29; Mediterranean, 29; West Coast of

Africa, 22 ; Pacific, 13 ; South Coast of America, 11 ; Cape of Good Hope, 8 ; Australia, 7. Then, in the Channel, there is a large reserve force, held in readiness to sail at a moment's notice, to any point.

It will thus be seen that, in every quarter of the globe, an armament of British ships hovers about, rendering our naval force all-powerful and ubiquitous. No idle boast is it, therefore, no mere sentiment which proclaims the bold and oft-repeated assertion—**BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES !**

THE END.

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